H 35/a
V.2

51915 .A43 1924
2
earn, Lafcadio, 1850-1904.
American miscellany :
rticles and stories now
irst collected

DOMINICAN COLLEGE
LIBRARY
SAN RAFAEL

AN AMERICAN MISCELLANY

VOLUME II

AN AMERICAN MISCELLANY

BY

LAFCADIO HEARN

1850-1904

ARTICLES AND STORIES NOW FIRST COLLECTED BY

ALBERT MORDELL

VOLUME II

DOMINICAN COLLEGE
LIBRARY
SAN RAFAEL

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
1925

H 35 la
V.2

17036

COPYRIGHT, 1924,
BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, INC.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

VAIL-BALLOU PRESS, INC.
BINGHAMTON AND NEW YORK

CONTENTS

PAGE

STUDIES IN HUMAN NATURE:

FACE STUDIES 1
The Item, January 26, 1879.

PROGRESSIVE LYING 4
The Item, March 6, 1880.

FRANKNESS 8
The Item, January 11, 1881.

FRAUDS 11
The Item, January 23, 1881.

A MEPHISTOPHELIAN 16
The Item, April 2nd, 1881.

SOMETHING ABOUT SUCCESS 22
The Item, April 24, 1881.

ESSAY ON THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND:

NIGHTMARE AND NIGHTMARE LEGENDS 25
The Item, August 4, 1878.

ESSAY ON THE RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS OF ART:

PHILOSOPHY OF IMAGINATIVE ART 29
The Item, November 12, 1878.

TALES IN POETICAL PROSE:

SUBHADRA 33
The Times-Democrat, October 8, 1882.

THE DEAD WIFE 36
The Times-Democrat, November 19, 1882.

ST. BRANDAN'S CHRISTMAS 42
The Times-Democrat, December 24, 1882.

BIDASARI 46
The Times-Democrat, April 8, 1883.

TORN LETTERS 56
The Times-Democrat, September 14, 1884.

PAGE

THREE DREAMS 66
The Times-Democrat, April 11, 1885.

HISTORICAL TALES:

A LILY IN THE MOUTH OF HELL 74
The Times-Democrat, February 4, 1883.

THE PIPER OF HAMELIN 82
The Times-Democrat, July 8, 1883.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES:

SAINT MALO 89
Harper's Weekly, March 3, 1883.

THE GARDEN OF PARADISE 103
The Times-Democrat, March 27, 1883.

ART STUDIES OF DORÉ:

GUSTAVE DORÉ 107
The Times-Democrat, January 28, 1883.

DORÉ'S *RAVEN* 114
The Times-Democrat, December 2, 1883.

COSMOLOGICAL SPECULATION:

THE LIFE OF STARS 122
The Times-Democrat, February 18, 1883.

THE DESTINY OF SOLAR SYSTEMS 126
The Times-Democrat, July 22, 1883.

SPECULATIONS ON LIFE AND DEATH:

THE GREAT "I AM" 132
The Times-Democrat, November 15, 1885.

A CONCORD COMPROMISE 137
The Times-Democrat, January 3, 1886.

STUDIES IN CREOLE:

THE CREOLE PATOIS 144
Harper's Weekly, January 10 and 17, 1885.

SOME NOTES ON CREOLE LITERATURE 154
The Times-Democrat, June 13, 1886.

THE SCIENTIFIC VALUE OF CREOLE 159
The Times-Democrat, June 14, 1886.

PAGE

A Sketch of the Creole Patois 164
The Times-Democrat, October 17, 1886.

PICTURES OF NEW ORLEANS:

The Scenes of Cable's Romances 168
Century Magazine, November 1883.

The Last of the New Orleans Fencing Masters . 185
Southern Bivouac, November 1886.

STUDIES OF NEGRO LIFE:

The Last of the Voudoos 201
Harper's Weekly, November 7, 1885.

New Orleans Superstitions 209
Harper's Weekly, December 25, 1886.

RACE STUDIES IN THE WEST INDIES:

A Study of Half-Breed Race in the West Indies . 221
Cosmopolitan, June 1890.

West Indian Society of Many Colorings . . . 232
Cosmopolitan, July 1890.

AMERICAN ENVOY:

A Winter Journey to Japan 243
Harper's Magazine, November 1890.

AN AMERICAN MISCELLANY

FACE STUDIES

The sciences of phrenology and of physiognomy seem to have lost their hold upon popular faith, just like the so called science of Mesmer or the odylic theory of Reichenbach. Between phrenology and physiognomy, however, the chances of prolonged life appear largely in favor of the latter. It has even been claimed that many successful professors of phrenology have really examined the face while pretending to examine the head; and have based their opinions upon a physiognomical ground altogether. Experiments upon the brain with electricity—in rare cases where an accident or a disease has laid bare the cerebral substances—have in no wise tended to confirm the dogmas of phrenology as to the localization of certain organs of sensitive perception; and accidental injuries to the brain, which have resulted in the loss of the senses of smell, the power of musical perception, memory or faculty of language, have not tended, generally speaking, to strengthen the theory that certain cranial protuberances indicate the position of certain mental powers. There are, nevertheless, indubitable relations between the shape of the head and the character of the individual; but these are extreme cases, and the attempt to organize a minute science upon them does not appear to have met with more than a very partial success. Physiognomy has been brought to a far more perfect science than that of Combe; and although Lavater may have erred in many theories regarding divergence of nose-lines or mouth-lines, we also know that many of his statements are incapable of refutation. The face is an almost certain index

of character to experienced men; and the faculty of determining character from the face seems to be natural, inasmuch as not only infants but even intelligent animals are peculiarly affected by first impressions and are generally correct in the notion of their hastily formed likes or dislikes.

It is this truth upon which physiognomy is based; and Lavater in his elaborate and beautiful work has merely attempted to analyze the causes of such impressions,—to tell us why certain faces inspire us in a certain way. Yet those of his facts which most startle us by their enunciation, are just those which we have instinctively learned by instinct before;—nature seems to teach us that sharp eyes close together have an evil significance; that eyes well apart rather indicate good nature; that a strong aquiline nose joined to a bold forehead indicate force of will and power to act; that a certain heaviness about the lower jaw suggests brutality, and a certain slenderness and receding shape denotes weakness and foolishness. As in all new systems of science there are doubtless vast errors in physiognomy; but the truth remains that the face is a fair index of character, and that the older we grow, the more we learn to read the face correctly, without, however, being able to commit the secret of our power to paper.

Whether it be true, however, that certain lines of the nose indicate one thing, or a certain angle of the chin another, as Lavater would have us believe, it is at least certain that the best readers of character are those who study the face according to rules never laid down in any physiognomical treatise. Each student of character, in fact, has a private system of his own; and that system, it is to be remembered, he can only communicate to persons strongly resembling himself in character. The reason is obvious. Persons

similarly constituted are similarly affected by certain peculiarities of character. We study men rather by types than by aught else. When we know one individual thoroughly, we know a whole class; and if much given to travel or brought much in contact with strangers, we shall be largely influenced in our estimates of new acquaintances by their resemblance to types already encountered elsewhere. Instinctively we divide men into classes, divisions, subdivisions, and so on; the class most easily studied and understood being, of course, the honest; that most difficult to study minutely being the higher type of intelligence, whether evil or otherwise. And with this private system of physiognomy in our mind, we involuntarily, even in passing along a street, commit to a certain blank space in our long record of character-references, the men we glance at as they pass us by. Nay, the science has even finer ramifications;—the tone of a voice,—the peculiar accent given to some familiar phrase,—the marked eccentricity of carriage or gait, causes us to form hasty estimates of character. How much may be judged from a certain swing of the shoulders and arms in walking or a certain carriage of the hand! Perhaps this study of men by types embraces the only true science of physiognomy; yet so innumerable are the exceptions to one's general rules, so multi-faced the difficulty of analyzing the cause of our impressions that it is difficult to believe physiognomy can ever be made an infallible science.

PROGRESSIVE LYING

The law is not made for just men but for liars.—I Timothy 1, 9–10.

It is doubtful whether the world is less given to lying in these days than in the ages prior to Christianity It is doubtful whether the highest circles of civilized society practice the utterance of truth better than the savages of waste lands. It is even doubtful whether the wisest men are any more veracious than the greatest fools, generally speaking. Certainly we might, without very much trouble, succeed in proving that the greatest figures of history have been the greatest liars, considered as a whole. There are exceptions to every general rule, of course; and we might be found fault with for declaring even upon the authority of Scripture that all men are liars; but evidence is not wanting in support of the startling proposition that lying is normal and veracity abnormal to human nature. When we remember that the kings and emperors of the earth have in all ages set the example of deceit and falsehood to their subjects; and that even at this very time the great governments of the world follow the teachings of Machiavelli, it is not to be wondered at that lying is customary, but that any persons of sound mind should make it a rule of their lives to tell the truth. Royal and ministerial liars are usually spoken of with profound respect,—except by Socialists and Nihilists who are obliged also to practice lying as a fine art in order to hold their own; and there is no lack of illustrious examples in apology. We might easily

fill all the columns in to-day's issue with names of stupendous liars whose bones repose in sculptured tombs, and whose titles are graven on monuments or brass. Philosophers and preachers claim to be pure of guile; yet, inasmuch as each sect and school claims that each and every other sect and school is addicted to this sinful practice we can hardly persuade ourselves that all are apostles of truth. And when we turn to the great merchants of modern times, we must confess that they have not, generally speaking, become rich by telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In short, we may go so far as to say that the world is ruled by lying, and by lying doth society grow fat and prosper. Nor is there any symptom of amelioration to come. Of old it was said that republics were more virtuous than monarchies; we believe Montesquieu said they were founded upon the virtue of George Washington,—a virtue little believed in by this wicked generation. But the absence of that very virtue in George Washington's republic to-day, has prompted these humble observations. A President of the United States has shown to us that this great American republic is able to compete with any effete monarchy in that science of verbal deceit which George Washington is popularly believed to have been wofully ignorant of; and the city that bears his illustrious name is said to contain more illustrious liars than any other of equal population on the face of the earth. Progress in the science of lying keeps pace with all other varieties of modern progress; and as the progress of the United States in a general way has been more rapid than any other nation, the result may be inferred. George Washington, were he alive, would wonder that the earth did not open up and swallow us up. But then he was only a *vieux bonnet-de-coton,* after all,—

a regular old fogy, who could not serve the country in this enlightened age. Fancy George Washington seeking political honors in these days!

Sometime since we had a fair specimen of that which George Washington was ignorant of,—a raw-head-and-bloody bones statement sent to Washington, declaring that certain members of the Louisiana legislature had obtained their seats by fraud and violence and kukluxery, carried out upon systematic principles. It was signed by other members of the Louisiana Legislature, who declared that they had been imposed upon by a class of men who hold truth to be of little worth. They sent a demand to Washington that their signatures be withdrawn from the document. Now appears Senator Hoar, who demands that action be taken to decide whether the Louisiana Legislature has any right to influence the signers of a petition to the general government,—even though that petition be called a gross libel upon honorable legislators, and an insult to the State; —in short, whether it is not right and proper to encourage lying, and to prevent legislative interference with so universal and time-honored a practice.

Well it is about time such a question was being seriously considered by the general government. If the executive power be upheld upon Corinthian columns of floriated and fluted lies, why should the right to follow its august example be denied to the humblest citizen of the land? It is becoming a matter of widespread belief that all universal practices prevalent among mankind are the outgrowth of natural necessities. Must not lying, therefore, be a natural necessity? We have already shown that its history is great and grand and dates back into the twilight of fable and will doubtless continue into the Twilight of the Gods. It

only remains for the general government to define and regulate the practice of this social and necessary evil within the jurisdiction of the United States, and to license political liars and protect the same in the exercise of their ingenious callings.

FRANKNESS

It is a peculiarity of human nature that the great majority of people wish to appear what they are not. Perhaps the foible is most apparent in those who affect to be very open-hearted and honest; because they wish to appear so to others. A gossip invariably tells everybody he knows that he hates tale-bearers; a coward usually asserts his fearlessness of all consequences, and his readiness to take everything upon his own responsibility; a thief not infrequently loves to expatiate upon the dishonesty of others; and a liar almost always declares himself to be truthful and outspoken. And as a general rule you hear a person boasting—"I am frank"; or, "I never lie"—you had better be on your guard against such an individual; for his very declaration is in itself a lie of the first magnitude.

It may be set down as a rule that the greater number of people lie more or less. There are only two general motives for lying,—fear, or cunning. It is true that the fear may be an honorable one,—such as that of hurting the feelings of others by the utterance of a truth, which it were best they should not know. It is true also that lies dictated by cunning are occasionally justifiable, especially when one is driven to the extremity of fighting professional liars with their own weapons or being vanquished in the contest. What are generally termed "white lies," which do no injury to others, and often save much unpleasantness or pain, do not necessarily render a man dishonest; but the people who boast of being irreproachably frank are invariably addicted to lying of another color, and in nine cases out of

ten are swindlers as well as liars. Whether consciously or unconsciously, the ulterior object of such people is to induce others to be frank with them so as to expose the weaker side of a nature which may be readily taken advantage of by those who are not frank at all.

One hears so constantly such sickening asseverations of this kind, that it is evident there must exist some very popular misconception as to the intrinsic value of frankness. Frankness, like innocence, is valuable or estimable only according to circumstances. A man may be the very reverse of frank, and yet never lie—simply because he does not wish to run the risk of ever being placed in a false position. On the contrary a man who does ocasionally lie, may be as a general rule frank. But taking it all in all frankness is more of a weakness than a virtue, that is, in the commonly accepted sense. It is not by any means prudent to utter all we think; or always to mean exactly what we say; and there are few man who can do both and get along well through the world. Apparent frankness is often nothing more than loquacity; sometimes it is downright brutality; and persons who are forever seeking an opportunity to utter disagreeable and boorish observations to those incapable of resenting them, are too often spoken of as rough and frank, whereas they are simply rude and ruffianly.

It is usually among the same class of persons who boast of being frank that we hear another false axiom,—"One must lie to do business." This is another lie, not less infamous than the first; and in the mouths of those who utter it really means,—"It is right to swindle, to steal, and to perjure one's self in business." A man who is dishonorable in public life is seldom honest in private life; and if he is,

it is simply because he is compelled by force of circumstances to be honest.

It is far better, of course, to be too frank than too deceitful; but the first failing is a vice as well as the second. It is a very false idea that extreme frankness is a virtue. No accomplished man of the world will say what he thinks upon all occasions; and the brutally frank people who do, suffer in the long run by making themselves universally detested. It is well to be frank with one's intimate friend, for a friend with whom we cannot be confiding is not worth having; but it is sheer folly to speak one's mind upon all occasions, and any person of intelligence ought to shun acquaintance with those who make a boast of being frank.

FRAUDS

There are certain general types of dishonorable and worthless people which are so familiar that any person of ordinary experience knows how to protect himself against them. To speak of these would be superfluous;—for only a very innocent or foolish person can become their victim after having arrived at a certain age. They will always find enough of such dupes, however, and perhaps, after all, they do more good than evil, for every one must learn sooner or later, that it is dangerous to judge by appearances, that it is silly to confide in promises, that money loaned—except in business—is seldom returned in an honorable and satisfactory manner, and that in entrusting one's money to others, one must rather take into consideration the capability of the recipient to repay without difficulty than his good intentions. For three-fourths of the class known as professional dead-beats are persons who incur obligations to others with the best and sincerest intentions in the world.

But one soon learns the characteristics and tactics of this class; and many, having learned them, are wont to believe that they have acquired a fine knowledge of the world and of human nature, whereas the fact is that they have only acquired the easiest rudimental lesson of the vast science,—the knowledge of human fraud,—which few men ever perfectly acquired since the world begun, and which is becoming more and more difficult to master with each succeeding century, inasmuch as the art of fraud, like all other arts, becomes more complex and more varied, and more difficult to study in all its ramified branches, with

the progress of civilization. Some imagine that by trusting nobody they can defy fraud. These are the easy victims; for they are constantly deluded by their faith in their own perspicacity, which is readily taken advantage of, and by the lack of that experience which their very skepticism in human good faith entails. One must be deceived much in order to learn how not to be deceived; and there are few who have had sufficient experience to render them wholly invulnerable. The first result of gross deception on the natures of many victims, is to make them affect to believe in no one. They have a kind of fearful suspicion that all the world may be bad. While still in doubt, they are apt to be deceived again in a still worse fashion, and again, and yet once more. With a naturally intelligent person the experience harms only to a certain extent;—it also compels him to wilder and sharper studies of human nature than he has ever made before. The reason is because no man would find much pleasure in life if he really believed all people were dishonest, and in order to shake off the horrible suspicion he is compelled to seek proof positive to the contrary. He is frequently deceived in so doing; but the ultimate result will be satisfactory. There is no doubt whatever that with the advance of age, men acquire at once a better and a worse opinion of the world,—a better understanding of what is good and beautiful, and a deeper insight into all obscurity of what is evil and repulsive.

There are no rules possible to learn which can absolutely ensure self-protection against fraud. The worst frauds are often those who appear to be the very best persons you ever met in your life. No fraud worthy of consideration can be speedily found out. Some of them necessitate

years and years of patient study to read well; and these are the most dangerous; being sometimes deliberate villains who play for high stakes with long premeditated moves and extraordinary foresight. Others play for low stakes; but with the dual end in view,—to at once preserve themselves against the shadow of an imputation, and to dupe others to their own profit. They are not always successful in the end, because the facility with which they deceive their victims leads them at last to become careless and expose themselves at an unexpected moment; and also because they are certain, sooner or later, to have an unsavory reputation. Moral and legal wrong are very different things; but even those who cannot actually prove themselves defrauded will always have the instinctive consciousness of having been victims. There is something about certain animals which inspires suspicion and fear, however tame they may seem; and there is something about men of this evil description which leaves those with whom they are brought in contact perpetually in doubt as to whether they are in danger or not. Now it is always best to discontinue all relations with any persons whom one becomes suspicious of—even though one cannot account for the suspicion: because when deceived by one of whom we have no suspicion whatever, we are apt to be less badly victimized than by those against whom nature seems to warn us in advance. But there are few who will follow such a precept. Many worthy people have a shame of being suspicious and a dread of misinterpreting the motives of others, and these very noble qualities lead them into the worst kind of traps.

While there are no general rules which insure self-pro-

tection, and which the experience of others never teaches as well as one's own, there are, however, certain points on which people may be advised.

However previously intimate with men whose words or actions, sooner or later, excite undefinable or inexplicable suspicion, drop their acquaintance.

Persons who make a great boast of frankness and perpetual denunciations of immorality are not less to be suspected than those who incidentally boast of having wronged or deceived others.

Honesty is most desirable in little things, not in great things. Thousands will steal five cents who would not dare to steal five hundred dollars.

In business, those who affect to despise small matters themselves, and complain of the picayunishness of those who do not, are seldom trustworthy. A really honest man will be as careful about the disposition of one cent as of one dollar in his transactions with others,—nor can he be too particular in his dealings, whether upon a large or a small scale.

A man who expects others to trust him implicitly and resents any particular examination of his accounts, or proper inquiry into the correctness of his bills, or who does not voluntarily offer customary guarantees to those who transact business with him, whether under pretext of friendship or not,—is apt to prove a thief. And anyone attempting to undertake dealings with others without a clear and definite previous understanding as to all ultimate terms, is not a desirable acquaintance.

Because a man has a good business reputation when rich, it does not necessarily follow that he can be trusted when poor. Thousands pay debts simply to be rid of annoyance,

to buy a good name for the time being, or with the view of contracting larger debts at a future time.

Friendship in business should never involve any persons in an unbusiness-like transaction;—a good man will not be apt to demand favor involving it.

There should be no pride in business beyond the pride of honest success and honorable standing; and persons who make a great show of magnanimity and generosity, or who assume airs with those who act in a squarely business way, need watching. Many such men are either fools or knaves, —some are both.

Lastly, let us observe that those in the habit of unnecessarily speaking evil of others or informing "friends" in secret of what was imparted to themselves in confidence by other friends, even after a quarrel, are malicious and dangerous people. If they are not they are simply foolish people; for except by way of warning, to save others from misfortune, it is idiotic to talk badly even about persons you know to be bad.

"Absolute nonsense," he returned, with a slight smile,—"these ideas about love and friendship are wholly the result of a false system of education,—false because not in harmony with the practical character of this skeptical age, and because rendering the mind shaped by them unfit to contend in that struggle for the possession of happiness which all men take part in. Men, like other animals, are by nature distrustful, selfish and combative; moral education weakens these natural tendencies, and with them the natural capacity for self-defense. It is true that in order to render a man fit to mingle agreeably with his fellow man, he must be taught to repress the proclivities of his animal nature to a certain extent,—not because they are wrong, for there is no such thing as right or wrong except in our imagination,—but because that society in which we are born is modeled in a certain fashion, and all units of that society must move in harmony with the social machinery or be crushed by the mere weight of the force opposed to them. Yet instead of merely teaching the child to disguise and repress his natural tendencies, we teach him that they are unnatural, horrible, wicked and must be eradicated. We mold this plastic mind and deform it before it has fairly commenced to develop; religion is too often used to make him cowardly; generally is preached to him in order to render him foolish; he is taught to believe in what he does not understand on the strength of what others whom he imagines to be wiser than himself tell him; and above all things he is taught that all other people in the world, except the savages, are

believers in what he is taught to believe. When he becomes old enough to study men and things for himself, he acts like a ninny, and falls an easy victim to any person who thinks it profitable to take advantage of him. Some call him innocent, some good hearted, the simple fact is that he is a fool, because he has been trained up as a fool by parents who are ignorant of their parental duty and teachers who make a living by teaching what they do not believe in themselves. If he ever learns what humanity is he does so only after the endurance of a thousand disappointments and infinite miseries brought upon him by the pains taken to keep him ignorant and foolish when a child. Long after he has ceased to believe in theological dogmas of any description, he continues to believe in friendship, and love and honor and other ridiculous ideas forcibly stamped upon his feeble brain in that age of worse than brute ignorance,—so that he remains more or less of a fool during the greater part of his life."

—"Do you mean to say that there are no such things as friendship and love and honor?"

—"Certainly I do! There are certain habits, or practices, or inclinations, or actions, which are specified by these names, but the ideas conveyed by these terms are wholly different from the facts they specify. We are taught that the banana is the product of a certain tree. That is true. We are taught also that love and friendship and honor are the products of certain moral qualifications. That is not true."

—"Then what is friendship?"

—"Friendship as characterizing a certain species of attraction between two persons, is a purely selfish attachment. Your friend finds your company more useful and agreeable to him than the company of others. He frequents

you more, consequently, merely because it is to his interest to do so. You find him of more service to you than other people. Therefore, you seek his intimacy. So long as you are serviceable to each other, you call yourselves friends; when you cease to be serviceable to each other, and cease to frequent each other's company you cease to be friends. Analyze the motives of any friendship,—self-interest is the mainspring of its action."

—"But there is a noble selfishness—the selfishness of seeking pleasure in giving pleasure to others without expecting a return."

"There is not—except among monomaniacs and simpletons. Friendship between intelligent persons is never inspired by what you call noble selfishness. Except among fools and fanatics, who live in illusions, and follow certain principles of action in the hope of imaginary reward in some imaginary paradise, Friendship is only inspired by the expectation of a return of pleasure for the pleasure given. I treat a horse well, because I get more work from it by so doing. I treat a friend well, because I expect to receive a larger equivalent for what I give. It is simply a barter of pleasure, an exchange of one variety of pleasure for another. When one of two is cheated in the bargain, or does not obtain what he believes to be a just equivalent, the 'friendship' ends."

—"And honor."

—"We are taught to believe when children that the observance of that principle of trained action called 'honor' wins respect in society. This is only half true in the best society. It enables us to keep respect already won by very different qualifications, not to gain it. Honor is forced upon us by self-interest or necessity."

—"But conscience!"

"Conscience is generally the result of a partly false education. A reproach of conscience is sometimes the knowledge that what we have done will be disapproved of by those who know us. Sometimes it is caused by a vivid imagination painting for us the condition of the victim wronged with such force as to create a sympathetic feeling of unhappiness in our own minds. Conscience is strong with nervous and sensitive people of feverish imagination; it has much less influence with those of a stolid and phlegmatic disposition. We have all seen persons who professed to believe in religion and yet who had absolutely no conscience whatever in business affairs."

—"And love!"

—"Passion intensified by the obstacles to its consummation which civilized society creates, coupled with a selfish desire to monopolize the object of the so-called affection, begetting an animal jealousy or desire to injure a rival. The duration of the feeling depends altogether upon the power of either party to fascinate by physical attention. When this has ceased, love ceases; the attachment which is called friendship may remain; and this friendship will be more or less strong as the parties are capable of pleasing each other in equal proportion. Social law and opinion repress or prevent any natural tendencies to dissolve the companionship for unnecessarily selfish reasons, but only because the very structure of modern society depends upon the laws regulating the relationship of the sexes."

"Do you mean to say that you have never loved a woman?"

—"No, I do not. The force of man's nature is greater than the influence of reason. Any well-constituted man is

liable to pass through the vicissitudes of what is called love and friendship; and in doing so merely obeys the laws which created him and which created his race. But if by loving, you mean a readiness to sacrifice oneself to give pleasure to another, without expecting the least return, I answer that such love does not exist. The men who professed to die for their friends or families in old time only did so from an absolute necessity which left them without free will, or because they expected a reward in some imaginary world."

—"If I believed like you I would not care to live."

—"Perhaps not, because your mind is full of absurd illusion so interwoven with your every thought, that to destroy the illusions would destroy your mental life. Your mind is like that wheat field in the parable, so overgrown with tares that the tares could not be pulled up without destroying the wheat."

—"What pleasure can you find in life?"

"Every pleasure almost that life can give. I believe only in this life, because my brain has never been deformed by what you call faith. I have the full enjoyment of my senses; and what you call intellectual pleasure is really material. Poetry, sculpture, painting,—all the charms of form and color and music, are mere artifices to excite the brain to a keener appreciation of physical enjoyments. I enjoy them according to my capacity. The simple action of living is a pleasure to any one of such vigorous health as mine. The world seems beautiful to me, because I am fitted to enjoy its beauties and wealthy enough to gratify my desires. If I do not believe in friendship or love in the way you do, that does not prevent me from enjoying either the one or the other according to my own ideas. When I need a friend I buy his company with favors so long as I

need him. When I wish for love I purchase it, and save myself a great deal of trouble. I never incommodate myself to please others, except when I can gain a great deal by so doing; and never become sufficiently intimate with others to enable them to cause me the least inconvenience. I shall not grow old for another half century, and if ever I become weary of my life it will be an easy matter to end it without the least regret."

SOMETHING ABOUT SUCCESS

There is a popular fallacy that intelligence is not necessary to success, and that successful "self-made men," as they are termed, are often men of feeble intellect.

The fact is that chance and opportunity do not give real success. Hazard may enable a fool to become rich or to climb into a position for which he is utterly unfitted; but if he be a fool he can retain neither his wealth nor his position. Opportunity is an opening to success only for such persons as possess characters in which the requisites to success are found. Again the really great men of history were men who, having no opportunity left open to them created the opportunity for themselves. Opportunity is the Thor-hammer with which barriers to progress are flung down or breached. The really great man makes the hammer for himself when it is not lying there ready to hand.

There are three main requisites to success:

First, a fixed purpose of ambition, together with faith in one's own capacity to gain or accomplish it.

Second, a thorough comprehension of all surroundings and circumstances calculated to aid or prevent the accomplishment of that purpose. This knowledge is not to be obtained by mere study, although study develops it. It must be partly a natural gift,—a natural quickness of perception and foresight.

Third, a firm will. Whether in little things or in great things, a man to succeed by his own effort must have no fear of consequences,—no timidity,—no fear of himself or of others. It does not follow that he need be rash. Rashness is

folly; and a successful man must not be rash. But when the moment comes to step forward, he must not be hindered from doing so by any feeling of weakness or any dismay inspired by obstacles. Tenacity, judicious daring, fearlessness, and a readiness to sacrifice oneself rather than one purpose, must be characteristic of such will. Now great men who are successful in life by their own efforts have all these qualities.

Highly sensitive natures are unfit to succeed and very seldom do. Nor is it to be wished that such men should occupy positions in which they have authority over the actions and consequently the happiness of others. They are usually mere bundles of nerves, excited by trivialities, and prone to form such intense likes or dislikes as lead them into acts of gross injustice, however fine their rational idea of justice may be. Persons who affect nervous people disagreeably, are not necessarily what they seem to be to those people: we have all been surprised to observe that certain "horrid people," whom we cannot endure, are highly esteemed by others whom we much like. Such feelings are largely due to constitutional peculiarities; and it often happens that those who seem at first intensely disagreeable persons, wear well, and prove only rough diamonds of great value; while others whom we esteem extravagantly, turn out to be white sepulchres. The more sensitive and nervous that people are, the greater the form of these likes and dislikes which are often carried to an extent that renders the sensitive person utterly unfit to wield any large influence over the lives of his fellow beings.

The fact is that normal sensibility is a species of disease or weakness with which no man can fight his way to success. The man made to succeed is like one of those athletes who can sleep soundly on the eve of a struggle which will

forever decide his wealth and reputation. He has absolutely no nerves;—he is all strength and will and calm—the calm inspired by the consciousness of strength and a correct knowledge of the situation. He cannot afford to have such sensibility as some of us have. It is a common saying, for example, that many persons of real worth and merit will not permit themselves to enter the domain of politics because of the associations one is obliged to have at the outset and the unscrupulous means one must employ at the start. This is to a large degree merely a flattering unction which certain men lay to their souls. As well observe that they would make excellent miners but do not like coal mining business because it blackens the skin. It is an abnormal form of sensibility which a really strong and great mind never feels. The naturally great man who chooses politics for his field must not be afraid to dirty his skin. He knows that in the present condition of our society to plunge into politics is to plunge into dirty water. The plunge is nothing to him; what he purposes is to swim through and land on a high dry bank, where he can clean himself and perhaps prepare means for the purification of the dirty stream he has traversed. He believes that he can accomplish a great good even if he has to reach that good through evil; but he knows that the scruples which are fears, and the disgust which is weakness, would render success impossible. There will be great statesmen in this country again; they will appear at the time of the coming national crisis. They will accomplish a mighty work of good; and yet they will not reach their purpose without smirching themselves. Politics in these days have become like certain industrial pursuits which oblige the workmen to change their clothes on entering and leaving the factory.

NIGHTMARE AND NIGHTMARE LEGENDS

Perhaps not very many of those who read in a recent issue of *The Item* a brief account of death from nightmare, has realized the real horror of that incident. Of all sufferings which man is liable to, none is so excruciating as the mental torture of fear; nor is there any horror to be compared with the horror of nightmare. Under this fantastic incubus of sleep all the most hideous tales of enchantment and diabolical possession are realized. The sufferer experiences the very paralysis of terror. He finds himself riveted by some ghastly and far reaching power which seems to delight in intensifying the torture of its victim by the slowness of its goblin approach. He is all the while strangely awake to the reality of his surroundings. He often, even half conscious that he is only the victim of what is called nightmare; yet so frightfully realistic are the sensations endured, and the phantoms which surround him, that he feels a horrible doubt as to whether sleep may not really be a clairvoyant condition of the mind, during which become visible the terrors of a world invisible by the light of the sun. As in some weird tale of Northern enchantment or goblin story of the Highlands, he need only utter a certain word, a strong cry or shriek, to break the spell; but his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth. He might run from the approach of the goblin or ghoul or monstrous eidolon which has magnetized and fascinated him, but that his feet are rooted to the ground. His most desperate efforts to shriek result only in feeble groans. Then is the time to awake the poor

dreamer. If the horror culminates in the secret halls of the brain—if the imaginary phantom seize the victim before he can awake—the result is liable to be a death of sheer terror. This was, according to rational interference, the cause of the death of young Lyman Preston at Clarendon.

Happily for most victims of nightmare the enchantment of sleep is usually broken before the completion of the dream, the last act of the horrible tragedy by the violent action of fear upon the heart. By the time one is making a mighty effort in imagination to pull his eyelids open, so that he may cease to see the specter of his dream—(a curious and common fancy in nightmare)—he awakes gasping for breath and frozen with terror. It even then takes him some time to recover. The shadows of furniture, gleams of moonlight, waving of curtains, still appeal with hideous suggestions of goblin life to the panting victim; and as though his chamber were actually haunted, he must kindle a strong light to banish the lingering phantasmagoria of sleep.

There are, of course, mild forms of nightmare to which we are all subject, and which are rather annoying than dangerous. We might instance that familiar one in which the sleeper believes himself fighting a dangerous enemy, and using a weapon in his own defense. When the weapon is a knife, the sleeper, curiously enough, finds himself unable to inflict even a deep scratch upon his enemy; his muscles seem to refuse obedience to the will. When the weapon is a rifle or pistol, it goes off with extraordinary tardiness and small noise; then the ball creeps out very, very, very slowly, and drops maliciously a yard or two away; while the wild man or wild beast approaches with terrible speed, and all retreat is cut off. But persons with sensitive imaginations, cul-

tivated by a peculiar kind of fantastic literature, are liable to dreams of such abnormal and ghostly terrors as may actually kill. It is curious that of these few have ever recorded their impressions; but it must be remembered that the victim of nightmare always endeavors on waking up, to banish from his mind the fancies he dare not dwell upon in the darkness, and which have therefore faded from memory when daylight gives one courage to attempt recollection of them. There are, however, sundry instances where imaginative writers have actually recorded their nightmare impressions. Edgar Poe affords a familiar example. The termination of the *Tell-tale Heart*—when the heart of the murdered man makes itself heard far below the surface of the underground cellar—the whole conception and hideous conclusion of the *Fall of the House of Usher,*—passages in *Monos and Daimonos* [1]—in *The Black Cat*—in the frightful fantasies of *Ligeia* and *Morella,* are neither more nor less than the simple and truthful record of Mr. Poe's nightmares. They freeze with horror, because they appeal to memories of nightmare in all readers who understand and feel the influence of that strange author. Poe's reading and hobbies of study were excellently calculated to beget such hideous combinations of fancy as those we have referred to.

While on the subject of nightmare, it is worth while to mention a curious Scandinavian legend in regard to it. The very word, nightmare, is of Scandinavian origin. It would be more properly written, Night-Mara; or Mara of the Night. Strangely enough the Scandinavians held that this Mara was a female specter, not hideous or fantastic of aspect, like the hollow Ell-women or witch-wives, but fascinatingly beautiful. Nevertheless she took a malevolent

[1] Hearn later discovered that this was by Bulwer Lytton and not by Poe.

pleasure in visiting sleepers and tormenting them in nameless ways. Like other specters, the Mara could only leave a chamber by the same way she had entered it; and if the orifice were closed during her presence in the room she was compelled according to the laws of the specter world, to make herself visible. So it happened once that a certain Norseman being grievously tormented in his slumber, and awaking in the night, closed up the only orifice leading into the room—namely, the keyhole—by plugging it up. The Mara became visible in all her weird beauty, and the Norseman wooed her in gallant style. She became his wife. For seven years they lived together, and children were born unto them. At last the husband was foolish enough to observe one day "My dear, you would never believe how you came in here." She asked curiously the manner of her entrance, and was recklessly referred to the keyhole. "Well," said she, "won't you take out that plug, and let me peep through?" The silly fellow did so; and Mara, changing into a thin stream of mist, vanished through the keyhole forever.

PHILOSOPHY OF IMAGINATIVE ART

At a time when philosophers are discussing the necessity of a new religous revelation to elevate mankind from the wide level of skepticism to which all classes in all nations are undoubtedly descending, it may be interesting to consider the fact that in proportion as a nation advances in liberality of sentiment and institutions, so it evinces less tendency to the acquirement of what might be termed national magnificence, as exemplified in great works of imaginative art, and in the capacity to express or formulate a national idea in that art. Modern civilization offers no new prodigies of architecture,—no cathedrals (except feeble imitations of the mediæval idea), no vast palaces,—no pyramids,—no temples worthy to endure for a thousand years,—no cities like Athens or Rome, no pictorial art which is more than an imitation, perhaps an improvement, of the art gone before it,—no sculpture worthy to compare with that of antiquity—no vast public works like those of Trajan or Severus. Greece, Rome, Egypt, Assyria, India, China, ancient Mexico, created as many orders of art—art which expressed a national idea. The architecture of Greece was shapely, elegant and pure as the Hellenic idea of beauty; that of Rome strong, magnificent, and successfully ambitious as the sway of the Antonines; that of Egypt solemn and mystic as the worship of Isis; that of Assyria grim and mighty like its lion-hunting kings; that of India wild, intricate and grotesque like the strange faiths of her people. The Arabs created a system of decoration math-

ematically wonderful in its ingenuity, and an architecture graceful and voluptuous as the Oriental imagination. The mediæval church created a marvelous architecture, more instinct with life, more indicative of a living idea than any other,—an architecture which carried its fantasies beyond the sublime at one period even to the verge of grotesque madness; and its character reached that phase at the very time when Europe was suffering from epidemics of religious insanity. The art phases of history correspond with phases of the religious idea.

As that idea appears to decline its power of expression naturally diminishes. The modern world creates no new order of architecture—no really novel phase of true imaginative art since the middle ages. Our progress in knowledge and power, in practical science and mechanical skill appears, indeed, likely to continue infinitely beyond even the marvelous point to which we have arrived; but modern civilization seems as little likely to create a new and original series of national art-ideas as to create for itself the new religious idea which men like Froude are now talking of. In fact, the former, we may venture to suggest, is impossible without the latter. A new art-period in the world's history can follow only upon a new religious period in that history.

The marvels of antiquity teach us really that national magnificence, as typified in vast public works and prodigious temples, and palatial cities, is possible only for a people profoundly and universally impressed by one religious idea, and governed despotically in accordance with that idea. Under a free government, this sort of national magnificence, created by the united labor of millions for the governing few, can never be expected; and the more liberal

the institutions of a people, the plainer will be their cities, and the more modest their historic monuments.

The wonders of the cities of Europe—the great castles and temples, the vast cathedrals and palaces, all the architecture mellowed by tradition or beautified by faith—is of another age. The streets and edifices of Europe built in the nineteenth century are scarcely less plain than our own; and all the curiosities noted in travelers' guide-books are the creations of a past age and a past order of things. There is little likelihood that any civilized government during the next five hundred years will build Escurials or Vaticans or Versailles palaces, or aught similar to the great works of the modern past. Feudalism has disappeared; State religions are disappearing; and without something of both, the power of a government to create marvels of imaginative art for its own glory is paralyzed. Religion is less able than ever before to erect grand monuments of its faith; for church revenues are decreasing and church influence declining through sectarianism. Nations are no longer under the influence of one great religious idea, but of many religious ideas; and skeptical philosophy, beyond all rational doubt, has done much to weaken even the influence of this varied combination of sects.

We might presume to draw the following rather startling conclusions from the above facts which we have only had space to treat in the most superficial manner, and sundry others which will be self-evident to the reader:

1. The very practical character of the results of modern civilization, as exemplified in national indifference to external magnificence, is in itself an indication of increasing diversity in religious opinion, and also of the weakening of all imperial or illiberal governments.

2. The practical knowledge bestowed by scientific discoverers upon the nations of the present era, is of a character that cannot possibly be lost—even through any of the causes which bring about the downfall of nations—it is of a character that tends to bring all classes into communion and to elevate the general standard of intelligence; it must continue to increase rather than decrease; as it increases all opposing and illiberal influences will disappear; and we must expect that nations will seek less and less after outward appearances and more and more after latent practical power. As it is evidently impossible for a modern nation like France or America to retrograde into barbarism, so it will be impossible to reproduce those conditions which rendered ancient governments famous for the magnificence of their surrounding and monumental symbols of power. Our civilization will never produce a new order of architecture, or a new description of imaginative art; and will become forever plainer and more unassuming in its outward characteristics and surroundings.

3. The skepticism of the Nineteenth Century is of a description which renders the resubjugation of a whole people to any one pre-existing religious idea impossible; and which is likely to increase but not to diminish, unless science should bring a new religious revelation to humanity. If a new religious idea ever dawns upon the world, it must come through science in order to accomplish its mission.

SUBHADRA

O thou Creole sugar-cane, doubtless allied of old to the saccharine grasses of furthest India, hast thou no Buddhistic memories of pre-existence? For of a cane like unto thee sprung, many kalpas ago, the first of that bright line of kings called Suryavansa, —the Sunborn,—whereof also came the mother of Buddha. . . . Now this is the legend as related in the fifth Kiouen of the Fu-pen-hing-tsi-King, containing 6978 words in the Chinese,—the cost of carving the same on good wood being 3487 taels. . . .

. . . Mahakusa, last King of Makadeva's line, reigning at Mithila, seeing in his old age the foolishness of pleasure and the vanity of illusions, yielded up his throne unto his ministers—(for he had no offspring)—and became a hermit. And retiring into the wilderness, he practiced diligently the eight means of promoting the *nirvikalpaka* meditation, forbearing even to breathe,—so that he acquired the five supernatural powers, and became a Rishi. Finally having lived many years in the wilderness, his earthly voice and sight and hearing and all the senses of his body departed from him,—so that to the eagles of heaven and the wild beasts of the jungle, he appeared not as a man but as an image only, white with age, as the images of gods no longer worshiped are whitened by the dust of centuries. But within the voiceless and motionless statue of flesh, on whose shoulders perched the birds by day and bats by night, clearer than a star glowed the pure flame of spiritual knowledge,—the perception of the Only Real.

Now his former disciples, becoming old, and desiring to furnish themselves with certain necessaries procurable only

DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY SAN RAFAEL

at a great distance, feared lest during their absence the holy Rishi might awake once more from his spiritual sleep ere entering into the supernatural heaven,—and that the fierce birds and beasts, seeing him move, might devour him. Wherefore they contrived a great basket lined with softest grass, and put the Rishi into it, and suspended him from a lofty tree as a chrysalis is suspended by the silver of its own silk. Then did they all depart. But alas! while they were away, there came a wandering hunter into the midst of the desolation, and seeing the suspended basket from afar, like a great white bird, he shot an arrow through and through that which he foolishly conceived to be a bird. So that the soul of the Rishi departed from him; and those who loved him having come back, found him to be dead. From either side of the basket one drop of blood trickled slowly down to fall upon the ground, there making two little red spots like rubies. Then the disciples raised a funeral pile, and burned the holy body that its elements might the sooner mingle with the elements of the universe,—the light of the sun, the blue of the sky, the emerald of the herbs, the perfume of the flowers, the wavelets of waters and the breath of mountain winds.

. . .

But when the summer was sweetened with the smell of madhavika flowers, and balmy with the blossom-breath of the malikas;—when the waves became warm as flesh and the air vibrant as a harp to the humming of innumerable bees; when the serpents left their holes in the odorous sandal trees to hang in writhing festoons from the branches,—then, the disciples beheld a marvelous thing.

For, from the spots touched by the blood of the holy

King, there upsprang two wondrous cane-shoots,—first green as emerald, then pink deepening into the color of kissed lips. Tall as palms they grew, graceful as the dancing girls of the city Hastinapoura,—the city of the white elephant. And their tall stalks commenced to swell strangely.

. . . At last within one of them appeared the outlines of a beautiful body, the body of a girl—shaped within the stalk as a butterfly within its chrysalis; only her thighs and feet crossed, as those of damsels in the temple-dance, and her hands so raised above her, as in the measure Ekatali. Also within the other cane appeared a beautiful body, the shape of the body of a youth, similarly postured within the stalk. . . . And even while all were wondering, the sun swelling the canes caused them to split asunder, and from them came a girl and youth of the color of gold, incomparable for grace and exquisiteness of limb. . . . So they called the youth Suryavansa, and the maiden Subhadra; and holding them to be the children of the Rishi-King (seeing they were sprung of his holy blood), they made them to reign upon the throne of Mithila. . . .

For Suryavansa they had indeed sought and found a hundred darling wives; but none of these did he love like Subhadra, who was at once his twin sister by Surya, the sun god, and his first queen. As one never tires of the sweetness of pure honey, never could he tire of the lips of Subhadra; as the soft fires of jewels never weary, never could he gaze long enough into Subhadra's eyes. . . . So that she caused him to put away his other wives, and to live with her alone—contrary to the custom of the kings before him, and much to the wonderment of his ministers. But he said to them that one of Subhadra's kisses was worth more than the price of a hundred thousand elephants.

KOUAN-FOU-YOUAN

Ye that have beheld only their outwardness, their skins of tawny gold, their features passionless as the statue of Fo,—rarely smiling, never weeping,—ye know not the Chinese heart! . . . Listen, therefore, to this faint version of a little elegy, written ere modern civilization was born,—written under the Dynasty of Thang, by some forgotten mourner that had loved and lost. . . .

THE DEAD WIFE

After S. Julien's French translation from the Chinese.

. . . It was at the fifth watch of the first day of the year, —it was at the epoch when winter exerts all its severities, that my beloved wife died. I marvel if there be in the whole world another so unhappy as I.

"Oh, hadst thou been still alive I would have given thee a new robe for the new year . . . but, alas! thou hast descended into that somber empire that the Yellow Fountain waters! Yet that I may see thee again, beloved one, visit me gentle Shadow, in the middle of the night,—come unto me at the third watch of the night, that I may revive the sweet illusions of the past!"

. . .

In the time of the second moon, in the time of the birth of Spring, the sun shines longer in heaven; and the families all wash their robes and raiment in purest water. Then do these husbands who still possess gentle companions delight to bedeck their beauty with new garment. . . .

But I, that have lost my spouse, I feel only the sorrow which destroys me, the burning pain which consumes me! Far from my sight I have hidden away the narrow slippers that were wont to clasp her pretty feet. . . . Sometimes I have thought of choosing another companion. But where might I ever find another so beautiful, so intelligent, so fond?

. . .

In the time of the third moon is the period called Tsing-Ming. Then does the peach-tree open all its pink blossoms; and the willows begin to display their verdant tresses. Then do the husbands who still have loving wives, go forth with them to visit the tombs of their parents.

But I, who have lost mine, I go forth alone to visit her tomb only;—and when I see the place where her ashes rest, the scorching tears stream down my cheeks. I make offering to her of the funeral offerings;—I burn images of gilded paper for her.—"Sweet wife," I cry to her in a voice smothered by weeping,—"where art thou?—sweet wife, where art thou?" But, alas! she cannot hear my words;—I behold only the solitary tomb,—I may not behold my spouse.

. . .

In the time of the fourth moon, at the period called Mang-Tchong, the air is pure, the sun glows in all its splendor. How many ungrateful husbands now abandon themselves to the pursuit of pleasure, without a thought for the gentle companions they have lost!

Husband and wife are as two birds of the same forest,—when the fatal term arrives, each flies its separate way.

. . . All that winsome beauty, all that unbounded love, vanished from me forever in the brief space of a single morning. Alas! why should not two spouses so intimately united have been able to live together through the years, and together obtained the white hairs of honored age? I am like unto a man soothed by some magical dream with sweetest illusion;—awaking he vainly seeks for the fair and immortal being by whom his dreaming eyes and dreaming ears were charmed, and he finds about him emptiness only, and solitude and silence!

. . .

In the time of the fifth moon, at the period called Touan-yang, the dragon-headed ships furrow the waters. Wines the most exquisite are warmed; fruits the most delicious are heaped up within baskets.

Every year at this time I used to delight in sharing with my wife and my children the pleasures of these innocent holidays. But now I am restless and unhappy; I am a prey to bitterest anguish. From sunrise until sunset I weep;—and from evening also until the dawn; it seems to me at each instant that my heart must burst with its grief.

Ah! what do I see?—pretty children merrily sporting before my door! I can understand their happiness; they have a mother who, doubtless, often presses them to her bosom! Dear children, go away! your happy sport only tortures my heart. . . .

. . .

In the time of the sixth moon, at the period called San-fo, it is difficult to endure the burning heat of the day.

Then do rich and poor alike hang out their raiments to dry.

I also must take a certain silken robe, and suspend it in the sun! I must also expose to the sun the embroidered shoes of my wife. See! this is the dress she was wont to wear on festival days!—behold the graceful little shoes which fitted her pretty feet! . . .

But where is my wife?—where is the mother of my children? . . . Ah! I feel as though a blade of icy steel were cutting my heart in twain!

. . .

In the time of the seventh moon, at the period called Ki-kiao, I cannot keep back the tears which fill my eyes. For it is at this time that Nieou-lan visits in heaven his dear wife Tchi-niu.

I also once had a dear wife; but I have lost her forever! Unceasingly I see before my eyes the image of that ravishing face which eclipsed the loveliness of flowers. Whether I walk or run,—whether I am seated or lying down,—the thought of having lost her never ceases to tear my heart asunder. Is there one single day in which I have not thought of my dear wife?—has there been a night during which I have not wept for her even until the dawn?

. . .

On the fifteenth day of the eighth moon, at the time when its disk is brightest, they make to the gods offerings of melons and of cakes round as the Star of the night. The men and women then go two by two into the country, to walk among the fields and to enjoy the soft moonlight.

But the rounded disk of the moon only recalls to me the memory of the wife whom I have lost. Sometimes I pour generous wine into my cup to dissipate my sorrow;—sometimes I take my guitar, but the instrument almost refuses to utter a sound under my languishing hand. My relatives and my friends all come in turn to invite me to visit them; but my heart, filled with bitterness, will not permit me to share their pleasures.

. . .

In the time of the ninth moon, at the period called Tchong-yang, the chrysanthemums all open their cups of gold, and all the gardens breathe out a balmy perfume. How gladly would I likewise go to gather a bouquet of newly opened flowers, if I had still a wife who might place them in her hair.

Again my eyes fill with tears; my hands are clenched with misery and strike my fleshless breast! I return to the bright room in which my wife lived. My two children follow me and come sadly to embrace my knees. Each takes one of my hands, and calls my name in a choking voice. They ask me for their mother with their tears, their little gestures, their sobs!

. . .

On the first day of the tenth moon, both rich and poor alike present their wives with winter dresses.

But I, who no longer have a wife, to whom could I offer a winter dress? When I think of the sweet one who shared my bed, whose pretty head rested on the same pillow beside mine, I burn images of gilded paper for her; and my tears flow without cease. I make these offerings to her that now

dwells by the banks of the Yellow Fountain. I know not whether these poor funeral gifts may serve the shadow of her that is no more;—but her husband will have, at least, paid to her his tribute of love and sorrow.

. . .

In the time of the eleventh moon, when I have saluted the winter, I call my beautiful wife many times in vain. I shrink to the verge of my chilly bed; I dare not extend a limb; and the silken coverlet flutters over a void place. I sob and invoke Heaven; I pray Heaven to take pity on the husband who passes the night in solitude and sorrow. At the third watch I arise and weep until the dawn.

. . .

In the time of the twelfth moon, in the midst of the rigors of winter, I call upon my dear wife in vain: "Where art thou?" I cry to her,—"where art thou? All the long day I have thought of thee only,—yet I cannot see thy face!"

But on the last night of the year, she appears to me in a dream. She presses my hand in hers; and smiles at me with eyes humid with tears;—again she entwines her caressing arms about me, and, as in other days, thrills me with happiness ecstatic. . . . *"I pray thee, beloved,"* she murmurs,—*"do not torment thyself any more by thinking of me! Hereafter, each night I will come thus to thee in thy dreams."*

ST. BRANDAN'S CHRISTMAS

St. Brandan sailed with his twelve chosen brethren in search of the Blessed Island which lies in perpetual calm, bathed in the sunny waves of the Western Sea.

The Saint had long bemoaned the turbulence and violence of his own land, and the luxury and worldliness of its priests and even its monastics. He would leave the grief and greed and strife of Ireland, and seek with his own a home in which to serve God in peace, in that mystic isle which no mariner had ever reached, but whose bowery shores and gleaming headlands had often flashed upon the passing deck-watch as the folded mists, which curtained it from unworthy eyes, divided for one sudden instant, and the gales of Paradise swept out across the Sea.

By prayer and fasting for many days St. Brandan and his companions prepared their souls, that their eyes, purged of earthly dust, might see, and their souls, clean of earthly taint, might reach and enjoy the land where there is no sin and no sorrow.

Then boldly turning prow to the unknown West they raised the sail and, while the repentant people wept and prayed upon the shore, the white sail glimmered to a speck upon the dim sea, then melted into the red glory of the sunset, and passed the limit of the world.

Many strange adventures befell the voyagers which in after years were written down by one who lived to return and die, a saintly man, in his cell at home. For it needed that their souls be tried and their minds illumined ere the Blessed Island could be found. And some failed under the

trial and were lost. And still more were knowledge and discipline to be sorely won, that they might remain in the Ocean Paradise when it was gained. For its sweetness and its light were only for those who brought with them sweetness and light, and who loved the Lord, and all things that the Lord makes.

But St. Brandan alone, or with one or two companions (for the copies vary), could abide the unearthly light and loveliness of the sinless land, and there he is to this day, and there shall he remain till the Great Day of all, to be taken, without dying, into the Paradise of God, of which his mystic ocean isle is a part, since it was the Garden of Eden, carried away after Adam's sin, and hidden in the sea from all eyes but the eyes of the blessed.

But now and again an Irish fisherboy, gentle and loving to the old mother spinning by the peat fire at home, pure of heart and careful of his duty, rocked as ever on the great waves that dash high up the iron-bound coast of Western Ireland, and dreaming of the lost glories of the green land, has seen the gold and purple curtains of the sunset lift for a moment over the shining sea, and the bowery orchards, the blossoming slopes, the silver streams and diamond-flashing cataracts of St. Brandan's Isle, have gleamed upon his startled vision. Ere he can sign his breast and say his "Our Father" the heavy folds drop down again and the sinless isle has vanished.

But he thanks God, for he knows he shall be a blessing to his kindred all his days, and die in the Faith with the angels, and the Saints attending, for he, too, has seen "the Island of the Blessed."

Now, in St. Brandan's voyaging, it came to pass that it was the Eve of Christmas, that high day which gave the

sinful world its Redeemer. And all the night the Saint and his companions kept vigil and sang psalms, and prepared for Mass on the morrow. And they spake much to themselves of the great love of the Lord, and its wonderful mystery, of which no man can tell the depth or the height. As also of our dear Lord's vast pity to all sinful men, which pity can never be exhausted, and which goes out to the worst and the most ungrateful.

Meanwhile, being far up in the Northern Seas, the night was full of the awful noises of crashing ice, and ghastly mountains drifted past and dashed together in the shadowy mists. Thereafter came a great flame, as of a mountain burning, then clashing of chains and cries of despair over the wan water. "This," said St. Brandan, "is, I think, my brethren, the utter limit of the world, where the lost souls are taken down into the Pit, for these cries are the cries of souls who have denied God." And one said, "Here, then, the Lord has no pity." And St. Brandan answered, "Say not so, my brother. Our Lord can never be without pity. Therefore, let us pray, even for those who cry. Who knoweth whither prayer goeth not."

And so, all that awful night they prayed and sang—not for themselves, but for those whose cries shrieked in the hollows of the awful white hills and wailed over the moaning sea.

In the morning dawn, they found themselves ringed around by vast ranges of glistening ice-mountains, shining in the rosy light, and these mountains were covered with men in chains and, as it seemed, in great pain. Far off, at the mouth of a vast cavern in the ice, out of which came flame and smoke, troops of evil demons howled and mocked and struggled to reach the men. These were ever drawn

back by an angel with a great sword, who cried continually, "Back! back! Leave them to their respite. This is the Lord's time; even the hour of His pity."

"And who are these?" St. Brandan, bold, because so pure of heart, asked of the great angel. "These," he answered, "are lost souls who, nevertheless, did some deed of pity to one of God's creatures while they lived upon the earth, and our Lord, Who is so pitiful, forgets not to reward the smallest deed of pity, even in the lost. Speak to Him yonder, and He will tell you."

They turned and saw where a man of horrid and frightful deformity sat alone upon an ice cliff. So dreadful was he that the other wretched ones drew from him, on all sides, in terror, and even stopped their eyes from the sight of him, and their ears from the curses of his sulphurous mouth. "Who are you?" said the Saint. And the holiness, which commands hell as well as heaven, compelled an answer from the man-devil. "I am Judas who sold the Lord, and who dwell in the lowest hell, but, because that once, when a boy in the streets of Jerusalem, seeing an ass fallen under his load, I unbound the load and raised the beast, therefore the Lord, whom I betrayed, on every Christmas day gives me respite from the eternal flame, that I may cool my burning, with the others, on the ice." And then he broke into curses again. And these ice mountains drifted away and the white mists fell down across the north, and the Christmas sun shone, and St. Brandan sang the Mass upon the lonely sea, and all the brethren realized their Lord, and they knew henceforth that the Son of Mary, born in Bethlehem, never forgets a deed of pity or the doer, whether he be in Earth, or in Heaven or in Hell.

BIDASARI [1]

Perhaps one thousand years ago,—perhaps even many more,—was the legend of Bidasari framed in the musical Malay tongue, and in the poetic measure that is called SJAR *by some holy faquir of whom the name has passed away. . . . Neither does it appear that he was solicitous regarding the memory of himself;—for as much as we find at the termination of this work these curious words:—"Feeble and defective are these verses, composed only because mine heart sought to be released from emotions which oppressed it. Much I did not write, being too unhappy and troubled in mind; yet having achieved the work, I did thereby obtain many benedictions." . . . And the poem was originally separated into six parts.*

Once in the palm-roofed city of Indrapoora there dwelt a merchant named Lila Djouhara, owning a thousand Javanese slaves besides many of other countries, and riches greater than any other of his rank within the land. Life flowed for him smoothly and sweetly as a river of honey unmixed; all that he desired was his,—one thing only excepted, a child! For notwithstanding that he had various young and beautiful wives, the Creator of earth and sea had never vouchsafed to him that blessing.

Now, it happened one morning that the merchant Lila Djouhara and the most beloved of his wives went early to the river bank, just as the yellow forehead of the sun rose

[1] In his New Orleans days Hearn had in his library a book *Bidasari* by Louis de Backer, according to the catalogue Mrs. Hearn sent me. Also see the reference to the Malay poem *Bidasari* in *The Creole Patois* (infra). The editor.

above the fan-formed tops of the bamboos. And Lila Djouhara heard the voice of a child crying—a sweet sound, and clear as a flute; and it came from a little bark floating down the stream. Then the merchant eagerly swam out to the bark and drew it to the bank; and they found a female child therein, having a marvelous face. Much were the merchant and his wife delighted; and they carried the child home; and the entire household rejoiced. Four beautiful slaves were appointed to wait upon the infant, and two nurses to care for it by night and day; the dwelling of Lila Djouhara was adorned as for the reception of a sultan's heir; and all the apartments were hung with orange-colored draperies and curtains of the same hue. Particularly the chamber chosen for the child was made exquisite with draperies and lights and perfumes; for the little one seemed to have been sent by the Creator in response to earnest prayer. Therefore did Lila Djouhara and his wife feel their hearts go out toward the little one as toward their own offspring. So comely was the child's face that nothing earthly could be compared with it. All who beheld the girl compared her features to those of Mendoudari, the spouse of Ravana, and her limbs to those of the Widhodaris,—who are the nymphs of heaven; and the name *Bidasari*—signifying in the Malay tongue "Wondrous Flower,"—was given unto her.

Then did the merchant Lila Djouhara go forth and catch a little fish which gleamed with all the rainbow-colors; and the vital spirit of the fish was by secret skill exchanged for the vital spirit of Bidasari, so that the child lived with the life of the fish, and the fish with the life of the child. For such was the custom in the Malay country among those who believe in the efficacy of avatars, and who hold it possible by such means to create a mysterious sympathy be-

tween two creatures whose fates thus become interdependent. [Neither is it strange that a human creature should live with the life of a fish, or a fish with the life of a human creature; forasmuch as all lives, however seemingly diverse, are alike emanations of the Supreme Soul.]

Then the little fish was placed in a precious box, and the box deposited at the bottom of a wondrous fish pond, constructed expressly by order of Lila Djouhara, with all manner of ornamental work after the fashion of the Pelanggam country. And the pond was situated in the middle of the loveliest of gardens.

Bidasari grew up in the merchant's household, and became more beautiful each day. Whatsoever her heart desired she never failed to obtain; for Lila Djouhara could refuse her nothing. But although they gave unto her more splendid robes than any princess of Java had ever worn, she appeared in them as the costliest of diamonds might appear in a setting of glass. When she had grown to womanhood there was none in that land to compare with her for grace and beauty and stature;—her skin was yellow as the purest gold; her limbs supple as stems of the *padi,* and her hair fell to her feet in a river of ringlets purply-black. All who beheld her eyes became silent;—yet the sweetness of her look was not so admirable as the goodness of her heart.

. . .

In those days Djouhan Mengindra was Sultan over Indrapoora,—a youthful and handsome monarch, wedded to the princess Lila Sari. And the affection of these two seemed like the union of the soul with the body. Now it happened one night, after the sultan had declared his love unto Lila Sari for the thousandth time, that she questioned him mis-

chievously, saying:—"Love, if thou shouldst behold a woman more beautiful than I, tell me, would not thy heart burn for her?—wouldst thou not desire to espouse her?"

But the sultan only smiled and answered nothing;—and a dark thought passed before the happiness of Lila Sari, like a bat before the sun,—*Perhaps there may be a woman even more beautiful than I.* Therefore she insisted, saying: "Since thou dost not answer, it must be even as I have said. . . . Wherefore, then, prate of thy love for me?"

Then the sultan replied, cautiously, and with hesitation of speech:—"Mine all-beautiful, how could there be in all this world another so lovely as thou? Yet were there such another, O mine heart, O tried gold of my soul,—were there such another, equal in birth as also in form to thee, then would I surely make her the partner of thy destinies."

Now when the princess heard these words, her heart grew cold, and she trembled with the passion of her mind; and casting a long, narrow look at the sultan's face, she rose from her seat. But Djouhan Megindra followed her, and cast his arms about her waist, and carried her back, and set her upon his lap, and caressed her, saying:—"Ruby of my heart, gold of my soul, be not angry because of what I have said!—light of mine eyes, bear me no ill-will for having answered truthfully thy question!" . . .

And under the kisses of his lips, the face of the princess seemed to brighten as the face of the moon when winds chase the veiling clouds therefrom. But she smiled only through fear of her husband; and her woman's heart continued to bleed with its wounding; and within herself she thought: "If there be in all this land a young girl more beautiful than I, by cunning I shall bring her within my power, and by craft I shall destroy her." So did she

resolve; and when the sultan had departed, she hid herself and wept.

. . .

When the morning, pink and sweet, had come again, Lila Sari summoned to her four *dayangs,* her four comely maids; and she gave them a marvelously wrought fan of gold besprinkled with jewels of a hundred tints, and said: "Bear this, my faithful dayangs, to all the quarters of the city Indrapoora, as if to offer it for sale;—yet never tell of its price except ye see a young girl more beautiful than I am. And if ye find such a one, contrive by craft to entice her to my palace, that I may look upon her." . . .

So the dayangs visited all the quarters of the city, and the Kampongs of the *mantris,* and the Kampongs of the priests, and of the strangers, and of the merchants. More than ten thousand beautiful women questioned them concerning the fan, but none of these received any reply, all being much less beautiful than the princess. But at last Bidasari, happening to pass through the Kampong of the merchants, stood to look at the fan, and spoke to the dayangs, who could not even make answer, so astounded were they by the vision of her beauty. For the beauty of Bidasari was like to an apparition from heaven. She wore a sijrash worked with designs of pekan-blossoms,—and a satin robe flowered in Western manner, with fringes of gold, and an upper tunic of orange-colored silk, bearing buttons engraved with serpents of gold;—her throat was circled by a necklace of gold, and her ears were decorated with golden ear-rings designed in the likeness of a revolving wheel. And the grace of her stature, the splendor of her garb, the perfume of her youth, made her seem like the

rarest of flowers in the most precious of vase, spreading the sweetness of its odors even as far as it might be seen by mortal eye.

Thus came it to pass that the dayangs discovered a young girl even more beautiful than the princess; and to her they told the price of the fan; and they followed her to the house of her adopted parents, and contrived by craft to bring it about that she should accompany them into the presence of Lila Sari.

. . .

But at the sight of Bidasari, the eyes of the princess became dim with wonder, and dumbness weighed upon her tongue; for never was statue of goddess wrought to compare for grace with the body of Bidasari,—never did flower unfold a bloom so beautiful as her face. Then jealousy raged in the heart of the princess, and taking Bidasari alone with her into a remote portion of the palace, she secretly confined the girl there, and set herself to devise at leisure by what means she might destroy her without the Sultan's knowledge.

And on the day following, while the sultan was at the chase, the princess entered the chamber where Bidasari vainly wept,—and shrieked in her face:—"O thou hateful and deceitful being, I know thy purpose in making parade of thine accursed beauty! Yet think not to become my rival, nor to espouse the King, nor even to leave these walls alive; for I, the princess, hate thee, and propose to destroy thee! And the louder thy cries, the more hideous shall be the torments I will devise for thee. . . ." Neither could Lila Sari satisfy her fury with words alone, but adding the cruelty of blows to the ferocity of speech, she so

tormented Bidasari that the maiden fainted before her face. Then did she nevertheless continue to beat the girl,—and trampled her, leaping upon her with rage, so that Bidasari would indeed have died had she not possessed the strange vital force erst given to her by the little fish which still lived in the pond of Lila Djouhari.

But on the next day, and the next, and for many days uninterruptedly, the princess horribly tormented Bidasari, —wondering the while how the girl could endure all this and live—especially inasmuch as no food or drink had been given to her. Within the pond of Lila Djouhari, the beautiful fish was becoming thinner, slenderer; its colors took tints of flame, its round eyes blazed like circles of fire. Nevertheless the wealthy merchant had no knowledge of that which was being done to his darling child.

Now at last Bidasari felt that even death were preferable to such torment; and she spake to the princess, in such fashion that Lila Sari could not choose but hear her, saying: —"O princess, life hath no value to the miserable; and though unconscious of wrong against thee, vainly have I prayed to God that I might die to please thee and be freed from torment. If thou dost still desire my death, O sovereign lady, order thy dayangs to bring hither the box containing my *semangat*,—the box in which swims the little fish with whose life I live despite thy will."

Accordingly the princess sent her dayangs to the fish-pond of Lila Djouhari, and they brought back the fish swimming in the box—a fish shimmering like gold, a fish of many shifting colors, with eyes like rounded flame. And Bidasari said: "O princess, the soul of my life dwells in that little fish. Each morning thou shouldst take it out of the water, and each evening replace it therein. By so doing

it will come to pass that I shall die before many moons." Then Lila Sari took the fish from the box, and fastened a ribbon around its body and hung it about her neck. And Bidasari therewith became as one dead.

Then was the princess greatly pleased; and she said to her dayangs: "Bear her to her father's house."

So the dayangs bore her to her parents, who received her with passionate lamentations, supposing her to be dead. But when the dayangs were departed, they discovered that Bidasari's semangat had been taken from the pond; and they divined the fearful reason, whereupon, fearing new designs against the girl, they removed her to a secret place in the midst of the forest; and publicly mourned for her as dead. Not dead was Bidasari; but each morning she fainted away and lay without sense until evening, living only by night. And by night did her friends supply her with nourishment and comfort, with *siri* and with *penang*.

. . . . . .

By the will of god it came about that the Sultan Djouhan Mengindra and his men lost their way in the forest while engaged in the chase—not long after these things had happened; and destiny guided his feet to the summer-house in which Bidasari had been concealed by her father. Greatly was the monarch astonished to behold so elegant a Kampong in the heart of the great forest, overshadowed by enormous trees, and half concealed by interlocking lianas. All was locked and barred, no habitant was visible, nor could any voice be heard, save those birds and forest-creatures.

Now the sultan was filled with curiosity at the sight of so strange a thing; and notwithstanding that his mantris prayed him to pass by the place, lest demons might be dwelling therein, he commanded his houloubalangs that they

should break down the bars and shatter the locks. Which having been done, he entered alone.

All was rich and luxurious within, but silent as a tomb and dimly lighted like a temple. Chamber after chamber the sultan traversed, his feet making no sound as he walked upon the softest and thickest mattings; and thus he reached the farthest apartment, illuminated by lamps fed with aromatic oil, and containing a great dragon-shaped bed hung with silken curtains. Rich garments lay at the foot of the couch, and slender shoes such as women wear. All these things surprised the sultan much; but when he had drawn aside the hangings of silk and beheld the beauty of Bidasari in slumber, his eyes became dim, and his heart almost ceased to beat. Never had even Djouhan Mengindra dreamed of such loveliness.

Recovering himself at last, he sat upon the dragon bed, and, lifting the maiden's perfumed head upon his lap, he caressed Bidasari, and kissed her a thousand times, calling her his jewel, his ruby, the gold of his heart, the gem of his life, and wondering that she did not awake. Now the mantris without, fearing demons, dared not enter.

And even while Djouhau Mengindra wondered and waited, fascinated by the celestial loveliness of Bidasari, the night fell and the moon arose,—less beautiful than the face upon the sultan's knees. Then did Bidasari open her Widhodari-eyes; and the sultan showered kisses upon her face and prayed her not to be afraid, nor to refuse reply to his questions concerning her.

Now it needed all the art of persuasion and affection, and even the authority of a sultan, to quell the fears of Bidasari and induce her to relate the things which had been done to her. And when the sultan heard all, he was beside

himself with anger against the princess, and he embraced Bidasari tenderly, saying: "Jewel of my life, thou shalt be righted! ruby of my heart, be comforted!—I will bring thee thy semangat!—I will make thee my queen. . . . Thou art like Mendondari; thou art like Souprobo, queen of Widhodaris!—none shall ever more ever do thee harm, branch of my heart! idol of virgin gold!"

Thus, by the very malice of the wicked princess, it was brought to pass that Bidasari was seen and loved by the sultan, who took away the little fish from the bosom of Lila Sari, and restored it to his new queen. And ere long it was discovered that Bidasari was also the daughter of a great prince, the Sultan of Kembajat, who had abandoned her at her birth, not through any will of his own, but only through the will of God, who, thereby, doubtless desired to bring to pass all these things of which it has been written, and to make glad all the hearts of those of whom in this narrative mention hath been made,—excepting only Lila Sari, condemned to dwell alone in bitterness of heart.

TORN LETTERS

I

. . . Beyond the pale and pitted undulations of the dunes,—forming a billowy cemetery for countless dead and drifted things,—ponderous tides compress the sand to the solidity of pavement, and lick the brown slope till it shimmers. When the southeast wind piles back the waters of the Gulf, the great waves flock to shore with magnificent tumultuousness, in infinite green herds, to be shorn of their fleece of foam. But in those summer days when soft warm breezes blow off shore, the sea dozes in oily silence,—there is scarcely a whispering of ripples,—huge crabs crawl out from beneath the creamy ribbon of spume,—opaline fins wrinkle the surface within a few feet of the shore. And when night opens all her violet immensities, the foam takes flame,—the ripples have luminous bursts,—a shell flung into the sea kindles circles of fire,—and the crabs toddling out of the warm flood, shine like infernal spiders. . . .

II

Sometimes when winds are variable and breakers run at long angles to the foam-line, strange sights are to be seen. Unknown perils of the abyss, mysterious panics, drive whole nations of fish to flee from the profundities, and infinite multitudes rush to the shallows,—even to the shore itself—followed by enemies in legion. Then begins the gigantic massacre of an entire population,—the destruction of an innumerable race. Pursuers and pursued spring high into

the daylight;—millions of iridescent creatures, mad with fear, leap far out upon the sand,—while behind them the armies of porpoises and of sharks slaughter savagely and silently. And above where the sea is most thickly seamed with those sharp fins that sailors fear,—above the churning and the foaming and the prodigious quivering of terror, triumphantly ride the murderous bands of air,—squadrons of shrieking gulls, and wheeling eagles, and fish-hawks, and frigate birds, hideous of foot and huge of wing. Keen-eyed gulls drop swift as lightning from the storm-cloud of beating wings, and dive, and seize, and tear, and soar again to devour some palpitating silver life between sun and sea, —while pirate birds, seeking to snatch the hard-earned meal, pursue them through the great blaze of blue light. Soon along the beach is spread so mighty a feast that the birds may sicken themselves with luxuries;—they feed upon the eyes only, and only devour one eye of most victims, not seeking even to overturn the flat body in order to tear out the other. Enormous slaughter!—appalling cruelty!—destruction symbolizing grimly the great contests of human life in which the fiercest and strongest and swiftest survive to exemplify Nature's mystic and merciless law,—symbolizing, too, the stranding of myriad ambitions in the terrific race for wealth, the stranding of countless lives upon the sands of Illusion,—symbolizing, likewise, the loss of unnumbered precious things desperately won only to be wrested brutally from the winner by superior strength and cunning and ferocity in that eternal Battle of Success which is also a tearing-out of hearts. . . .

III

. . . Acres upon acres of silvered corpses with eyes

plucked out;—overshadowing stratus-cloud of wings and claws and shrieking feathered throats! . . . The breezes grow heavy with odors of carnage. Yet how small a glimpse is this of Nature's universal aceldama,—of those forces by which are accomplished the infinite evolutions of form! The tender worm hardens its skin against beak and tooth, cases itself in armor, and becomes a warrior crustacean;—self-trained by a million centuries of fear to leap beyond its element, the lithe fish develops wings at last to become itself a destroyer. Marvelous indeed the results, yet atrocious the causes producing them,—producing the man, the woman of the nineteenth century. What myriad cycles of agony, of slaughter, of carnivorous rage, of cannibalism, perhaps, developed the humanity of to-day,—not only the brain that reasons, the knowledge that soars to the stars, but also the beauty that intoxicates, the grace that magnetizes, the unutterable charm of woman,—even the charm I now feel as the old Frenchman's daughter passes by, so lithe, and slender, and tall.

IV

. . . *Papa, voila le monsieur qui arrive!* Her voice is clear and sweet as an altar bell. What a mesmerism is hers!—What artless comeliness, from the lustrous curls of her forehead to the nude feet that seem wrought of mellowed ivory! . . . Visitors to this remote fishing-station seldom call at the weather-beaten cottage which,—with its single vast and deck-like room, its rows of berths, its suspended nets and tackle, its marine clock ticking above the great compass stowed away upon a corner shelf,—suggests a stranded ship rather than a house and home. Therefore uncommon courtesies are shown me. But my attempt at

conversation is only partially successful;—the ideas come with effort,—vapidly and vaguely. . . . I am thinking of the grace of the young girl, as she glides hither and thither,—bringing glasses, fetching water, relieving the small round table of its little burden of pious books,—one of which is printed, I observe, in Hebrew characters. The sunlight lingers a moment on the roundness of her cheek, the golden glossiness of her throat:—the beauty of such flesh makes the sunlight seem more beautiful. And the tones of her voice, deeply argentine, seemed to vibrate in every corpuscle of my veins, as I hear her speaking to her father in a strange and fantastic tongue that I cannot recognize.

V

. . . My venerable friend has had a singular career: first as an ecclesiastical student, then as a soldier in some Algerian legion, then as a colonial trader at Blidah,—Blidah, "the Little-Rose City,"—once destroyed by an earthquake in answer to the prayers of some holy marabout, scandalized by the luxurious sins of its inhabitants. There the retired soldier made and lost a little fortune in trading with those famous M'zabites, who are the fairest-skinned and shrewdest of the tribes, and are believed by many to be the descendants of Moors expelled from Spain. From between the pages of a huge family Bible, the old man plucks out a mysterious and yellow sheet of paper, and offers it to me in witness of the truth. It is a promissory note in Arabic and in French, dated *Bazaar of the Divan,* 15 *Septembre,* 1845, and bearing the signature of Mohammed ben Moustafa, in characters curved like scimitar-blades. . . . And, mounted on the swift Camel of fancy, I follow the veteran over the vast plain of Mitidja and beyond the Mountains of Atlas

and far, far southward into the region of vanished seas,—into desolations weirder than the Moon. . . .

The sun dips his rim behind the sea-line, the steel blue light changes to lemon-gold, and the gold again deepens to furnace vermilion,—flushing the clouds, reddening the dunes,—and the stars blossom in the darkening azure, and still my aged host continues to tell me of the immeasurable desert and of its swarthy Men of Prey, and the bone-tracked paths of the caravans, and the burning solitudes whose only shadows are cast by the wings of vultures. Even while he speaks the pinkening billows of the dunes seem to me the undulations of Sahara; and the wrecks of embedded drift are the dry ribs of camels; and in the eyes of the soldier's daughter I try to find the gaze of the Arabian maiden,—the eyes of the desert beauty, the eyes of the gazelle. . . . But her eyes are gray, like an eagle's.

VI

Not French! . . . The strangeness of her beauty is the type of a forgotten people,—that savage and elastic grace an inheritance bequeathed through epochs whose story is written only in Nature's chronicles of stone,—on the hidden tablets of the hills,—in the epitaphs of the strata. Ancient her people were ere the race to which I belong had being: theirs the strange tongue in which I had heard her converse,—the speech of a prehistoric race,—the language of primitive humanity. Continents have vanished, oceans have been conjoined, since men first strove to win such beauty as hers. And in the daintiness of her pretty head,—the strong keen outlines of her face,—the long fine curves of her firm figure,—I can discern a vague and elegant Something that irresistibly recalls to me one of the most singular

chapters in the romance of science,—the osteology of the primitive race. . . .

She is a Basque. . . .

VII

. . . The foam breaks with silver sparklings and flashings: waves, malachite-basked and huge, charge up the slope in endless echelon under the enormous day. Those brown Creole boys playing in the surf are her brothers. Their bodies make one think of statues of bright metal partly darkened by long exposure to rain and dew,—so tanned their faces and shoulders and backs have been by this Southern sun;—their limbs seem supple as the bodies of eels;—they turn somersaults on the sand, roll in the surf, leap in the spray, dive, swim in Spanish fashion—hand over hand—scream, laugh. Graceful little fellows! —they wrestle like veritable ephebi. Her children would be beautiful and vigorous like these. . . .

The Basques are Catholics. That is why she has a saint's name, a commonplace name. Marie is melodious; but I should have liked to hear a name more ancient, more pagan, —a primitive name whereof the meaning is forgotten, and the etymology undiscoverable,—a name transmitted from generation to generation through two hundred thousand years. . . .

VIII

. . . Poor little dead birds!—moisture of pain oozing from the tiny lids that will never open to view the sun again,—blood spattering the downy breast, the dainty wing! Destroyed in the fraction of a moment, that beauty slowly formed through years as numerous as the stars of heaven!

. . . Marie's brother,—the one with great gray eyes like her own,—has killed them. I buy them from him only because he is her brother; and I wish to be agreeable to him. He strides away with his old-fashioned shotgun,—promising to kill more; and I do not even attempt to dissuade him from such useless slaughter. Moral cowardice, perhaps. . . .

And all the long way home, great flies, metallically green, circle with keen whizzings about the dead birds,—furious to begin their part in the work of dissolution.

IX

. . . "Spirit and wind,—ghost and breath," the father tells me, are the same in the ancient tongue of Scripture; and the dead language seems to live again on his lips as he recalls his collegiate studies, to repeat the original text: —"*Darkness was upon the face of the great deep; and the Spirit of God moved over the waters*" . . . It is a wild day; —under a northeast wind the waves take a deep and sinister tint of green. And looking out upon the immensity of waters and winds,—the Visible shifting its colors, moving with multiple thunders in obedience to the voluminous Invisible,—the antique words come to me with new and awful expansion of meaning, with unutterable sublimity and vastness. . . .

Such men as he may readily cast off the constraints of city life, may easily forsake its monotonous pleasures, may boldly free themselves from its pains;—they may find splendor in waste places;—desolation to them makes visible the eternal, because they feel the Infinite. And I, too, love the inspiring calm of great solitudes,—the pure rude joy of living close to nature,—delight of keen sea-winds,—glories of

sunrise and sunset,—the thunder-song of long waves,—the light of living waters. If one could but live here always,—in this great blue light,—in this immaculate air. But. . . .

x

. . . *"Maiteya,"* sweetheart; *ene maiteya,* "my beloved": these are the only words of the Basque tongue which I know,—which I shall always know, because her own lips first taught me to pronounce them.

. . . The wind lifts her long loose hair across my face,—as inviting me to inhale its perfume. Exquisite and indescribable perfume of youth! what flower-ghost prisoned in crystal owneth so delicate a magic as thou? Unnumbered the songs which celebrate the breath of blossoms, the scent of gardens,—yet what blossom-soul, what flower-witchery might charm the sense like the odor of a woman's hair, the natural perfume of beauty, the fresh and delicious fragrance of youth? . . .

. . . Only the great slow slopping of the sea under the stars,—to break a hush like the silence of Revelations. Something that Nature wishes to say swells at my heart,—flames in my veins,—struggles at my lips,—tugs fiercely at the slender, straining tether of Will that holds it back. Yet she seems to wait . . . even the stars seem to wait, and the waves, and the winds that play with her hair! And to-morrow will be too late. But I may never say it!

xi

. . . And this was my dream:—

I stood upon a low land washed by a vast sea, whose waters had no voice; and the light was gray, for the sun was a phantom sun that only made a gloaming; and I also

seemed to be a phantom. And Marie was there, seated upon the drifted trunk of some mighty tree; and I strove to speak to her, but found myself also voiceless like that spectral surge. Then I would have kissed her, but that a Shape—a woman's Shape, came between, all suddenly and noiselessly, I knew not from whence. And the face was the face of one long dead, yet I knew that face!—the eyes were hollows of darkness only, yet I knew those eyes!—the smile was the smile of that sphinx whose secrets are never betrayed, whose mysteries are never revealed—the smile that seems an eternal mockery of love and hate, of hope and despair, of faith and doubt,—the universal smile death wears when the mask of the flesh hath fallen . . . and yet I knew the smile! And I looked at the bones of the face that smiled; and I felt the bones of the thin dead hands drawing me, dragging me away from the dim light, into vast and moonless darknesses beyond,—so that I feared with unutterable fear, and strove to call the name of Marie, and strove in vain. And Marie seemed to know it not;—her great gray eyes, steadily gazing over that shadowy sea, seemed as the eyes of one who knoweth neither hate nor pity. . . .

XII

. . . Still I can see her beauty outlined against the great disk of gold—"a Woman standing in the sun,"—as she watches our white ship receding, diminishing, melting into the West. Even so will I behold her again in dream, haloed with the glory of morning, framed in the light of sunrise,—many, many times; and memory will waft to me again the perfume of her hair,—and slumber will vouchsafe to me shadowy caress of lips that I may never kiss, the charm of

eyes whose gaze will never again meet mine. . . . Now vanished the many-angled roofs, the thin bright edge of green, all the long island line with its white fringe of surges!—there is only sky and sea and the sun that may kiss that golden throat of hers, the dear sun that revealed to me her beauty,—the sun that shines upon us both even at this moment,—that will illumine each of us when seas shall roll between,—that will pour his gold upon our graves when all our pains and hopes and loves and memories shall have become as though they had never been. . . .

O blessed blue light! O pure sweet air! O living winds and leaping waters, how dear ye are, how divine ye seem at parting! Were it even possible to forget. . . . But there will be long, long nights, when I must hear a voice of ghostly winds, and see the shimmering of fancied waters, and follow in vision the curves of a smooth low shore to meet One standing in the light of dreams, against that weird sun that giveth no warmth, that casteth no shadow;—and I must awake to find about me darkness and silence only,—to wrestle with mocking and invincible memories,—to be vanquished by regrets as irrepressible, as hopeless, as tears for the dead, as prayer for pardon at a tomb. . . .

THREE DREAMS

(Edited from the Note-Book of an Impressionist.)

"*. . . The land of changelessness,—the land from which none may return,—the land of the dead,—the domain of the God IR, . . . the land of them that hunger after dust, that devour foulness. . . .*

"*. . . High heaps the dust above the gate-posts and the gates,—above the lintels and the entablatures. . . .*"

Haunted by the old Assyrian text, I retired to sleep,—to dream of Ishtar. . . . Then the dream changed:

I was an Insect—some timid, many-limbed, articulated creature with antennæ,—shrinking from the light,—dwelling in the crevice of a wall.

Not mine, however, the vague senses of the Insect: I thought as a man thinks;—I dreamed lazily as a man dreams in hours of sickness or siesta;—I remembered incidents of human life as the Arhat remembers pre-existences;—I knew the immeasurable regret of metempsychosis.

The thoughts, the memories of a man were mine; yet was I conscious of strange impulses within me,—irresistible, unreasoning, incomprehensible,—which ruled my life. I knew a sense of fear,—inexplicable, perpetual;—fear of shadows and of shapes,—fear of lights and darkness unexplored,—fear of sounds,—fear of vibrations. And forever prevailed with me an overpowering impulse to creep, to wriggle, to run, not away from something feared, but

as in search of something,—something I desired without knowing the nature of, something to be found in darkness alone, something to be reached only after silent wanderings among perils unutterable. . . . And I thought to myself with the thought of a man: *"These are Instincts,—these are the dim sensations, the blind volitions, developed by the experiences of many myriad million years,—the inherited terrors and desires of larval generations unreckonable!"* . . .

I squeezed my way at night between the joints of doors and chest-lids;—I slipped between the leaves of books;—I wriggled through noisome and colorless substance of dust clotting beneath carpets;—I brought down upon me unawares black avalanches within chimneys;—I glided into the casing of window-frames, and over the framework of doors, and along the channeling of picture-frames, and upon all those surfaces that are never cleansed, never purified. . . . Dust, dust, dust!—gray, nauseous, corrupt,—foul with spores invisible to the eye of man, but visible to mine,—swarming with life perceptible to the microscopist only, and to me! . . . Dust, dust,—thick, adhesive, stifling! And as I was thinking with the thought of a man,—remembering with the remembrance of a man,—the Voice of the Assyrian curse came to me:—*"Let the cement of foundations be thy food!—let the pools of the cloacæ give thee nourishment!—let the Shadow of the Wall be thy covering!"* . . .

Between the plaster and the lath,—between the wainscoting and the humid wall,—between the mortar and the naked stone I moved in darkness,—a darkness absolute to human eyes, but penetrable by mine. For all things were made visible for me, as by some faint phosphorescence: even the pores of the brick and the fiber of the beam,—even the

efflorescences of microscopic vegetation and the wondrous growths of mold: all the fantastic life of decay, all the mysterious and tardy processes of decomposition. And in the labyrinths of lath and plaster,—in the crumbling silences between ceilings,—in the unsuspected emptinesses behind wainscotings,—in the corridors gnawed by mandibles of timber-boring ants,—in the obscurities beneath the plankings,—in the vacuities between joists and beams,—I lost my way.

Dust!—dust!—noisome, fetid, pungent!—quagmires of dry putridity, deserts of phosphoric rottenness,—and the million mushroom-growths of disintegration! Dust, dust, dust!—vapid, peccant, dreggy, pestiferous, fermenting. And always the Unknown Impulse prevailed, drawing me on, as with some intangible but unbreakable thread,—with mingled mesmerism of desire and loathing—more and more swiftly toward the Something that I seemed to seek. Then my human consciousness said: *"This is the blind nightmare-power of Instinct!—this is the hideous mastery of insect-will!* . . . Into blackness I fell.

. . . I fell and continued to fall,—sometimes rolling, sometimes rebounding,—but softly, lightly,—as a pellet rustling with dry elasticity. For hours, for days, did I seem to fall. Then a sudden shock of stoppage in dust,—a dust more clammy and more ancient than all other dust, old dust of dead men!—and I stifled in it, and I gasped in phosphor-light, while a Voice seemed to command me: *"Eat!"* . . .

"M. R."

. . .

II

. . . I was a dead man;—I saw my corpse in the hands of the Washers of the Dead. . . .

Gray with bloodlessness it was, and gaunt, and seemed to me singularly long. . . . The fatal shock had been instantaneous;—there was no death-rigor;—the flaccid limbs yielded unresistingly to the touch of the hands that sponged. . . . They laid me in an immense pillared bed—black as a catafalque;—they drew a vast sheet up to my chin;—they placed lighted candles about the somber couch. Then they departed;—and the Watchers came.

My duality did not impress me as a strange phenomenon: it seemed to me natural as the rising and setting of the sun, or the phases of the moon, had seemed in the time of my incarnate life. I wondered at my disfigurement only. Had I still owned a voice I would have spoken,—I would have cried out to those about me,—I would have asked what had made that huge wound in my face. . . . And then I began to think it extraordinary that I could not remember how I had come to die. I resolved to listen carefully to whatever the Watchers might say;—they would surely be talking of me! . . .

But they did not speak of me at all. They conversed wearily of matters about which I knew nothing;—their words were all riddles. I looked at them; and, as I looked, their faces also became mysterious to me. For at first I had fancied that I knew them all;—now I perceived they were totally foreign to my recollection. They were seven: all women,—robed in black,—talking in undertones. Finally they ceased even to whisper. A silence, oppressive as

the silence of a burial-vault, gathered about the dead and the living;—the flame-tongues of the tapers pointed up motionlessly in the heavy stillness. . . .

Then, as vapor mingles invisibly with air, something invisible seemed to mingle with that silence, and to thicken it. I knew its presence of old, in time of sick dreams;—I said to myself: *"This is Fear!"*

The Watchers, watched each other, with the fixed stare of terror—none presumed to speak. One by one they arose, as the weight of the silence grew more and more unbearable;—one by one they abandoned their vigil, and stole away on tiptoe. I was left alone with the solemnity and the vague fear of my dead self. And the Fear increased its power against me. . . .

I wished to follow those who had gone; but I could not. Some power unknown benumbed my will,—and drew me irresistibly,—attracted me nearer and nearer to that wan wreck of Myself. . . . And as I surveyed my dead face, it seemed to stretch slowly with distortion—to become spectrally lengthened, as a reflected image is drawn out upon the surface of certain hollow mirrors. . . . With a start I perceived that the thin eyelids were not wholly closed;—I saw their edges tremble;—I discerned, or thought that I discerned two smouldering gleams between,—two sparks of malevolent flame. With the curiosity of a nameless suspicion,—with the fascination of a frightful doubt,—I approached more closely,—I peered more sharply,—I bent down, down, over the sinister eyelids. Then the eyelids opened widely, horribly; and the dead Shape quickly leaped; and Myself,—my cadaveric Self,—snatched at me, clutched me,—tearing, rending, shrieking—striving to bite, to gnaw,

to devour! And I, with the rage of fear, with the fury of hatred, with the frenzy of loathing,—I also wrestled to destroy,—to break the eye-balls from their brain-threads, —to burst the arteries and the vertebræ; but I strove in vain against the ravening teeth, against the rending fingers of that goblin Thing, that shrieking Thing,—for its touch numbed, and its cunning prevailed, and its strength increased as I fought with it. Then—suddenly, I know not how,—I found in my desperate grasp something heavy and sharp and deadly; and with it I struck, I smashed, I crushed,—I battered and brayed into red ruin the skull and the face, the bones and the brains of . . . *MYSELF!*

"W. H. H."

. . .

III

. . . I dreamed of a lofty and opulent dwelling in a strange city,—of a great ebon door bearing a Hebrew name in letters of intertwisted gold,—of the silver ululation of a bell,—of chambers darkly spacious and dimly magnificent, —of muffled floors and purple-curtained ways 'twixt room and room,—and of a Man that waited there for the coming of a Physician, most learned of all Jews: wisest of those mighty in modern science, yet possessing also the lost Arabian arts of Abu 'l-Kasem and Ibn Zohr, of Achmed Dhiaëddin and Ibn Roschd and Ibn Sina, who knew not only to heal the body but likewise to cure the soul. Also I was aware of two sounds,—the ticking of a clock, the beating of a heart. Then the Physician, uplifting a purple curtain, came from its shadow and stood gray, and austere, and tall

before the Man, saying *"Shalom!"* And the Man tried to speak; but could not,—because something at his heart would not suffer him to speak.

And in the solemn stillness of the high dim room, the beating of the heart could be heard, like a sound of reverberation deadened by intervening walls,—like an echo of pulsant tapping, smothered, rapid, irregular. . . . The Physician heard it, and stood still marveling, listening,—during what seemed to the Man a long time. Then he approached closely to the patient, and uncovered his breast, and laid his finger upon it, and muttered to himself:—

—*"Can this also be Her work?—is this one also of Her victims? Why had I deemed Her power on the wane?* . . . What fearful sounds are these!—what spastic writhings! . . . The netted sepia struggles not so wildly. . . ."

And he palped,—and he auscultated, whispering to himself:—

—*"Older than the world is Her name,—old as Night; yet even the Rabbonin have forgotten Her secret. . . . But I have not forgotten!* . . . The same frantic impulse,—the same apex-convulsion I knew of old: how the præcordia quake and quiver! *Aye! Her loop is fast within.* . . . These are the same obstructive murmurs,—the same desperate straining of the valves: strangling in the aortic,—in the pulmonary,—in the mitral,—in the tricuspid! . . . Progressive stifling,—augmenting tension: the attests, the witnesses! *He cannot know; but I know,—even by diagnosis alone,—how tightens the fine noose, made of the living gold that never breaks, strong as Death—aye, stronger far against this science of mine!* . . . The rupture of the lunulæ must come,—the cardiac mechanism burst! Vain the struggles!—impotent the spasms! . . . *Thinner than*

sunbeam Her snare is,—lighter than woof of the spider; but is there a steel can sever it?—is there a force can fracture it? . . . Science can do naught for him,—nor the secrets of the Arabians, nor the wisdom bequeathed us by the Jews of Spain: only by our faith might something be wrought." . . . And he cried out with a loud voice:—*"Utter, if thou canst, the Shema, or at least strive to repeat in thy mind the words I shall tell thee!"* . . .

But even as the Physician cried out thus, there came a sudden, dull, snapping sound, as of a wine-skin bursting; and with never a groan the Man sank heavily down,—and his ghost went out from him. . . .

Then the Physician summoned his servitors; and they lifted the dead Man, and laid him all unclad upon a table of marble.

And without a word they severed the integuments of the dead Man's breast, and opened it, and took out his heart that they might examine it.

And still it quivered feebly in their hands, and the darkening blood dripped warm from its ruptured cavities to thicken upon the stone. And lo! all around it, and intertwined about the stems of its severed pipework, about the crimson stumps of its arteries and of its veins, there clung fast something lucid and fine, something yellow and thin as a fiber of silk,—one thread of light,—one line of gold,—one long bright strand of woman's hair.

"L. H."

A LILY IN THE MOUTH OF HELL

The everlasting episode in the fifth canto of Dante's *Inferno* has during more than four centuries inspired the literature and the art of the civilized world; and the increasing interest excited by it in our own day seems to justify the prediction of Voltaire that the masterpieces of the *Divine Comedy* will live forever. There is no other incident of that huge trilogy so tender, so exquisitely vibrant with artistic truth. Carlyle spoke of it as of "a thing woven out of rainbows upon a ground of eternal black." Leigh Hunt, with equal intensity of feeling, described it as "a lily in the mouth of Tartarus." Many are the famous paintings and sketches it called into being; but perhaps none is so generally known as that terribly beautiful design of Doré,—opening to our vision the vast place "all mute of light," in which the countless swarm of those eternally lost for love's sake, are whirled hither and thither by the black tempest, "even as the cranes go . . . making in air a long line of themselves."

It would be needless, even were it within our purpose, to relate the story of Francesca da Rimini,—familiar to all who have read aught of Dante, or who have perused the curious version of the tragedy given in Boccaccio's commentaries, and reproduced in Leigh Hunt's *Stories from the Italian Poets*. The present article is inspired by a beautiful little book just published at Paris by J. Rothschild, and written by Charles Yriarte, a noted authority upon Italian mediævalism and the history of art in the great Florentine and Venetian epochs. *Francesca da Rimini in Legend and*

in History,[1] is the title of this charming volume, enriched with reproductions of the designs of the famous Ingres and of Ary Scheffer in illustration of the episode. Grotesque *culs-de-lampe* and intricate border-designs introduce or complete each chapter. There is also a curious and somewhat goblin-like portrait of Dante.

In this work M. Charles Yriarte has accomplished the remarkable archæological feat of assembling all extant historical evidence relating to the episode, and analyzing these in such masterly fashion that almost all doubts on the subject are removed. To quote his own poetical words,—"the history of those epochs is indeed obscure; but there are sundry indubitable circumstances established by the most important documents, which teach us the real character of the incident, and may assist us in obtaining correct ideas of an event that still seems to float in a legendary condition through history—even as the weary souls of the victims, who shall never be divided, float through the mephitic air of the Second Circle of Hell."

To seek these indubitable facts might have seemed to many like pursuing after a flying shadow; but M. Yriarte, schooled by a long archæological experience in Italy, successfully discovered at Rimini, at Pesaro, and at San Arcangelo the traces of Francesca and Paolo, and of Giancotto or Giovanni, their murderer. Here and there the tracks are lost in historical dust; but they reappear further on, all pointing to one significant conclusion.

The episode of Dante tells nothing but the story of that love by which the poet adjures the passing spirits to speak. Not even the names are given; nor is the place of their earthly sojourn announced, save by description. Boccac-

[1] Hearn refers to Yriarte's book in his letters.

cio's narrative gives, on the other hand, a variety of intimate details, which are more ingenious than trustworthy. Nevertheless the clue furnished by the author of the *Decameron* was sufficiently well-preserved to aid the archæologist in his researches; and the general result of these researches appears to be the following trustworthy account of the dramatis personæ.

Francesca was the daughter of Guido di Lamberto di Polenta, surnamed *il Minore* to distinguish him from the elder Guido of the same name, known as *il Vecchio*. The younger Guido was Lord of Ravenna, and a warrior although an ecclesiastic; for in those curious times one might be at once a suzerain-count, a bishop, and a general. Italy was not only split up into a multitude of feudal principalities, but also racked with incessant civil wars. It was in the middle of the thirteenth century. Guido was a brave, ambitious and turbulent man, who had endured many vicissitudes of fortune,—often driven from Ravenna by factions only to fight his way back again, and reign over the place more grimly than before. His daughter Francesca he united in marriage to Giovanni Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, —belonging to a family which afterward displayed a talent worthy of the Medicis and a ferocity comparable only to that of the Borgias. Preserved in bronze and marble, the heads of the Malatestas still impress one with a mingled feeling of admiration and fear. They have an antique and aquiline cast,—an Augustan pride,—an athletic boldness, —faces of colossal force in which there is neither anger nor mercy. It is said of a certain one of these—Sigismond—that the fiercest untamed horse trembled and obeyed when he leaped upon it. The husband of Francesca was not of a less terrible mold. He was of low stature, however, de-

formed, rude in speech; and a defect in one hip, which caused him to limp in walking, had earned him the nickname, *il Sciantico*—"the Hipshot." Francesca was his third wife; and their union had undoubtedly a political purpose. The Lord of Ravenna needed an ally in this energetic soldier, long successful in war and dreaded in peace as one whose hatred was never to be appeased. It was in those days customary in certain cities of the Italian Republics to entrust the power to some entire stranger in whom the public could confide, and these rulers were termed *Podestats*. Giovanni's civil and military ability are well shown by the fact that he held this post in three cities,—besides being four times re-elected to one Romagnan town between 1278 and 1304. At the time of his marriage with Francesca, he was 30 years of age. It was in 1275 that he had aided Francesca's father to overcome the factions in Ravenna, and doubtless obtained the beautiful girl's hand in reward of his services. By Francesca da Rimini he had one daughter, Concordia.

So much for the facts established regarding the personality of the wife and husband: it now remains to speak of the lover, from whose Shadow in the Second Circle she will "never be divided." Dante does not mention the name, but into the mouth of Francesca's specter he puts the words:—"*Cain's* circle waits for him who quenched our life,"—thus leaving it to be inferred that the murder was, as Boccaccio avers, a *fratricide*. History has established the fact beyond peradventure;—the lover of Francesca was the younger brother of the lame and ferocious captain, whom he so little resembled as to be generally known by the flattering appellation—*Paolo il Bello*,—"Paolo the Beautiful." Paolo, through his brother's influence perhaps, rose to sev-

eral high offices; he had talent and wit as well as a comely person. At the early age of seventeen he married the daughter of a count, Orabile Beatrice, and had been six years wedded before he saw Francesca. The mass of testimony gleaned from mediæval documents tends to prove that he wooed Francesca by proxy for his brother; that she—then only eighteen years of age—fell secretly in love with him, and that the ripening of that love at a later day provoked that tragedy to which poets, sculptors, painters, and musicians have devoted their utmost genius. How the event occurred it is probable that Dante knew; for he was a warm friend of Francesca's father, and had perhaps fondled Francesca herself when she was a child:—

> . . . One day we reading were, for our delight,
> Of Launcelot, how *Love* did him enthrall.
> Alone we were, and without any fear.
> Full many a time our eyes together drew
> That reading, and drove the color from our faces;
> But one point only was it that o'ercame us.
> When as we read of the much-longed-for smile
> Being by such a noble lover kissed,
> This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,
> Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating. . . .
> That day no further did we read.

The book was the old French romance of *Launcelot of the Lake*,—a work then widely read in Italy in three languages, Provençal, French and Latin. They read together the most dangerous passage in the tale; their burning cheeks touch; their eyes meet; their lips cling . . . *that day they read no more*. But it is not at that moment that the furious Malatesta enters, to slay.

Accepting, through inclination rather than because of verisimilitude, the more apologetic theories of Boccaccio or Petrarch,—made compassionate above all by the recital of that immortal one who "did for very pity swoon away,"—poets, story-tellers, sculptors, and painters have loved to represent Francesca as a beautiful young bride cheated or thwarted in her heart's choice, and sacrificed by a jealous husband at the very instant when her lips were first touched by the lips of her lover. Or else the theme has been so daintily touched that we feel toward Francesca as we feel toward the heroine of Balzac's *Venial Sin*—a lady guilty indeed, yet not to be harshly condemned. We are taught to wish that Malatesta had been as tender-hearted as old Bruyin, Count-suzerain of Roche-Corbon in Touraine; while the criminality of the beautiful Paolo seems not more blameworthy than the fault of Rene, the pretty page. Alas! —such is not the testimony discovered by M. Yriarte among the archives of Rimini and Ravenna.

Paolo had been married sixteen years to Orabile Beatrice when he was slain by Malatesta; Francesca had been married ten years to Giovanni at the time of the tragedy. She was eighteen when led to the altar,—therefore twenty-eight at the time of her death. Both had loved before the marriage of Francesca; nor can we suppose it probable that the first criminal kiss was exchanged only after a virtuous period of ten years. Paolo was not less unfaithful to Orobile than Francesca to Malatesta; and both lovers were already parents. After many centuries the history of that poor human error appears for the first time in all its nakedness, nor can we allow the fair covering long cast over it to veil its truth, any more than we can believe that the framed morsel of gold-shot silk, still exhibited in the Palazza Gam-

balunga, is really a fragment of the silken robe worn by Francesca when she died. We now know the facts of the offense;—we do not know in what fashion it could be excused, even in that era of splendid and desperate sin.

And nevertheless, it is just because we do not know, that we have a right to believe there may have been circumstances justifying the popular compassion and absolution for Francesca. The storm of pity and indignation which the murder excited; and the tolerably well-established fact that the lovers were buried together in one tomb,—seem to indicate that something was known to the public of Rimini which tinged the occurrence with a strange pathos, but which has passed away forever with other memories of the past. That Malatesta killed his wife unintentionally in attempting to slay his own brother, or that he ever "loved her more than his own life," is sufficiently disproven by the newly discovered fact that only the day after the murder he married Zambrasina, widow of Ugolino Fantalini.

The immaterialism of the legend has thus been crystallized into a tolerably compact array of historical facts;—M. Yriarte's work seems a mediæval MS. just brought to light, with only a word here and there obliterated. Perhaps it is best that the centuries have erased something with their dusty fingers; for the absence of that something permits us to fondle a gentle doubt; and within the blanks there remains place for the pity that is divine. We can still, while reading Dante, almost forget the now positive humanity of Paolo and Francesca, concerning whose remarkable beauty all historians and historical documents do concur. We can still feel the same wonderful compassion first exerted by the vision of those Two among the innumerable Lost,—still loving even without hope, forever

whispering that there is no sorrow in misery like unto the memory of dead happiness, and yet forever dwelling upon the remembrance of the first kiss.

There is one new fact brought to light by M. Yriarte which merits study. The marriage of Paolo—who is styled The Beautiful even in papal documents—to Orabile Beatrice, was not a love match, but a union effected in order to settle a feud;—just as the marriage of Francesca to Malatesta was no marriage of choice, but only a political necessity.

THE PIPER OF HAMELIN

On June 26, 1284, an extraordinary event is said to have occurred in the quaint old town of Hamelin, in Brunswick, "near famous Hanover city;"—doubtless many of our readers are familiar with Browning's celebrated poem thereupon. A strange, sinister-faced, goblin-eyed, fantastically-garbed individual,—whom none of the good burghers had ever before seen,—entered the council-hall, and offered in exchange for a certain sum of money, to rid the city of the innumerable rats which infested it. These rats certainly belonged to the black species (*Mus ratus*) which first appeared in Europe about the twelfth century, and of whose numbers and veracity many legends are still extant,—including those of three different prelates devoured by rats. Bishop Adolf, of Cologne, had been eaten by rats in 1112, they said; and the good folk of Hamelin might have had reason to fear for their own lives. They gladly accepted the kind offices of the stranger, who forthwith produced a flute, and played upon it the weirdest music ever heard by mortal ears. Millions, billions of rats thronged around him; the music drew them from their holes, and they followed the wizard musician to the water, wherein he caused them all to plunge and perish. But the burgomasters refused to pay him. He again played upon his flute, and drew after him all the children of the city. The parents would have stopped them but could not, and the demoniac piper led one hundred and thirty little ones to the side of a great hill—the Koppenberg—which opened to receive them, but closed its jaws of rock against their return. Only one

child escaped, who was lame, and could not keep up with his companions. The rest who had followed the "Pied Piper" were never again heard of.

We have only recapitulated the incidents of the tradition to revive them for those who may have only a dim recollection of this curious bit of folklore, or for those not familiar with Browning's half-humorous, half-ghastly poem. Now let it be observed that the same legend exists in other forms in other provinces of Europe. Another weird piper piped the children of Lorch into the Tannenberg for the same reason: a wizard-fiddler fiddled the children of Brandenberg into the Marienberg mountain. The date of the most familiar legend—that of Hamelin,—is placed, as already mentioned, in the latter part of the thirteenth century—June 26, 1284; and the numerous legends of celebrated personages devoured by rats,—one of which legends furnished Southey the subject of a celebrated ballad—are all much older. The plague of rats in Europe belongs to the preceding century, after the first migration of the black rodents from the East. It is well known that extraordinary events which powerfully impress popular imagination, are often in the course of time exaggerated into myths, or so distorted as to become historically unrecognizable; and it is permissible to surmise that the strange fable of the Piper of Hamelin may have had its origin in some extraordinary events which really occurred in the thirteenth century. That part of the legend concerning the rats may be safely attributed to an earlier era. We are inclined to distinguish two distinct elements in the myth, or two distinct myths, blended into one another by that curious process of metamorphosis through which simple facts become compound fables. At all events, while the origin of the rat-myth is

undiscernibly cloudy, the story of the lost children seems plainly traceable to a most singular historical episode which took place half-a-century before the Piper entered Hamelin in parti-colored garments.

It was an age of strange signs, and of strange plagues, an age of veritable madness,—madness of superstition, fury of religious exaltation, insanity of crime;—an age of sorcery, of moral and physical impurities;—an age of leprosy, heralding the frenzied epileptic dances and hideous diseases of even worse centuries to follow. What was not horrible was grotesque; what was not wicked was foolish;—people were in that state of ignorance and terror which rendered it possible to believe anything and to dare everything. And that nervous irritability which was later on to develop into tarantism and dancing-plagues and flagellant processions, manifested itself in those extraordinary emotions which even Hecker avers must continue to defy profound psychological research, and which gave birth to the Children's Crusade and the child pilgrimages. There were not less than three of these movements;—the first in 1212; the second in 1237; the third, and least important, did not occur until 1458. We need only speak of the first great exodus of children, or Boy-Crusade, which itself consists of several distinct migratory movements.

Almost simultaneously at Cologne in Germany and at Vendome in France, two immense armies of children gathered about June, 1212, in response to the summons of boy-prophets, who believed, or affected to believe themselves inspired by heaven. The majority were of the male sex, but there were thousands of girls also. Their prophet-leaders are known to history as Etienne (Stephen) of Cloyes, and Nicholas of Cologne—both boys of about

twelve years old. These preached a crusade against the infidel Saracens—not a crusade of blood, but of prayer, prayer from the lips of babes and sucklings. The children were to march to the sea, which would open, as it once did for the Israelites, to permit them to pass into Palestine dryshod. There they would convert the leaders of Islam, baptize the heathen, and by prayer and faith accomplish what the steel-clad hosts of kings, counts, and knights innumerable had failed to do. The contagious excitement diffused by this preaching, is something our modern minds cannot fully comprehend;—the entire child-element of many cities was smitten and carried away by the emotional plague;—reason, remonstrance, tears, even force availed nothing to stay the epidemic. If locked up by their parents, the little ones either died in convulsions or pined away; —their nervous exaltation made them deaf to reason and blind to love; and the mania extended, not merely among the poor and the *bourgeoisie,* but penetrated the homes of the nobility, and attracted the heirs of knights and barons from their castles. Finally a cry of heresy was raised against all who advocated energetic measures to repress the frenzy; and 70,000 families were robbed of their parental authority by the combined force of superstition and fanaticism. Within short intervals of each other, two unarmed hosts of German children—nearly all under twelve years of age—left Cologne, to march over the sea to the Holy Land; —the first was led by the famous Nicholas, and the second by an unknown leader;—their combined numbers are believed to have been 40,000. There were a great many girls among them. In the same month, another army of French children left Vendome upon the same "crusade," under Stephen; there were at least 30,000. The German children

crossed the awful Alpine passes—(which great generals had never traversed without terrible difficulty)—and descended into Italy to gain the sea. Nicholas crossed Mount Cenis with a loss of 13,000 children; the unknown leader crossed St. Gothard, with a loss of 17,000. The French army had dwindled to 20,000 when it reached Marseilles; heat and hunger strewed its path with corpses. Probably of the 70,000 children who enlisted in these crusades, less than 20,000 were heard of again by their parents. The greater number who survived were those who could not keep up with the rest,—like the lame boy who could not follow the Piper of Hamelin.

Of the German children 30,000 are known to have been lost. Of the French probably 15,000 never returned home. The Nicholas army was sadly diminished on reaching Genoa, and the sea did not open to let it pass. There was a general breaking up, but some children reached Pisa and were thence shipped to the Holy Land; others belonging to the army with the Unknown Leader, reached Brindisi, and were thence "shipped to Palestine,"—perhaps to that Holy Land which is not of this world. There is reason to suppose multitudes were sold secretly as slaves to the Saracens. Five thousand French children fared equally ill;—for two cunning Marseilles merchants enticed them to "take ship for the Holy Land," and sold all who survived the voyage to Mohammedan slave dealers. If any ever reached Jerusalem, they did so as slaves only.

Every known fragment of history relating to these unhappy Crusades may be found in the narrative of George Zabriskie, or Hecker's essay on *Child-pilgrimages*. These writers describe the frightful fate of the German crusading children with such details that it seems probable the num-

ber who survived was even less than we have suggested. The sensible and humane Genoese saved many; but the multitude of those murdered, kidnaped, sold as slaves, or killed by hunger and hardship, must have been terrible. Of the girls very few returned to their native land. Hecker compares the movement to those great instinctive impulses exhibited by animals migrating. Now an animal exodus is always pursued by hosts of destroyers; and these child-armies were followed from first to last by creatures of prey, —infamous men and corrupt women, robbers and kidnapers, who must have reaped a rich booty of gold and human flesh.

An impulse which the greatest pathologists cannot positively define to-day, and which in the thirteenth century absolutely depopulated whole provinces of their child-habitants, was naturally regarded by thousands as of diabolical origin. Even monks denounced the movement as "a device of Sathanas"—not knowing probably that it was a device of Innocent III to excite another adult crusade. Others attributed the work to magic; and others affirmed that simultaneously with it there were manifested many signs of mental disorder, such as that of women running naked through the streets of cities. Free speech was indeed checked by the fear of denunciation for heresy; but many must have secretly held the prophets to be wizards; and the apostolate of a Nicholas or a Stephen might soon be distorted by superstitious tradition into the Legend of the Weird Piper. In good sooth did Nicholas, playing upon the pipe of madness, lead the children of many cities into the mountains; and history confirms the grim legend in that the mountains tore them with fangs of ice and devoured them with jaws of basalt. They slumber verily within the

mountains,—yet not the Koppenberg or the Marienberg, or the Tannenberg;—under the Splugen, and St. Gothard and among the weird gorges of the Uri are their thousand nameless graves.

. . . Unfortunately for our theory there is an ancient Chinese fable to the same effect as the Piper of Hamelin. Nevertheless our hypothesis seems to have some foundation in history.

SAINT MALO

A Lacustrine Village in Louisiana.

For nearly fifty years there has existed in the southeastern swamp lands of Louisiana a certain strange settlement of Malay fishermen—Tagalas from the Philippine Islands. The place of their lacustrine village is not precisely mentioned upon maps, and the world in general ignored until a few days ago the bare fact of their amphibious existence. Even the United States mail service has never found its way thither, and even in the great city of New Orleans, less than a hundred miles distant, the people were far better informed about the Carboniferous Era than concerning the swampy affairs of this Manila village. Occasionally vague echoes of its mysterious life were borne to the civilized center, but these were scarcely of a character to tempt investigation or encourage belief. Some voluble Italian luggermen once came to town with a short cargo of oysters, and a long story regarding a ghastly "Chinese" colony in the reedy swamps south of Lake Borgne. For many years the inhabitants of the Oriental settlement had lived in peace and harmony without the presence of a single woman, but

finally had managed to import an oblique-eyed beauty from beyond the Yellow Sea. Thereupon arose the first dissensions, provoking much shedding of blood. And at last the elders of the people had restored calm and fraternal feeling by sentencing the woman to be hewn in pieces and flung to the alligators of the bayou.

Possible the story is; probable it is not. Partly for the purpose of investigating it, but principally in order to offer *Harper's* artist a totally novel subject of artistic study, the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans chartered and fitted out an Italian lugger for a trip to the unexplored region in question—to the fishing station of Saint Malo. And a strange voyage it was. Even the Italian sailors knew not whither they were going, none of them had ever beheld the Manila village, or were aware of its location.

Starting from Spanish Fort northeastwardly across Lake Pontchartrain, after the first few miles sailed one already observes a change in the vegetation of the receding banks. The shore itself sinks, the lowland bristles with rushes and marsh grasses waving in the wind. A little further on and the water becomes deeply clouded with sap green—the myriad floating seeds of swamp vegetation. Banks dwindle away into thin lines; the greenish-yellow of the reeds changes into misty blue. Then it is all water and sky, motionless blue and heaving lazulite, until the reedy waste of Point-aux-Herbes thrusts its picturesque lighthouse far out into the lake. Above the wilderness of swamp grass and bulrushes this graceful building rises upon an openwork of wooden piles. Seven miles of absolute desolation separate the lighthouse keeper from his nearest neighbor. Nevertheless, there is a good piano there for the girls to play upon, comfortably furnished rooms, a good library.

The pet cat has lost an eye in fighting with a moccasin, and it is prudent before descending from the balcony into the swamp about the house to reconnoiter for snakes. Still northeast. The sun is sinking above the rushy bank line; the west is crimsoning like iron losing its white heat. Against the ruddy light a cross is visible. There is a cemetery in the swamp. Those are the forgotten graves of lighthouse keepers. Our boat is spreading her pinions for flight through the Rigolets, that sinuous waterway leading to Lake Borgne. We pass by the defenseless walls of Fort Pike, a stronghold without a history, picturesque enough, but almost worthless against modern artillery. There is a solitary sergeant in charge, and a dog. Perhaps the taciturnity of the man is due to his long solitude, the vast silence of the land weighing down upon him. At last appears the twinkling light of the United States custom-house, and the enormous skeleton of the Rigolets bridge. The custom-house rises on stilts out of the sedge-grass. The pretty daughter of the inspector can manage a skiff as well as most expert oarsmen. Here let us listen a while in the moonless night. From the south a deep sound is steadily rolling up like the surging of a thousand waves, like the long roaring of breakers. But the huge blind lake is scarcely agitated; the distant glare of a prairie fire illuminates no spurring of "white horses." What, then, is that roar, as of thunder muffled by distance, as of the moaning that seamen hear far inland while dreaming at home of phantom seas? It is only a mighty chorus of frogs, innumerable millions of frogs, chanting in the darkness over unnumbered leagues of swamp and lagoon.

On the eastern side of the Rigolets Lake Borgne has scalloped out its grass-fringed bed in the form of a gigantic

clover leaf—a shallow and treacherous sea, from which all fishing-vessels scurry in wild terror when a storm begins to darken. No lugger can live in those short chopping waves when Gulf winds are mad. To reach the Manila settlement one must steer due south until the waving bulrushes again appear, this time behind muddy shoals of immense breadth. The chart announces depths varying from six inches to three and a half feet. For a while we grope about blindly along the banks. Suddenly the mouth of a bayou appears —"Saint Malo Pass." With the aid of poles the vessel manages to shamble over a mud-bar, and forthwith rocks in forty feet of green water. We reached Saint Malo upon a leaden-colored day, and the scenery in its gray ghastliness recalled to us the weird landscape painted with words by Edgar Poe—*Silence: a Fragment.*

Out of the shuddering reeds and banneretted grass on either side rise the fantastic houses of the Malay fishermen, poised upon slender supports above the marsh, like cranes or bitterns watching for scaly prey. Hard by the slimy mouth of the bayou extends a strange wharf, as ruined and rotted and unearthly as the timbers of the spectral ship in the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner.* Odd craft huddle together beside it, fishing-nets make cobwebby drapery about the skeleton timber-work. Green are the banks, green the water is, green also with fungi every beam and plank and board and shingle of the houses upon stilts. All are built in true Manila style, with immense hat-shaped eaves and balconies, but in wood; for it had been found that palmetto and woven cane could not withstand the violence of the climate. Nevertheless, all this wood had to be shipped to the bayou from a considerable distance, for large trees do not grow in the salty swamp. The highest point of land

as far as the "Devil's Elbow," three or four miles away, and even beyond it, is only six inches above low-water mark, and the men who built those houses were compelled to stand upon ladders, or other wood frame-work, while driving down the piles, lest the quagmire should swallow them up.

Below the houses are patches of grass and pools of water and stretches of gray mud, pitted with the hoof-prints of hogs. Sometimes these hoof-prints are crossed with the tracks of the alligator, and a pig is missing. Chickens there are too—sorry-looking creatures; many have but one leg, others have but one foot: the crabs have bitten them off. All these domestic creatures of the place live upon fish.

Here is the home of the mosquito, and every window throughout all the marsh country must be closed with wire netting. At sundown the insects rise like a thick fog over the lowland; in the darkness their presence is signaled by a sound like the boiling of innumerable caldrons. Worse than these are the great green-headed *tappanoes,* dreaded by the fishermen. Sand-flies attack the colonists in warm weather; fleas are insolent at all hours; spiders of immense growth rival the net-weavers of Saint Malo, and hang their webs from the timbers side by side with seines and fishing-tackle. Wood-worms are busy undermining the supports of the dwellings, and wood-ticks attack the beams and joistings. A marvelous variety of creatures haunt the surrounding swamp—reptiles, insects, and birds. The *prie-dieu*—"pray-god"—utters its soprano note; water-hens and plovers call across the marsh. Numberless snakes hide among the reeds, having little to fear save from the wild-cats, which attack them with savage recklessness. Rarely a bear or a deer finds its way near the bayou. There are

many otters and musk-rats, minks and raccoons and rabbits. Buzzards float in the sky, and occasionally a bald-eagle sails before the sun.

Such is the land: its human inhabitants are not less strange, wild, picturesque. Most of them are cinnamon-colored men; a few are glossily yellow, like that bronze into which a small portion of gold is worked by the molder. Their features are irregular without being actually repulsive; some have the cheek-bones very prominent, and the eyes of several are set slightly aslant. The hair is generally intensely black and straight, but with some individuals it is curly and browner. In Manila there are several varieties of the Malay race, and these Louisiana settlers represent more than one type. None of them appeared tall; the greater number were undersized, but all well knit, and supple as fresh-water eels. Their hands and feet were small; their movements quick and easy, but sailorly likewise, as of men accustomed to walk upon rocking decks in rough weather. They speak the Spanish language; and a Malay dialect is also used among them. There is only one white man in the settlement—the ship-carpenter, whom all the Malays address as "Maestro." He has learned to speak their Oriental dialect, and has conferred upon several the sacrament of baptism according to the Catholic rite; for some of these men were not Christians at the time of their advent into Louisiana. There is but one black man in this lake village—a Portuguese negro, perhaps a Brazilian maroon. The Maestro told us that communication is still kept up with Manila, and money often sent there to aid friends in emigrating. Such emigrants usually ship as seamen on board some Spanish vessel bound for American ports, and desert at the first opportunity. It is said that

the colony was founded by deserters—perhaps also by desperate refugees from Spanish justice.

Justice within the colony itself, however, is of a curiously primitive kind; for there are neither magistrates nor sheriffs, neither prisons nor police. Although the region is included within the parish of St. Bernard, no Louisiana official has ever visited it; never has the tax-gatherer attempted to wend thither his unwelcome way. In the busy season a hundred fierce men are gathered together in this waste and watery place, and there must be a law unto themselves. If a really grave quarrel arises, the trouble is submitted to the arbitration of the oldest Malay in the colony, Padre Carpio, and his decisions are usually accepted without a murmur. Should a man, on the other hand, needlessly seek to provoke a difficulty, he is liable to be imprisoned within a fish-car, and left there until cold and hunger have tamed his rage, or the rising tide forces him to terms. Naturally all these men are Catholics; but a priest rarely visits them, for it costs a considerable sum to bring the ghostly father into the heart of the swamp that he may celebrate mass under the smoky rafters of Hilario's house—under the strings of dry fish.

There is no woman in the settlement, nor has the treble of a female voice been heard along the bayou for many a long year. Men who have families keep them at New Orleans, or at Proctorville, or at La Chinche; it would seem cruel to ask any woman to dwell in such a desolation, without comfort and without protection, during the long absence of the fishing-boats. Only two instances of a woman dwelling there are preserved, like beloved traditions, in the memory of the inhabitants. The first of these departed upon her husband's death; the second left the village after

a desperate attempt had been made to murder her spouse. In the dead of night the man was unexpectedly assailed; his wife and little boy helped to defend him. The assailant was overcome, tied hand and foot with fish-lines, and fastened to a stake deep driven into the swamp. Next morning they found him dead: the mosquitoes and tapanoes had filled the office of executioner. No excitement was manifested; the Maestro dug a grave deep in the soft gray mud, and fixed above it a rude wooden cross, which still shows its silhouette against the sky just above the reeds.

Such was the narrative which El Maestro related to us with a strange mixture of religious compassion for the unabsolved soul, and marvelous profanity expressed in four different languages. "Only mosquitoes live there now," he added, indicating the decaying edifice where the dead man had dwelt.

But for the possession of modern fire-arms and one most ancient clock, the lake-dwellers of Saint Malo would seem to have as little in common with the civilization of the nineteenth century as had the inhabitants of the Swiss lacustrine settlements of the Bronze Epoch. Here time is measured rather by the number of alligator-skins sent to market, or the most striking incidents of successive fishing seasons, than by ordinary reckoning; and did not the Maestro keep a chalk record of the days of the week, none might know Sunday from Monday. There is absolutely no furniture in the place; not a chair, a table, or a bed can be found in all the dwellings of this aquatic village. Mattresses there are, filled with dry "Spanish beard"; but these are laid upon tiers of enormous shelves braced against the walls, where the weary fishermen slumber at night among barrels of flour and folded sails and smoked fish. Even

the clothes (purchased at New Orleans or Proctorville) become as quaint and curiously tinted in that moist atmosphere as the houses of the village, and the broad hats take a greenish and grotesque aspect in odd harmony with the appearance of the ancient roofs. All the art treasures of the colony consist of a circus poster immemorially old, which is preserved with much reverence, and two photographs jealously guarded in the Maestro's sea-chest. These represent a sturdy young woman with creole eyes, and a grim-looking Frenchman with wintry beard—the wife and father of the ship-carpenter. He pointed to them with a display of feeling made strongly pathetic by contrast with the wild character of the man, and his eyes, keen and hard as those of an eagle, softened a little as he kissed the old man's portrait, and murmured, "Mon cher vieux père."

And nevertheless this life in the wilderness of reeds is connected mysteriously with New Orleans, where the headquarters of the Manila men's benevolent society are—*La Union Philippina.* A fisherman dies; he is buried under the rustling reeds, and a pine cross planted above his grave; but when the flesh has rotted from the bones, these are taken up and carried by some lugger to the metropolis, where they are shelved away in those curious niche tombs which recall the Roman *columbaria.*

How, then, comes it that in spite of this connection with civilized life the Malay settlement of Lake Borgne has been so long unknown? Perhaps because of the natural reticence of the people. There is still in the oldest portion of the oldest quarter of New Orleans a certain Manila restaurant hidden away in a court, and supported almost wholly by the patronage of Spanish West Indian sailors. Few people belonging to the business circles of New Orleans

know of its existence. The *menu* is printed in Spanish and English; the fare is cheap and good. Now it is kept by Chinese, for the Manila man and his oblique-eyed wife, comely as any figure upon a Japanese vase, have gone away. Doubtless his ears, like sea-shells, were haunted by the moaning of the sea, and the Gulf winds called to him by night, so that he could not remain.

The most intelligent person in Saint Malo is a Malay half-breed, Valentine. He is an attractive figure, a supple dwarfish lad almost as broad as tall, brown as old copper, with a singularly bright eye. He was educated in the great city, but actually abandoned a fine situation in the office of a judge to return to his swarthy father in the weird swamps. The old man is still there—Thomas de los Santos. He married a white woman, by whom he had two children, this boy and a daughter, Winnie, who is dead. Valentine is the best pirogue oarsman in the settlement, and a boat bears his name. But opposite the house of Thomas de los Santos rides another graceful boat, rarely used, and whitely christened with the name of the dead Winnie. Latin names prevail in the nomenclature of boats and men: Marcellino, Francesco, Serafino, Florenzo, Victorio, Paosto, Hilario, Marcetto, are common baptismal names. The solitary creole appellation Aristide offers an anomaly. There are luggers and sloops bearing equally romantic names: *Manrico de Aragon, Maravilla, Joven Imperatriz.* Spanish piety has baptized several others with sacred words and names of martyrs.

Of the thirteen or fourteen large edifices on piles, the most picturesque is perhaps that of Carpio—old Carpio, who deserts the place once a year to play monte in Mexico. His home consists of three wooden edifices so arranged that

the outer two advance like wings, and the wharf is placed in front of the central structure. Smoked fish black with age hang from the roof, chickens squeak upon the floor, pigs grunt under the planking. Small, squat, swart, dry, and grimy as his smoked fish is old Carpio, but his eye is bright and quick as a lizard's.

It is at Hilario's great *casa* that the Manila men pass stormy evenings, playing monte or a species of Spanish kemo. When the *cantador,* (the caller) sings out the numbers, he always accompanies the annunciation with some rude poetry characteristic of fisher life or Catholic faith:

Pareja de uno;
Dos piquetes de rivero—

a pair of one (11); the *two stakes* to which the fish-car is fastened.

Número cuatro;
La casa del gato—

number 4; the cat's house.

Seís con su nuéve;
Arriba y abajo—

six with its nine (69); *up and down.*

De dos pareja;
Dos paticos en laguna—

pair of two (22); two *ducklings* in the lagoon or marsh—the Arabic numerals conveying by their shape this idea to the minds of fishermen. Picturesque? The numbers

77 suggest an almost similar idea—*dos gansos en laguna* (two geese in the lagoon):

Tres y parejo
Edad de Cristo—

thirty-three; the age of Christ.

Dos con su cinco;
Buena noche pasado—

twenty-five (Christmas-eve); the "Good-night" past.

Nuéve y parejo;
El mas viejo—

ninety, "the oldest one." Fifty-five is called the "two boats moored" together, as the figures placed thus 55 convey that idea to the mind—*dos galibos amarrados*. Very musical is the voice of the *cantador* as he continues, shaking up the numbers in a calabash:

Dos y nuéve:
Veinte y nuéve—29.
Seís con su cuatro:
Sesenta y cuatro—64.
Ocho y seís:
Borrachenta y seís—86 (*drunken* eighty-six).
Nina de quince (a girl of fifteen):
Uno y cinco—15.

Polite, too, these sinister-eyed men; there was not a single person in the room who did not greet us with a hearty *buenas noches*. The artist made his sketch of that grotesque scene upon the rude plank-work which served as a

gambling table by the yellow flickering of lamps fed with fish-oil.

There is no liquor in the settlement, and these hardy fishers and alligator-hunters seem none the worse therefor. Their flesh is as hard as oak-wood and sickness rarely affects them, although they know little of comfort, and live largely upon raw fish, seasoned with vinegar and oil. There is but one chimney—a wooden structure—in the village, fires are hardly ever lighted, and in the winter the cold and the damp would soon undermine feeble constitutions.

A sunset viewed from the balcony of the Maestro's house seemed to us enchantment. The steel blue of the western horizon heated into furnace yellow, then cooled off into red splendors of astounding warmth and transparency. The bayou blushed crimson, the green of the marsh pools, of the shivering reeds, of the decaying timber-work, took fairy bronze tints, and then, immense with marsh mist, the orange-vermilion face of the sun peered luridly for the last time through the tall grasses upon the bank. Night came with marvelous choruses of frogs; the whole lowland throbbed and laughed with the wild music—a swamp-hymn deeper and mightier than even the surge sounds heard from the Rigolets bank: the world seemed to shake with it!

We sailed away just as the east began to flame again, and saw the sun arise with reeds sharply outlined against the vivid vermilion of his face. Long fish-formed clouds sailed above him through the blue, green-backed and iridescent-bellied, like the denizens of the green water below. Valentine hailed us from the opposite bank, holding up a struggling *poule-d'eau* which he had just rescued from a wild-cat. A few pirogues were already flashing over the

bayou, ribbing the water with wavelets half emerald, half orange gold. Brighter and brighter the eastern fires grew; oranges and vermilions faded out into fierce yellow, and against the blaze all the ragged ribs of Hilario's elfish wharf stood out in black. Somebody fired a farewell shot as we reached the mouth of the bayou; there was a waving of picturesque hands and hats; and far in our wake an alligator plashed his scaly body, making for the whispering line of reeds upon the opposite bank.

THE GARDEN OF PARADISE

If there be any particular spot of this continent where natural beauty might justify dreamers to claim an American site for the primitive Garden of Paradise, that spot is the Teche country of Louisiana. Mountain scenery has, indeed, inspired poets for many decades of centuries, but the splendor and the grandeur of lofty peaks never evoked those feelings which the first sight of the Teche must create in any imaginative mind. Masculine and mighty are the words in which the beauty of mountains is described—the peaks call Titan thoughts into being, longings after inaccessibilities remote as their glimmering summits, fancies deep as the rayless chasms opening between their granite feet. Races born among the high crags have made history; the children of the mountains inherit a stature of giants and a fierceness of eagles.

All the glory that is associated with mountain-legend and mountain-history has a savage glitter; the splendid is always blended with the terrible, as in Scandinavian Eddas. Perhaps the tenderest fancy connected with mountains has been that religious one—common to almost all nations—that somewhere above the fir-belts, above the roar of cascades, above the reach of human endeavor, above the flight of eagles, there is some mysterious summit whose whiteness is not of snow, but of Divinity,—the dwelling-place of everlasting peace.

But here in a land where no Sierra bars the horizon, where no snow falls and all is smooth and soft as a bed, would seem a fitter sojourn for gods than the most iridescent

summit of the brightest mountain ever kissed by the sun. Heaven is not here above human reach,—one may drift dreamily into it with a waft of orange-scented wind; there is no eminence; the long low undulations are not loftier than those of a tropical sea on days of fervid heat—and in the virgin loveliness of the land one beholds the dreams of the old Greek idyllists realized in all richness of perfumed green—and yet something more, never beheld in any Tempe nor even in those Arcadian vales peopled by a race who called themselves Proselenoi, or older than the moon.

Those groves of giant oaks are such as Martin pictured in his illustrations to *Paradise Lost;* and his fairy Eve might have mirrored her white body in the smoothness of that sinuous bayou not less perfectly than in the waters of a Paradisaical pond. Where the wild bushes and the cypresses do not crowd to the bank in promiscuous herds of green, the prairie dips its mossy softness into the water. The first general impression of the Teche scenery is that of sailing through some enormous garden;—but the Spanish moss gradually and fantastically dissipates that idea.

It is the moss that forms the *theme* of the scenery—if a musical word may be used descriptively. It constitutes the character of the landscape. It is omnipresent and omnipotent in effect. It streams from the heads and limbs of the oaks; from the many-elbowed cypress skeletons it hangs like decaying rags of green. It creates suggestions of gibbets and of corpses, of rotten rigging, of the tattered sails of ships "drifting with the dead to shores where all is dumb." Under the sunlight it has also countless pleasant forms—the tresses of slumbering dryads, the draperies flung out upon some vast woodland-holiday by skill of merry elves. Under the moon, losing its green, every form of goblinry,

every fancy of ghastliness, every grimness of witchcraft, every horror of death, are mocked by it. A weird and wonderful morning seems to droop over the plains;—all the woods and the groves, the lily-kissed pools, the shadow-reflecting bayous,—appear to lament some incalculable bereavement, some vast and awful death. It is as though this land were yet weeping for Pan,—as though all the forests and streams had not ceased after more than a thousand years to lament the passing away of the sylvan gods and nymphs of the antique world.

Circling, coiling, curving, curling, the bayou moves without a ripple through wildernesses of wildly fantastic beauty —through land worth a surface-covering of golden coin,—through forlorn cypress woods, weeping their moss into the shadowed water,—through fields of cane,—through vistas of evergreens dying away into blue dreaminess,—under orange-trees holding out their yellow riches to passing boats, —close by fallen trunks drowned in the waveless current and alligators hard to be distinguished from the dead-gray bark. At long intervals a white town dozing under green shadows. Land,—and the streets sleep beneath the sun, full of flower-fragrance, and the nuptial incense of orange-groves. There is hardly a stir; the songs of birds drown the voices of men; the shadows of the trees scarcely waver. And the great dreaminess of the land makes itself master of thought and speech,—mesmerizes you,—caresses with tender treachery,—soothes with irresistible languor,—woos with unutterable sweetness. . . . Afterward when you have returned into the vast metropolis, into the dust and the turmoil and the roar of traffic and the smoke of industry and the iron cares of life,—that mesmerism will not have utterly passed away, nor the perfume of that poppied land

wholly evaporated from the brain. The songs of the birds will still be heard by you—faint as fairy flutes, and in dreams the golden Teche will curve for you once more under wondrous festoons of green, under wizard apparelled groves, through deep enchantments of perennial summer; and you will awake to feel the great sweet dreaminess come back upon you again—a moment only, but a moment that makes dim the eyes as with mists of a tropical morning.

GUSTAVE DORÉ

If not the greatest, the most original certainly of nineteenth-century artists has passed away,—fortunately not without bequeathing to us all the ripeness of his genius in a mighty series of more than forty-five thousand designs.

Among modern artists, there has been no genius comparable to Doré's, except perhaps that of Martin, whose famous *Milton* now commands an almost fabulous price. John Martin's drawings were astonishing in breadth and depth;—his Pandemoniums, Babylons, Ninevehs, cities of antique Egypt, more than amaze; they terrify. He loved enormities—immensities piled upon immensities,—palaces of marble so vast that the hosts of courtiers entering therein seem like a swarm of ants crawling over their steps of stone,—streets mile-wide, with buildings so lofty that the nations below appear like a dark river flowing through some granite gorge,—chaotic blacknesses torn open by some flash of lightning which reveals the falling of countless white bodies into the uttermost abyss. These pictures appall;—they convey the idea that none but a superhuman brain could have conceived them,—that the skull of man could not contain phantasies so tremendous without bursting. Martin's brain, in fact, did crack at last. He died mad.

The supernatural aspect of Doré's conceptions bears a certain likeness to Martin's,—especially in the characteristic of prodigious height. But in breadth and depth the English genius was far more wonderful. However, in Doré's work the actors are not always so completely subordinated to scenic effect. Martin's human figures are microscopic

atoms in huge landscapes—landscapes which do not seem to have been created for terrestrial eyes. Doré's figures are indispensable parts of the picture, and are marked by a studied originality never before equaled.

Nevertheless, while Doré abstained from subordinating his personages to the *mise-en-scene,* he never subordinated the latter to the former. In the *Inferno* all those naked writhings, those whirlings of nude ghosts in fiery tempest, would horrify even if detached from the terrible background; but even without them the background would not be less ghastly. Strip Martin's Assyrian or Egyptian cities of their population, and little would be lost; while his human figures dwindle into nothingness without the enchanted backgrounds and foregrounds in which they move.

The intensity of Doré's method has called into existence a new artistic word. We style *Doresque* a conception characterized by light foreground, shadowing off into grotesque darknesses beyond;—or a picture in which the same alternations are arranged from right to left or from left to right. The *Rembrandtesque* style offers strong contrasts; but the chiaroscuro of Doré's pictures is unearthly to a degree beyond comparison—like that painting described in Poe's *House of Usher.* The *Doresque* quality lies in this very ghastliness; and the effect in most of his strange landscapes suggests days of broken light, when half a valley is darkened by heavy clouds, and the rest is gilded by the sun.

Doré was a consummate master of grotesqueness. He idealized the oddities of nature to the point of terrifying; —the roots of his trees writhe, their branches grasp like goblin arms; all those primitive impressions which gave birth to fetish-ideas would seem to have been felt by him. His monstrous treatment of clouds, his fantastic animation

of crags and rocks, recall the impressions of nightmare. It needed such a pencil to teach us the spirit of the Middle Ages; and Doré taught it with a wizard's power. After one has studied the illustrations to the *Contes Drolatiques,* to *Croquemitaine,* to *Pantagruel,* to Tennyson's *Idyls,*—mediæval history will have a stranger and fresher charm for him.

O those gothic cities, tearing a livid sky with fantastic spires and pinnacles;—those turrets "thronging into the moon,"—those gigantic monasteries which possessed their hundreds of thousands of serfs, and were battlemented like castles,—those cathedrals whose ribbed and vertebrated interiors create fancies of awful skeletons petrified,—those high lines of gibbets, each overshadowed by spiral flights of carrion birds,—those hideous assaults in which steel and stone and flesh are all brayed together as within a giant's mortar; . . . no one that has beheld these designs can ever forget their effect. The ghost of mediævalism rises again in them, to make us feel grateful that we are of the nineteenth century. You cannot laugh at Doré's designs of that fantastic and terrible epoch, any more than you could laugh at a skull. Nor can you smile at the crazy costumes of the era,—the furlongs of trailing robes,—the all-shadowing plumes,—the gondola-shaped foot-gear. Each fantasticality is a hieroglyph which tells the secret of mediævalism,—the age of religious madness, of epidemical fanaticism and social chaos.

It has been said that Doré could never finish a face or the extremities of a nude figure. His sculpture has not contradicted this observation;—the little cupids that sprawl over his splendid vase (exhibited at the last Paris exhibition) have the characteristics of the wreathed and inter-

plaited bodies depicted in his Dante and elsewhere. This, however, has been probably the result of studied effect. The impression caused by a mass of figures in violent action is not strengthened by extreme finish. There are touches, however, in Doré's Milton and Dante, which enable us to believe that he could create beautiful heads or hands if it suited his object.

But beautiful heads or extremities were inconsonant, generally speaking, with such grotesqueness as Doré's—a grotesqueness essentially Gothic, never Greek. He cared nothing for a face except in its relation to the spirit of the era depicted. Once in a lifetime he might create a Francesca da Rimini or an Eve; but the faces which generally presented themselves to his conception were those frightful visages which stare at us like gargoyles from the pages of his Rabelais or Balzac. It is said that he visited hospitals to study the faces of the agonizing. Don Quixote furnished a merrier satire than Rabelais; but Doré interpreted the somber Spanish wit in his own way;—the Knight of La Mancha appears to us what he really was, a lunatic; and the clouds above him, the trees about him, the figures beside him, take strange shapes from the madness of his dreams.

The versatility of Doré's genius was not its least remarkable feature. Mediævalism and the age of chivalry, as illustrated in a half-dozen volumes, afforded perhaps his happiest inspirations; but his originality is not less marked in his treatment of more ancient and of more modern themes. The Old Testament inspired him to create some of the most wonderful pictures ever drawn;—it was in illustrating the Bible that he most nearly rivaled Martin. His Paradises; his vast conceptions of the Egyptian captivity and

the scenes of the Exodus; his depiction of the holy wars, of the prophetic visions are worthy of Sacred Writ. The *Book of Maccabees* furnished him splendid subjects for the representation of ancient Oriental warfare;—witness the moving mountain-line of elephants, the tempests of horsemen! Naturally the *New Testament* was less suited to his mind;—its simplicity and severity confined his imagination. We soon tire of his ghostly Christs and phantom-disciples. But the Apocalypse allowed him to give a free rein to all the vastness of his fancy; and his drawings for it rank among the best of his Biblical designs. None will readily forget the Rider of the Pale Horse, whom Hell followeth.

His wonderful treatment of modern subjects appears especially in two works of travel,—*Spain* and *London*. Doré traveled among the Gipsies of Andalusia and elsewhere, relying upon his skill as a violinist to please them. They allowed him to catch every attitude of their dances;—all the poetry of motion is revealed in his sketches of the *bolero, fandango, cachucha, jota Aragonesa*. The Moorish and Roman ruins, the bull-rings, figures of toreadors, duels with the *navaja,* riotous nights in Segovia and Seville, have been inimitably rendered by him. . . . After the intense picturesqueness of Spain, one could hardly have supposed that London would attract Doré. But the gloom, the enormity, the awful populousness of that modern Rome delighted him. Any one familiar with London can recognize the force and truth of his pictures,—and still, there is something more than truth in them. The glooms are deepened, the fogs made weirder, the immensity of the buildings heightened. It is less London than it is the *impression* of London; but it is recognizably London. Speaking of fog re-

minds one of the fact that Doré's drawings of mist-clad scenery in his designs for the works of Chateaubriand are simply unparalleled. The virgin American forests loom upon us through a spectral vapor;—in the foreground every crack in the bark of the trees, every leaf-vein, are sharply visible,—then the further trees appear dimmer, their tops paler,—then the trunks, receding into the background at last fade into mere columns of shadow. The skill of the engraver, in this instance, was directed by the artist himself.

English literature is indebted to him for some of its finest luxuries;—the "Doré" edition of *River Legends* (including the drawings to *Eugene Aram*), of Tennyson, of Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner,* are known the world over. His art has probably given longevity to works otherwise doomed to rapid oblivion;—whatever his pencil touched became dignified. Witness even such a volume as the *Adventures of Baron Munchausen.*

In painting he latterly devoted himself to religious subjects—crucifixions, amphitheaters with dying martyrs, etc., —painting much as he drew, but with sinister coloring. He will be remembered more as an illustrator of books; and every large public library in the world has a collection of his drawings. We are still far from familiar with the whole extent of his work—too immense to be properly collected and arranged for years to come. He was obliged to refuse princely offers within recent years,—the demand for his work far exceeding all possibility to supply. Publishers often bade him name his own price to any amount.

Gustave Doré's mission was to infuse fresh vitality into certain branches of design,—to give new impulses and

larger ideas to art. These impulses and ideas will live for centuries. But centuries may indeed elapse before another such man makes his appearance—before another phenomenal brain shall so express itself through art as to affect the imagination of the entire civilized world.

DORÉ'S *RAVEN*

The apparition of Doré's *Raven* [1]—just issued in a luxurious folio by Messrs. Harper Bros.—is something worthy of larger attention than may be excited by the ordinary newspaper review: it is both an artistic and a literary event, which we cannot dwell upon without regretting that the limits of a journalistic article do not permit full justice to be done. The artistic importance of the work is now enhanced by the fact that it is posthumous,—that the Promethean brain which conceived these wonderful drawings shall never again dream those "dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before."

Since it was first publicly announced, many months ago, that Doré had illustrated this singular and sinister poem, all who had been impressed by the methods of the French artist or the American poet, must have from time to time vainly endeavored to divine how *The Raven* had affected the fancy of the great Alsatian. It did not appear to critical expectancy altogether the best theme that could have been selected from among Poe's numerous creations. Its only scene is the interior of a well-furnished modern parlor on a winter evening; its weirdness is intangible as those seraphim, "whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor." Lovers of Poe would have much preferred to hear about a forthcoming Doré edition of the poet's prose works, or,—(as Edmund Clarence Stedman suggests in his superb in-

[1] The Raven. With twenty-six illustrations, by Gustave Doré. Commentary upon the poem by E. C. Stedman. New York: Harper Bros. New Orleans: Eyrich.

troductory article, the best beyond all question ever written upon Poe)—of *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque.* Doré was certainly the only artist of the age who could have pictured that ghastly nightmare, *The House of Usher,*—the unearthly weirdness of *Ligeia,*—the supernatural horror of *The Masque of the Red Death.* What magnificent illustrations might not Doré have made of *Silence: A Fragment;*—or of *Shadow: A Parable;*—what transcendent architectural splendor might not have characterized his interpretation of that mysterious Venetian story, *The Assignation! . . .*

It has been well said of Doré's work that its unfinished character in no sense impaired its power: his pictures did not need perfecting in order to satisfy the imagination;—for they invariably surpassed it. His conception of Poe's *Raven* is, like all his other conceptions, astonishing—astonishing in a two-fold sense: first by reason of its magnification of the poet's several fancies: secondly, because of his surprising interpretation of the theme as a whole. He has solved the difficulty of translating the stanzas into pictures by treating *The Raven* as an inconsolable mourner's revery upon the vast and eternal Enigma of Death. Maddened by grief, this solitary mourner becomes the victim of strange nervous hallucinations;—he hears many voices in heaven and on earth; he is haunted by sounds and forms inaudible and invisible to others. This is certainly a proper comprehension of the poem. But we may question whether it has been carried out as Poe himself could have wished. *The Raven* is rather weird than ghastly. Now Doré has materialized the weirdness into palpable ghastliness,—the ghastliness of Death made visible,—gazing with eyeless sockets, grinning with fleshless face.

This bony grin startles one at the very first picture. High up, at the right-hand corner, the Skeleton lets fall a long scroll bearing the words NEVERMORE. Below in the foreground, the figure of a robed man makes prodigious efforts to lift or push aside a curtain impenetrable and endless as the Veil of Isis—a curtain whose enormous folds seem full of mystery and menace. Is not this the curtain of Death's mystery which no mortal may lift and look beyond?

The opening scene of the poem proper—*"Once upon a midnight dreary,"* etc.,—much more than satisfies all anticipation. The somber and lofty room; the dim richness of upholstery and heavy moldings; the bereaved lover slumbering with his elbow upon the table, while the "quaint and curious" volume lies upon his knees,—form a picture that, even devoid of any fantastic details whatever, would be strongly impressive. The engraver has seconded the artist splendidly;—his peculiar treatment of the upward glow from the shaded lamp is realistic to a startling degree. But the weirdness of the scene is due to the presence of a beautiful female face—mistily fair,—which seems to materialize out of the light below the lamp-shade to gaze into the dreamer's face.

The next scene is perhaps the only genuine disappointment in the book—because it does not fairly illustrate the line—*And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.* The poet's idea is not at all realized; there are ghosts, indeed, in every shadowy nook and corner, but no "ghosts upon the floor." The reason probably is that Doré did not read Poe in English, but in the French version of Baudelaire, where translation of the verse is defective. Baudelaire, although generally more or less successful in rendering Poe's prose, failed notably in translating his

poetry. Moreover the peculiar model of fireplace selected by Doré—like that of an English baronial hall—renders the realization of Poe's fancy out of the question. Poe certainly imagined a coal-fire glowing in an elevated grate;—Doré shows us a log-fire in a huge recess!

In addition to the ghosts which have already made their appearance, Death enters upon the scene in the next plate—illustrating the lines beginning: *Eagerly I wished the morrow.* The skeleton sits upon the floor beside the poet's chair—a strangely material horror! The plate illustrating *Sorrow for the lost Lenore* is singularly impressive:—A deep tomb, whose walls of cut stone are yet open to the day above, allowing the departing train of mourners to be seen. Within the recess stands an angel, shaking flowers from his robe, whose vast and voluminous folds cover all the floor of the vault, and conceal the place of the dead. There is an appalling look in the angel's upturned eyes.

It is not possible to mention in detail each of the twenty-six engravings; we will therefore confine our remarks to those plates which best exhibit the powers of the artist. Among these must be included the successive illustrations portraying the phantasmal incidents preceding the Raven's entrance. The first of these (*'Tis some visitor entreating entrance*) exhibits two huge folding doors forced ajar as by the pressure of the night wind; but in the black opening towers up the half-concealed figure of a woman—a ghost,—and above the phantom-face appears the bald skull and cavernous eyes of Death. The next view illustrates the lines:—

> . . . "Open here I flung the door:
> Darkness there, and nothing more!"

Between the folding-doors flung widely back into the darkness of the lobby, the figure of the haunted listener appears in striking relief against the warm glow within; while the ghosts shrink into the dark spaces behind the open doors, or rise into the shadows of the ceiling. Next we come to the illustration of the famous "dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before";—the world circling in the star-spaces like some cloud-robed monster ridden by Death; —and the sable mantle of the skeleton trails over the globe into a pall.

Doré produced the shadow of the Raven in the only way possible,—viz: by conceiving the bust of Pallas immediately before a lofty transom, through which the light of a hall-lamp could invade the apartment; and the lamp, being higher than the head of Pallas, would naturally fling the shadow downward, to broaden as it descended. The effect is very remarkable.

But the two most truly Doresque conceptions in the volume are those suggested by the lines,—*Wandering from the Nightly Shore,* and *The Night's Plutonian Shore.* The first is the weirdest of graveyards, under a moon magnified by mists and ringed with a halo;—the second represents Death conducting the ghost of a woman into the eternal darkness. Their spectral figures float high in air, above the waters of a pallid river whose shores are veiled in darkness:—far in the distance appear the lighted windows of that mansion where the body doubtless lies, awaiting burial. One recognizes that wan river readily; it flows about the Hell of Dante, and supports the bark of Charon. Another powerful fancy is introduced by the cry—*On this home by Horror haunted.* The lamp has died down; the fire-glow only remains;—above the bereaved man's chair bends the ex-

quisite phantom of a woman,—the face is the face of one that strives to speak and cannot;—while over all, darkly looms up the figure of a Sphinx whose features are the features of a skull!

Pathos is not wanting in Doré's pictures. Very touching is his interpretation of the line—*If within the distant Aidenn,* etc.—where the lover again clasps his beloved in such a fair and luminous yet phantom paradise as appears in dreams. Pathetic also is the design accompanying the story of the Raven's ruthless answer, when the misty paradise fades into hopeless blackness, and the dear ghost passes voicelessly away.

The last plate—or vignette, rather,—illustrating the artist's conception as a whole, is very sinister. There is a great Sphinx gazing over a shoreless ocean; and a youth stands on the ocean's verge, looking in the face of the Sphinx, as if seeking a reply. But the eyes of the Sphinx give no answer, being only hollows, void darknesses; and her face is the face of Death. This vignette admirably ends the grand series of plates, just as the vignette representing ANANKE (*Necessity*) opens it; a female figure poised in air on black wings, but apparently ready to drift in any direction, like a ghost blown by a wind.

On the whole, it may be said that Doré has interpreted Poe in an unexpected manner,—yet with such force that however reluctantly we may first receive his version of *The Raven,* we shall never be able to dissociate the pictures of the great artist from the stanzas of the great poet, after having once fairly examined the former. The pictures were not altogether conceived in the true spirit of Poe;—their ghastliness is not a ghastliness of suggestion, but is visible, is palpable. But Doré was of those who, below the lowest

deep, beholds a lower deep; and above the loftiest heights, still loftier summits lost in glory;—the one who could not but magnify human ideas to the verge of the superhuman when called upon to express them. If he transfigured the idea of the poem, he also expanded it. He comprehended the weirdness of the American brother's half-expressed thought, and completed it for him most wondrously—as the Mysterious Stranger is said to have completed that design which the first architect of Cologne Cathedral could never finish.

If Doré has intensified the horror of the poem, he has also ennobled and dignified its theme, by interpreting its relationship to the Universal Enigma,—to the vain yet irresistible longing of man to lift the Veil of the Black Isis. And, however revolting to our sense of beauty the actual portrayal of death horrors must be, Doré's representation of them in this work is strictly in keeping with the artistic philosophy of his purpose. What man who, like the personage of Poe's *Raven,* has loved and lost, can think only of the dead face as it was in life,—not as it *might* appear were the grave compelled to yield up its hideous secrets?

The question remains: Has Doré been well-represented by the American wood-engravers? Certainly the work before us is a veritable triumph of American art-execution; and some of the plates, at least, will rival the best Parisian work, perhaps surpass it! A few are not altogether above the possibility of criticism;—there are effects which Doré might have modified had he lived to correct all his proofs. The best *set* of engravings of Doré's works are still, we think, to be found in the French plates to his Chateaubriand; but it is only fair to remind the reader that these were executed under his personal supervision. American

engravers have in this case shown a capacity which even surpasses their well-deserved reputation, for the task of engraving the *Raven* plates involved work of a unique and excessively difficult kind, and uniformity of execution could not be expected on the part of so many different artists. Praise is also due to the weird title-page design of Elihu Vedder,—although we may call the execution of the medallion-heads into question; that of Doré being apparently so much smaller than that of Poe as to produce an effect of discord.

THE LIFE OF STARS

We have spoken of a new and very remarkable theory accounting for the movement of the planets as due to the action of that subtlest of known forces, Light,—light that travels with a velocity of 77,000 leagues a second,—light to which all life turns itself, as to a Creator, and which may be but one form or manifestation of the universal Ghost. Yet again, may not light also be the result rather than the cause of that awful movement in which no less than a hundred millions of suns participate? Will the new theory account only for the axial rotation of a star's satellites, and fail to explain the secret of the whirlings of nebulæ, the rocket-arcs of comets, the swarmings of sun-galaxies, the huge translation of systems through space?

There is no rest in nature—no rest even for the bones of the dead sleeping in the narrow streets of our cemeteries. Every atom of stone or metal vibrates with a secret movement of its own. Water and air and fire slumber not; the face of the sky changes forever; the forms of the clouds never repeat themselves. Beneath our own changing flesh, invisible architects cease not to toil at their coral-building of bone;—the substances of the very brain with which we think are being perpetually worn out and replaced; the protoplasm of our blood exhausted and renewed. Never does the labor of form-creation pause for an instant;—God's Rest is a mere anthropomorphic fancy;—"weariness cometh not to Him nor sleep." Who, asks the *Bhagavad-Gita,* knoweth the point at which life begins, or the moment of its ending?—we never behold either the beginning or

the end; only the *Middle* appears to us—a passing manifestation. For there is no beginning, no ending;—each human life is not a work completed or begun; it is only one vibration of an everlasting force. The power thus manifested has never commenced to act, never will cease to be—even when all the suns now blazing in violet immensity shall have been burnt out.

There is no rest! What we call *fixed* stars are moving with a rapidity that the human mind is impotent to conceive—with a velocity compared to which that of the projectile launched by a rifled cannon is absolute inertia. Our own earth must travel nearly 600,000,000 miles a year—1,980,000 miles a day! Arcturus is rushing through the immensities at a speed of 5,400,000 miles a day; and we have already spoken of one strange astral sphere, a star of the seventh magnitude, (No. 1830, Groombridge) which shoots through space at the rate of *twenty-one millions of miles in twenty-four hours*. "Nature's calm" is a fiction. The infinite night roars with the parturition of nebulæ pregnant with solar systems—rages with the agonies of dying suns; and all the while that monstrous belt of blazing spheres to which our own system belongs is changing shape like smoke, is rolling up like a scroll, is tearing its seething way through unknown deeps of darkness with the rapidity of lightnings,—though we, like the creatures wriggling within a drop of water beneath the microscope, may not feel the huge vibrations of a larger universe, may not be conscious of sounds too vast for our tiny brains to comprehend.

Enormous as this astral motion is,—real as it is,—in one sense it is only relative. Let a star be launched through infinity in any direction at a velocity of twenty million miles a day!—after the lapse of twenty centillions of years

it cannot have changed its position in relation to the infinite about it. For the center of the infinite is everywhere, the circumference nowhere—to cite the words of Rabelais. However swift a star's motion it can move from nothing,—save other stars also moving; it can move toward nothing,—save toward other stars also moving. Terrific as the movements of a hundred million suns may be, the mere idea of the Infinite in which they swim renders that motion by comparison less than nothing! . . .

Relatively, however, we know what tremendous energies are being expended in space; the heavens are monstrous with thrilling life as the microscopist's drop of water. What is the impulse of that awful activity? must we continue to speak of dumb laws of attraction and repulsion, of electricity, of "primordial force?" Why not call it Life? Why do suns rush to suns? Why do planets cling to their central star and moons to mother planets? Why should there be so strange a resemblance between the movements of the stars? Suns are probably seeking food, seeking union, seeking to propagate their species like *rotifera* and *protozoa;* comets are perhaps the swarmspores of worlds; nebulæ may be astral sperm cells.

Primitive man in worshiping the lights of heaven as *intelligent* beings, perhaps came nearer the truth than the hierarchs who founded the faiths that still live. Yet, as in a drop of water the innumerable organisms which people it are all developed by one and the same natural chemistry, so the countless spheres of heaven live with one universal life, though each sun own a distinctive life of its own. All the stars are to that universal life only what the protoplasmic cells are to the life-blood of man. What is that awful universal life? We know not;—we can never know—any more

than the animacule in Ehrenberg's microscope could know Ehrenberg. For unknown thousands of years men have wept and wondered and prayed in vain to know the impossible; and perhaps the Brahmans of India, the writers of the *Vedanta,* have spoken most wisely of all, when they declared the creative power Nameless and Incomprehensible —Self-existent,—Impartite,—Beyond the range of speech and thought, Invisible, Intangible, Unrelated, Colorless, Endless, All-pervading, Undecaying,—Substrate of all,—AKHILADHARA,—Whose thoughts are Forms,—Whose dreams are Worlds.

THE DESTINY OF SOLAR SYSTEMS

Readers will recollect our comment on various mathematical calculations of the time at which the sun must die. The calculations of Laplace would give the sun upward of 160,000,000,000 more years to burn;—this estimate being based upon the supposition that the sun loses 1-10 of a degree of heat in 10,000 years or thereabouts. But the calculations of later mathematicians allow a period of some three quadrillion two hundred trillions of years to elapse before the extinction of our central star. His final agony will nevertheless be comparatively short, according to what astronomers like Hevelius and Herschell have learned from witnessing the death of more distant and mightier suns. The great light, No. 50 Hercules, expired precisely on the night of the 24th of March, 1791,—at least his last radiant gasp reached the earth on the night of that date. Ten years before it the star had ceased to flame steadily, and turned red,—flickering at intervals like an exhausted lamp. Its crimson death-struggle endured therefore little more than a decade.

It remains for us to gossip about the period and character of the death of the planets,—all of which will doubtless become mummified corpse worlds millions of years before their giant creator shall have yielded up his awful spirit. First of all, let us chat about some theories regarding the period of existence allotted to the human race.

Man can already endure variations of temperature of 100 degrees and more; and it would therefore require a diminution in solar power of more than 100 degrees to cause

the extinction of the human species. Allowing the sun to lose 1-10 of a degree of heat in 2000 years, he could not lose 100 degrees before the lapse of 2,000,000 of years. The calculations based upon the maximum period allowed for solar extinction would, however, prolong the chances of the human race to 40,000,000,000 years. When the sun shall have lost 100 degrees of heat, the ice-capes of the poles will have whitened out over the breadth of both temperate zones; and all terrestrial life will have rallied about the equator. There the final struggle must take place,—according to this view of planetary destinies,—a struggle to be grandly prolonged by the vastly augmented powers of man, who will summon to his aid a magic mightier than any sung of in the runes of the *Kalewala,*—the magic of science!

This, however, is an idea of human destiny, in support of which few sound facts can be adduced. It is indeed a sublime fancy that man might be capable, by increase of knowledge, to prolong his existence through numberless future geological changes and cataclysms, and still battle against death even when the face of the great sun should be paling into ghostliness above him. But there is equal reason to fear that the period allotted to him upon earth is not so long. There have been many gigantic renovations of the earth's surface already; and there will certainly be many more which may not easily be survived. Some predict another glacial epoch at the expiration of another six thousand years,—a sudden wrenching of the earth from its present axis, an upheaval of mountain ranges,—a sinking of continents,—a rush of oceans from their beds covering the globe's surface with prodigious ruin. Man would thus disappear, to be succeeded by some other species

of dominant and intelligent beings in some other great geological period.

It is now pretty generally conceded that we can only hope to guess the future of the human race through the revelations of the telescope, as we have already more than guessed the destinies of the sun. At distances of dizzy enormity we behold the dying down of sun-fires, the palpitating agony of stars; we watch new systems being formed within the fiery matrices of nebulæ; we see likewise the fragments of dead worlds raining down in meteoric dust upon our globe in its incalculable voyage through the wastes of night. But so ephemeral are human lives, and so huge the existences of worlds and suns, that only through the labors of thousands of astronomers studying the heavens for thousands of years, can we ever hope to know positively the whole great story of a system's dissolution. Not even thus may we expect to learn the entire history of any one system; but by observing a catastrophe here, a sun-birth there, a satellite begotten somewhere else,—by simultaneous watching of new things beginning and of ancient things disintegrating, it may be given us at last to divine all the mysterious laws of star-life and planet-growth. It is not absurd to believe that some optical intercommunication between sister-worlds in our own solar system will be ultimately established to aid these researches; yet, for the time being, the fate of our nearest neighbor, the Moon, must continue to be the most important key to the enigmas of planetary death.

The moon appears to be dead, or dying; but her corpse has not become disintegrated; and throughout the infinities and the eternities the law of universal death is the same; —dissolution of the being. A faint, spectral atmosphere is

now said to have been perceived clinging about the satellite during recent occultations, as the breath of a traveler in icy lands hangs about him in a cloud,—the ghost of the moon, perchance, hovering above its dead volcanic mouths. But the true pulse-life of a world seems to be connected with volcanic force—that force whose precise nature and origin are still ignored even upon earth. We have reason to believe, in spite of this ignorance, that while a world lives, its lava-veins never cease to throb; and the moon's heart is chill, her arteries are dried up; her body is mummified and yellow as any corpse in any necropolis of Egypt; and its approaching dissolution is indicated by huge cracks in the dry skin. These, it is believed, will stretch and widen until the satellite shall split open, and fall apart, and the fragments shall circle around the earth in the form of many smaller moons. The core of the lunar body might at first form a spherical center about which the remnants of the broken crust would whirl in a ring; but the core itself must crumble at last, and the entire remains of the satellite fall away by degrees into volcanic dust. Should the human race survive a few millions of years, it is probable that the disintegration of the moon will be actually witnessed; and, again, the first cleavage might occur in a less remote time. That the disruption of the moon will be gradual, rather than sudden, is almost certain. By the time its last fragments shall have been dispersed, the world may have lost its oceans, and the tides have shrunk into their graves as in Byron's dream.

This spectacle of a satellite's disruption and dissolution would certainly settle for us all doubts as to the fate of the earth itself. The moon, once a blazing star, cooled before the cooling of the world, and died before its parent-globe

had arrived at middle age,—simply because the moon is far smaller. Its present fantastic testimony leads us to believe that when the African, Asiatic and American deserts shall have overspread and devoured terrestrial vegetation, and the oceans have shrunk up, and the rivers have ceased to flow,—then will the earth also split in all directions. Volcanic energy will cease, and the cooling of the globe's heart will be followed by further contractions of the crust, and total absorption of the atmosphere.

The planets may all thus crumble away before the sun shall have wholly burned out; and there may be no such spectacle in the universe as that of a dead black sun with the corpses of his crew of planets shadowing around him in the night. Astronomy gives us little reason to believe that suns ever exist in the condition of "ships that are drifting with the dead to the shores where all is dumb." The sun has yet to become inhabited, in which case he could not be burdened with a family of dead worlds, as he would himself be obliged to wed his destiny with the fortunes of some other system, and circle around some vast star like Sirius or Vega.

The bulk of evidence so far gathered leads us to believe that such is the most probable fate of solar systems. The central sun will gradually cool down. The planets will die with their moons, will crumble away, and their dust be scattered like seed through the limitless fields of space. Then the burnt out sun would become a great world, in need of the light and warmth of a vast and vigorous star. The center of a system would survive only to become a planet, in some other system; and the further planets of our own, which are known to differ materially from Jupiter, Saturn and the rest, may be old suns of other systems

adopted into our family circle. As for the crumbling of planets, we need hardly refer to the astronomical belief that the swarms of asteroids between Mars and Jupiter are the fragments of a broken globe.

For systems thus destroyed there can be no resurrection. But as matter and force are eternal, the work of formation and disintegration will continue forever as it has always been. And as a certain number of units are susceptible only of a certain number of combinations, the substance of suns and worlds may have already passed numberless times through all combinations, all forms, all metamorphoses of which it is capable. If that substance have limit, its utmost capacities of form and change have been exhausted and repeated from all eternity, and will be repeated in endless iteration throughout endless eternities to come. This system of ours might thus have been formed and dissolved an infinite number of times in the past, and would in such case be refashioned and redissolved at intervals throughout eternal cycles to come,—so that in one sense all which is hath always been, and all which hath been will always be, and forms only vanish to reappear. But who may surely say there is or there is not a limit to substance and to life; who may even say that the hundred millions of suns revealed by the telescope are not to the Unknown only as the quivering of animalculæ in a speck of putrid water?

THE GREAT "I-AM"

A very beautiful and withal very curious philosophical failure is an article contributed by M. Monod to the last number of *La Nouvelle Revue,* under the title *The Law of Life* (*La loi de la Vie*). The writer believes he has discovered the existence of a law of life throughout nature, by which all objects and individuals are guided; and he believes furthermore, that his discovery is wholly the result of his own experimental observations. There certainly are laws of life, and it is important that we should know something about them; but M. Monod assumes that a thorough knowledge of them ought to cause all human unhappiness and all social evils to cease. What his theory is worth the reader may judge from this attempt to summarize it:—

The world,—no, the entire visible universe,—offers us the spectacle of ceaseless activity. The stars that seem so safely anchored in the Ocean of Night are really rushing through space at the rate of millions of leagues a day; the Milky Way is one enormous swarming of circling suns. Our world joins the vast whirl. But even in her dizzy course, her every atom is active, or trying to be. No part of her surface is constantly motionless; her deserts shift their sands; her oceans their tides; her mountains their shapes; her strata are depressed or upheaved or wrinkled by imperceptible yet never ceasing forces. Even the most apparently immobile rock has a tendency toward the center of the earth; the air is full of currents; every drop of moisture is active. Whatever exists, lives in the active sense of the word; and what we call inanimate objects are never-

theless related to animate beings by infinite gradations of form. The mineral gives life to the vegetable, the vegetable at last becomes mysteriously similar to the animal. And all this life struggles. The weaker strata are displaced by the stronger; the feebler vegetable is smothered or destroyed by the hardier one. Yet we do not regard these shapes as individual;—we are only impressed by the spectacle of the struggle as we view it in the animal world. The intelligent being, differently organized, considers Nature as composed of what is in him, and what is without him,—his I, or his Ego, and his non-Ego. His whole existence is devoted first to the conservation of his "I am,"—his Ego; secondly, to the expansion of it at the expense of all that lies outside of him. The law of life is, in brief, the expansion of the Ego,—the absorption of the Non-Ego by the Ego. And yet this is not merely the law of human life, but also the law of the universe. . . .

M. Monod has developed three ideas in very eloquent and impressive language; yet he has only stated long acknowledged facts. What is his so-called law of life, but the law of evolution,—the struggle in which the fittest survives and the weakest succumbs? And even leaving evolution out of the question, has not the existence of this law been known to human thinkers since the dawn of civilization?

"Yes, but," continues the writer, "man is the only being in all nature that refuses to recognize that law; he even goes so far occasionally as to end his own existence. . . . Suicide, sudden or gradual, is a monstrosity, destined to disappear as soon as the law of life shall be comprehended by all, and obeyed for the good of all." . . . We may seek in vain among mankind for the order and system, for the social harmony that may be always found in a monarchy of bees or a

republic of ants. The author proceeds then to point out at length the discords in the human social fabric;—the errors of vice, the errors of fanaticism; the errors of politics, the errors of industrial organization,—all of which might, he imagines, be avoided by a general misunderstanding of the law of life!

Here appears the extraordinary weakness of M. Monod's theory. Either there is a law of life which every individual must obey, whether he wishes to do so or not, or there is no law of life at all! If man, by his will alone, can change the order of the universe, then it is absurd to speak of him as a child of destiny. And if he cannot change the law of life, it is equally nonsensical to speak of his refusing to recognize it, or refusing to obey it. He obeys it, indeed, as blindly as the atom that vibrates under the influence of light, as the moisture that rises to the sun, as the vapor that moves with the wind. He obeys it in his vices as well as in his virtues, —in his crimes as in his self-abnegation,—in his griefs as in his joys—this law which M. Monod may call, if he pleases, the "law of the expansion of the Ego," but which the ancient prophet surely recognized when he penned these strange words: "I am the Lord; creating both Good and Evil!"

Nothing seems so curious in this vain but eloquent essay as the non-recognition of the fact that it is by very virtue of obedience to the law of life these discords occur which M. Monod mourns over. Is not this chiefly because he has considered Nature from a humanly-ethical point of view? Nature has kindnesses indeed; but she is frightfully merciless;—she possesses supreme beauty and yet creates extremes of hideousness; she manifests indeed the justice of an

unsparing judge, but of a judge whose code is framed very differently from the code which regulates the manners of mankind. The Law of Life is everywhere visible as the evolutionist sees it, under the form of a struggle for conservation. It is quite true that we find many individuals physically or intellectually superior to their fellows who do not, —at least knowingly,—attempt to impose their will upon feebler natures; but in the aggregate we know that the strongest and shrewdest men do obtain the lion's share of the good things of life at the expense of their inferiors. All forms of competition, in politics, in art, are vibrations of the same continuous and irresistible movement. Contentment with existing conditions signifies in Nature *inertia*. We progress especially by dissatisfaction; and civilization has been developed by pain. All evils tend to correct themselves; even though new evils be afterwards developed by the change; yet the day that visible evil ceases, progress ends. For ethical purpose, it may be perfectly good policy to teach that happiness can best be sought in obedience to the laws of nature; but the hard truth is that any revolt against nature is impossible, and that we have to obey her, not as we think she ought to be obeyed, but as she ordains it. The knowledge of the law of life would perhaps avail much if we could also fully comprehend our individual relation to the world at large. But how can it ever become possible for a man to know the whole extent of his weaknesses, without also knowing everything regarding the physical, mental and moral capacities of every member of the society in which he belongs? M. Monod seems to have an idea that the business of humanity is to discover as soon as possible what Nature wants, and, by coinciding with her in all things, es-

cape all misfortune. But this is simply advising us to become perfectly familiar with the Infinite. As yet we only know, in the words of Grant Allen "That Life, viewed cosmically, is but a superficial phenomenon, produced by arrested radiation on the outer crust of a cooling nebula. . . ."

A CONCORD COMPROMISE

What is the history of the world? Some nebula, branching luminously through million leagues of darkness begins to bud;—the bud becomes a star-blossom, a flower of white fire. The mighty corolla of flame takes other colors with the passing of innumerable ages—(as we measure time);—finally the flame-petals vanish, and the fruit ripens into a world. With its ripening comes, as it were, a bloom,—the phenomenon of life. In the course of time the bloom also disappears; the world-fruit wrinkles, withers, bursts asunder, and scatters its meteoric dust through the fields of immensity. Science perceives the history of a world only as it perceives the history of an individual life, or an individual plant;—the visible beginning, middle, and ending;—of the invisible beginning, the invisible To-be, it does not know. It recognizes, nevertheless, the existence of some eternal laws governing the evolution of systems and the evolution of mind. It recognizes that the life of the universe,—the life that flames in a hundred million suns,—that pulsates through all the sparklings of the Arch of Stars,—that as luminiferous ether, fills the abysses of space, manifesting itself "in endless metamorphosis as heat, light, or actinism, as magnetism or electricity,"—is the same that quivers in the antennæ of a beetle, or wells up as consciousness in the brain of man. "The whole tendency of modern science," says John Fiske in his new book, "is to impress upon us even more forcibly the truth that the entire knowable universe is an immense unit, animated throughout all its parts by a single principle of life." In the light of these revela-

tions what is to become of the idea of God; and what is to be the creed of the future?

These are the questions which John Fiske attempts to answer with more positivism, but not with less poetry of expression, less exquisiteness of imagery than John Weiss, author of the beautiful book, *American Religion.* In the *Destiny of Man,* published last year, Fiske treated a part of the religious question with rare skill; and after having summarized the teachings of the doctrine of evolution, and illustrated in a few masterly chapters the tendency of human progress, declared his belief in the immortality of the soul. "Human progress," he said, "means throwing off the brute-inheritance,—gradually throwing it off through ages of struggle that are, by and by, to make struggle needless. . . . The ape and the tiger in human nature will become extinct. Theology has had much to say about original sin. This original sin is nothing more than the brute inheritance which every man carries with him, and the process of evolution is in advance toward true salvation." His new book, the *Idea of God,* is a sequel, in which the history of the evolution of that idea is traced from the earliest fetichistic beginnings, through countless developments up to the vaster conceptions of modern metaphysicians and philosophers. The tendency of intellectual development, he believes, is in the direction of pure theism: —he professes himself to be such a theist. But this pure theism is so nearly *pantheism* that he tells us upon page ii of his preface he hesitated for some time whether to call his conception pantheistic or not. On pp. x, xi, xii, however, he more clearly defines the difference between his own views and those of pantheists. Pantheism, he tells us, "is the doctrine that "all things are manifestations of an

Omnipresent Energy which cannot be in any imaginable sense *personal or anthropomorphic;*—out from this eternal source of phenomena all individuals proceed, and into it they must all ultimately return and be absorbed. The events of the world have an orderly progression, but not toward any goal recognizable by us." Fiske's own belief differs from this only in that he holds the Omnipresent Enegry to be "in some way anthropomorphic or quasi-personal," and that the "orderly progression of events is *toward a goal recognizable by human intelligence.*" And this, according to Mr. Fiske, is the tendency of modern thought. As an eloquent presentation of the history of the evolution of an Idea, this little book has perhaps no rival; but as a philosophical stone contributed to the building of a new religious edifice, it is likely, we fear, to be rejected by the builders of the future. Mr. Fiske does not sustain his views with anything resembling the unswerving force of Prince's terrible book, *The Nature of Mind and Human Automatism;* and the gross materialism of the latter work is all the more liable to affect thinking minds, because the *Idea of God* is not a potent argument against it. The criticisms on Fiske (pp. 67–69) in Prince's book, have not been noticed;—probably the author includes Prince among "those minds inaccessible to the considerations here alleged."

Mr. Fiske's views may be summarily stated thus:—The teachings of evolution reveal to us an uninterrupted movement toward a more perfect state of things; and justify us in the belief that the universal being,—Force, Spirit, God, or whatever other word we call that being by,—is a moral being, through whom we may attain perfection. There is a purpose visible in the laws by which intelligence is developed—vaguely visible, but still discernible as good and

wise. The pantheism of evolution is not, therefore, incompatible with the idea of personality; and Mr. Fiske believes in a being to be prayed to, and a soul to be immortal.

But is this really the result of the teachings of evolution?—is it not rather a fond clinging to older beliefs,—to religion with its consolations? When Mr. Fiske uses the terms "purpose," "design," and speaks of the "Power that makes for righteousness," does he not use strictly common anthropomorphic terms in reference to the Omnipotent, and present us with an image equally anthropomorphic? True, he says in his preface that the manifestation of the Omnipresent Energy is "in some way,—albeit in a way quite above our finite comprehension,—anthropomorphic and quasi-personal"; and he also states that "the total elimination of anthropomorphism from the idea of God is impossible." But once we acknowledge that our ideas of the Omnipresent Energy are anthropomorphic, it becomes seemingly contradictory to speak of any anthropomorphism as "quite above our finite conception," since it exists only by virtue of the finite character of that conception; and when we read on page 145 that the entire universe is an immense unit animated by a single principle of life, it becomes difficult indeed to comprehend the declaration on page 116 of the author's former work: "I believe in the immortality of the soul." If, as he tells us in contradictory Chapter XI, "the knell of anthropomorphic theism has already sounded," how can he continue to speak of a divine "purpose," a "design,"—even *"a distinct dramatic tendency in the events of the Universe"?* Surely the phrase is far more distinctly pantheistic than Bhartrihari's representation of the Supreme playing a game with himself upon the chessboard of the Universe, with the dice of Time and Destruction!

The general effect of Mr. Fiske's book is that his own expressions of personal faith are totally at variance with the logical sequence of his argument,—a singular contradiction! "Of some things," he says, "we may feel sure. Humanity is not a mere incident in an endless and aimless series of cosmical changes." But why should we feel sure of it?—certainly not because of Mr. Fiske's own declaration,—still less, because of the scientific creed which he preaches! That creed, he acknowledges, teaches that all life is One;—it teaches nothing regarding the permanence of individuality after death. It tells us something about the life and death of worlds,—but for all philosophical purposes nothing more than observation teaches us regarding the visible life and death of animals or plants. It speaks, beautifully indeed, regarding "a Universe of Mind-stuff," but nothing concerning finite and immortal souls. If it suggests possibilities they are certainly vague as the alleged saying of Renan, that although man has no soul now, *he might have one some day;*—as though by the very craving after immortality, a soul might be developed at last. If we have a right to believe that the world is progressing toward perfection, what are we told regarding the character and durability of that perfection? Nothing! The records of vanished worlds, as revealed by what Meunier terms "celestial geology," speak only of inevitable death;—the worlds seem to have their three periods of life like animals or men. The end is the same for all. But is the *visible* end the *final* end? Mr. Fiske thinks not; but he sometimes hesitates. In the *Destiny of Man* (p. 114) he asked: "Are Man's higher spiritual qualities to disappear with the rest? Has all this work been done for nothing? Is it all ephemeral—a bubble that bursts, a vision that fades? For all that science can

tell us, *it may be so;* but I can see no good reason for believing any such thing." He has not improved upon this position in the *Idea of God.* He believes, he says, in the immortality of the soul, although science tells him nothing positive on the subject; and yet it is upon science alone that he professes to base all his other beliefs. Is it not really through religion alone that he believes? As works upon evolution his two latest books are delightful treatises; but as works upon religion they seem, by their confession, self-contradictory, disappointing and insufficient.

John Addington Symonds, in the final chapter of his *Greek Poets,* touches, we think, upon the very point which forms the weakness of Mr. Fiske's book,—the attempt to dogmatize scientifically upon matters of pure faith. Symonds says:

. . ."Man is shown to be among the less important products of the cosmical system. We are no permanent owners, but the brief tenants of our tiny globe. Nor need this terrify or startle us. Each man expects the certainty of his own dissolution. The race must learn that it also is ephemeral. For this our religions have already prepared us. . . . As the universe subsisted countless æons before our birth, so will it survive our loss, and scarcely keep a trace of our existence. . . .

"But that we are is a sufficient proof that we have been and that we shall be. Each act as it has had immeasurable and necessary antecedents, will be fruitful of immeasurable and necessary consequences;—for the web of the world is ever weaving; and to drop a thread in it, is utterly impossible. We have been, we shall be, a part of the eternal complex. *Not, therefore, are we at liberty to assume definite propositions regarding what is called the immortality of the*

soul. To do so in the present state of knowledge would be as much as begging of the question as to dogmatize upon the so-called personality of God. Suspension of judgment is as imperatively demanded of us by science, as faith by the Church. . . ."

There is more philosophy of the strong sort in Symonds' few pages than in Fiske's whole volume. Writers on scientific questions can only afford to meddle with religious ideas at the cost of their own value as scientific authorities.

THE CREOLE PATOIS

I

Although the pure creole element is disappearing from the *Vié faubon,* as creole children call the antiquated part of New Orleans, it is there neverthless that the patois survives as a current idiom; it is there one must dwell to hear it spoken in its purity, and to study its peculiarities of intonation and construction. The patois-speaking inhabitants—dwelling mostly in those portions of the quadrilateral farthest from the river and from the broad American boundary of Canal Street, which many of them never cross when they can help it—are not less *bizarre* than the architectural background of their picturesque existence. The visitor is surrounded by a life motley-colored as those fantastic populations described in the *Story of the Young King of the Black Isles;* the African ebon is least visible, but of bronze-browns, banana-yellows, orange-golds, there are endless varieties, paling off into faint lemon tints, and even dead-silver whites. The paler the shade, the more strongly do Latin characteristics show themselves; and the oval faces, with slender cheeks and low broad brows, prevail. Sometimes in the yellower types a curious Sphinx visage appears, dreamy as Egypt. Occasionally, also, one may encounter figures so lithe, so animal, as to recall the savage grace of Priou's *Satyress.* For the true colorist the contrast of a light saffron skin with dead-black hair and eyes of liquid jet has a novel charm, as of those descriptions in the Malay poem *Bidasari,* of "women like statues of gold." It is hard to

persuade one's self that such types do not belong to one distinct race, the remnant of some ancient island tribe, and the sound of their richly vowelled creole speech might prolong the pleasant illusion.

It must not be supposed, however, that the creole dialect is the only one used by these people; there are few who do not converse fluently in the French and English languages, and to these acquirements many add a knowledge of the sibilant Mexican-Spanish. But creole is the maternal speech; it is the tongue in which the baby first learns to utter its thoughts; it is the language of family and of home. The white creole child learns it from the lips of his swarthy nurse; and creole adults still use it in speaking to servants or to their little ones. At a certain age the white boys or girls are trained to converse in French; judicious petting, or even mild punishment, is given to enforce the use of the less facile but more polite medium of expression. But the young creole who remains in Louisiana seldom forgets the sweet patois, the foster-mother tongue, the household words which are lingual caresses.

Now the colored inhabitants of the *carré* regulate the use of the creole after the manners of their former masters, upon whose time-honored customs they base their little code of urbanity. Let us suppose you are dwelling in one of the curious and crumbling houses of the old quarter of the town, and that some evening while dreaming over a pipe as you rock your chair upon the gallery, the large-eyed children of the habitation gather about you, cooing one unto the other in creole like so many yellow doves. Invariably you will then hear the severe maternal admonition, "Allons, Marie! Eugène! faut pas parler créole devant monsieur; parlez Français, donc!" Creole must not be spoken in the pres-

ence of "monsieur"; he must be addressed in good French, the colonial French of Louisiana that has been so much softened by tropicalization.

The general purpose of these little sketches will not admit of any extended linguistic dissertation, otherwise it would be a pleasant task to follow the foot-prints of many philological harvesters, and glean something in fields where French, English, and American scholars have reaped so well. It would be interesting to trace back the origin of the creole to the earlier ages of Latin-American slave colonies, showing how the African serf softened and simplified the more difficult language of his masters, and made to himself that marvelous system of grammar in which philologists have found material for comparison with the tongue of Homer and the speech of Beowulf. But the writer's purpose is to reflect the spirit of existing things rather than to analyze the past, to sketch local peculiarities and reflect local color without treating broadly of causes. It will be sufficient, therefore, to state that the creole patois is the offspring of linguistic miscegenation, an offspring which exhibits but a very faint shade of African color, and nevertheless possesses a strangely supple comeliness by virtue of the very intercrossing which created it, like a beautiful octoroon.

That word reminds one of a celebrated and vanished type —never mirrored upon canvas, yet not less physically worthy of artistic preservation than those amber-tinted beauties glorified in the Oriental studies of Ingres, of Richter, of Gérôme! Uncommonly tall were those famous beauties—citrine-hued, elegant of stature as palmettos, lithe as serpents; never again will such types re-appear upon American soil. Daughters of luxury, artificial human growths, never organized to enter the iron struggle for life unassisted and unprotected,

they vanish forever with the social system which made them a place apart as for splendid plants reared within a conservatory. With the fall of American feudalism the dainty glass house was dashed to pieces; the species it contained have perished utterly; and whatever morality may have gained, one cannot help thinking that art has lost something by their extinction. What figures for designs in bronze! what tints for canvas!

It is for similar reasons that the creole tongue must die in Louisiana; the great social change will eventually render it extinct. But there is yet time for the philologist to rescue some of its dying legends and curious lyrics, to collect and preserve them, like pressed blossoms, between the leaves of enduring books.

The creoles of the Antilles seem to have felt more pride in the linguistic curiosities of their native isles than the creoles of Louisiana have manifested regarding their own antiquities. In Trinidad fine collections of creole legends and proverbs have been made, and an excellent grammar of the dialect published; in Martinique, hymn books, *paroissiens,* and other works are printed in creole; the fables of La Fontaine and many popular French fairy tales have found creole translators in the West Indies, while several remarkable pamphlets upon the history and construction of the West Indian dialects are cited in Parisian catalogues of linguistic publications. But it was not until the French publishers of *Mélusine* showed themselves anxious to cull the flora of Louisiana creole that the creoles themselves made any attempt to collect them. Happily the romantic interest excited throughout the country by George Cable's works stimulated research to further exertion, and even provoked the creation of a Franco-Louisianian novel, written by a creole,

and having a considerable portion of its text in patois. Nevertheless nothing has yet been attempted in Louisiana comparable with the labors of MM. Luzel and Sébillot in Bretagne; no systematic efforts have been made to collect and preserve the rich oral literature of the creole parishes.

The inedited creole literature comprises songs, satires in rhyme, proverbs, fairy tales—almost everything commonly included under the term *folklore*. The lyrical portion of it is opulent in oddities, in melancholy beauties; Alphonse Daudet has frequently borrowed therefrom, using creole refrains in his novels with admirable effect.

Some of the popular songs possess a unique and almost weird pathos; there is a strange naïve sorrow in their burdens, as of children sobbing for lonesomeness in the night. Others, on the contrary, are inimitably comical. There are many ditties or ballads devoted to episodes of old plantation life, to surreptitious frolic, to description of singular industries and callings, to commemoration of events which had strongly impressed the vivid imagination of negroes—a circus show, an unexpected holiday, the visit of a beautiful stranger to the planter's home, or even some one of those incidents indelibly marked with a crimson spatter upon the fierce history of Louisiana politics.

II

One finds among the creole literature many charming apocrypha—popular love songs far too perfect in arrangement and versification to have been created by the uneducated and simple race which invented the creole idiom. The true creole poetry—the slave poetry improvised according to African methods—manifests its origin by the quaint construction of its stanzas, by the simplicity of its images, above

all by the systematized reiteration of sonorous phrases, by a recurrent motive like that of Gottschalk's *Bamboula*:

"Foulard *rivé*
Moin té toujours tini;
Madras *rivé,*
Moin té toujours tini;
Des Indes *rivé,*
Moin té toujours tini:
Capitaine second
Cé yon bon gaçon. . . .

"*Tout moune tini,*
Tout moune yo aimé;
Tout moune tini,
Tout moune yo chéri,
Tout moune tini,
Yo Doudou à yo;
Tousse moin tout seule,
Pas tini cila moin."

This is Guadaloupe, not Louisiana, creole, and is cited only because the writer has not at hand any specimen of the Louisiana creole ditty which offers an equally forcible example of the reiteration of phrases. Whenever in Louisiana creole one finds a poem in which there is no recurrent motive or motives, it is tolerably certain that no colored man composed it. As a specimen of evidently apocryphal creole I may quote a stanza of the song *Dipé mo 'oir toi, Adèle,* which has been set to music:

"Quan' mo pas 'oir toi, Adéle,
Mo senti m'apé mouri;
Mo vini comme ein chandelle

Qui apé allé fini;
Mo pas 'oir rien su la terre
Qui capab dans la rivière
Mo capab dans la rivière
Tété moin pou' pas souffrir."

It will be observed that in each of the quatrains composing the above eight-line stanza the first line rhymes with the third, and the second with the fourth. In true creole poetry such versification is scarcely ever found, although a far simpler form of rhyme is occasionally used. The recurrent motive or theme may change its position with every stanza; it may begin one line and terminate the next; it may disappear and reappear at irregular intervals, like a serpent crawling through a cotton patch, yet it is never totally absent. Veritable creole ballads are usually constructed of very slender material; they contain comparatively few images; but these images are as oddly combined and alternated as the patchwork upon an old-fashioned country bed-quilt:

"Belle Amerikaine,
Mo l'aimin toi!
Belle femme,
Mo l'aimin toi!

"M'allé à l'Havane
Pou coupé canne—
Pou bail toi l'arzan,
Belle Amerikaine!
M'allé à l'Havane, zamie,
Pou coupé canne, zamie,
Pou bail toi l'arzan,
Belle Amerikaine!
Cézaire,

Mo l'aimin toi!
Belle femme
Mo l'aimin toi!" etc.

A popular creole ditty this, with a beautiful melancholy air, yet there is little in it save a reiterated declaration of love for the beautiful "American" *Cézaire* (probably an English-speaking colored stranger), and a promise to cut sugar-cane in Havana, so as to earn money for her. Among the older creole ballads a complete versified narrative may sometimes be found, but not often; the ditty usually presents a series of random fancies, connected only by the recurrent motive spun athwart them. Many of these melodious curiosities must have been lost, for we find numberless refrains wandering about like spirits disembodied, mournful witnesses to the existence of important ballads which have passed away forever. Analysis of these broken remnants often reveals some purely African elements. Old colored folk who remember how to dance the *Congo* and the *Calinda* still chant African choruses, but without knowing the meaning of the words. That such words should be remembered at all is probably due to the influence of fetich beliefs—to faith in the virtue of syllables muttered by Voudoo sorcerers in former times.

The animal fables are worthy of serious attention; they are full of grotesque humor, vivid fancy, and they offer the best material for study of the idiom. Furthermore, they are very rich in household sayings and original proverbs worthy of conservation. Another interesting portion of creole literature is purely satirical, intensely acute, but never positively violent. Among unpublished collections already made in New Orleans I have seen compositions in which

various high and mighty personages of the old *régime* were lampooned with singular audacity, as though creole Louisiana had its periodical Saturnalia, when, as during the Roman festival, slaves might mock their masters *ad libitum*.

The apocryphal creole lyrics—the imitations of the slave songs by native *literati*—are distinguishable from the negro compositions, and possess less chrestomathic value, just as all the Spanish imitations of the *seguiriyas jitanas* are not worth one true gypsy ballad. Still, this *white* creole literature is not without intrinsic beauy, and in several of its best compositions set to music we find odd bits of negro creole occasionally preserved, like rare black pearls beaded with white ones. It is also to be observed that educated masters of the slave idiom have made capital translations into it from other languages, or taken down from dictation by former servants many admirable recitals, legends, ballads. Writing in creole for amusement is less frequent now than it was some years ago, when *Le Carillon* came out weekly with three fourths of its columns in patois. The files of the dead periodical are philologic curiosities, and within them may be found many creole antiquities preserved, like ephemerides in amber. Even lately articles or letters in creole sometimes appear in those extraordinary parish papers printed in French without and in English within. The last creole satire published in *L'Abeille de la Nouvelle-Orléans* was a metrical contribution ridiculing an unpopular sanitarian during the epidemic of 1878.

Among the colored population of the old quarter the creole survives like some plant that has almost ceased to flower, though the green has not yet departed from its leaves. One can find many scattered petals of folklore, few entire blossoms. Education is slowly but surely stifling the idiom.

The later colored generation is proud of its correct French and its public-school English, and one must now seek out the older inhabitants of the carré in order to hear the songs of other days, or the fables which delighted the children of the old *régime*. Happily all the "colored creoles" are not insensible to the charm of their maternal dialect, nor abashed when the invading *Amerikain* superciliously terms it "Gombo." There are mothers who still teach their children the old songs—heirlooms of melody resonant with fetich words—threads of tune strung with *grigris* from the Ivory Coast. So likewise, we need not doubt, are transmitted the secrets of that curious natural pharmacy in which the colored nurses of Louisiana have manifested astounding skill—the secret of fragrant herb medicines which quench the fires of swamp fever, the secret of miraculous cataplasms which relieve congestions, the secret odorous *tisanes* which restore vigor to torpid nerves—perhaps also the composition of those love philters hinted at in creole ballads, and the deadly *ouanga* art as bequeathed to modern Voudooism by the black Locustas of the eighteenth century.

SOME NOTES ON CREOLE LITERATURE

A tiny work just published by the well-known folklorists, MM. Gaidoz and Sebillot at Paris, entitled *Bibliographie des Traditions et de la Litterature popolaire des Frances d'outre-mer,* ought to prove valuable to those interested in the subject of Creole dialects and Creole customs. As a bibliography the little book is certainly incomplete, even according to the prefatory confession of the compilers themselves; but it is absolutely unique in its way, and as the first effort in a totally novel direction, deserves the highest praise. Although containing barely a hundred pages, it certainly opens the eyes of the student to the importance, linguistic and anthropological, of the literature considered, and reveals the recent development of that literature in a decidedly surprising manner.

Not very long ago, an English journal in reviewing a Louisiana work on creole dialect, expressed the opinion that remarkably few books had been written upon the same theme. This writer would perhaps be startled to learn that in the bibliography before us Creole dialect-literature proper represents nearly one-third of the citations given. Moreover it is reasonable to suppose that some fifty titles have been omitted in this first edition: titles of pamphlets, essays, glossaries, and miscellanea. Two Creole catechisms, for example, which we know to have been published in two different Creole dialects, are not mentioned. Nor is the bibliography nearly full in regard to magazine articles and newspaper curiosities. If a new edition of the book should

be issued next year, we might expect to have the Creole department enriched to the extent of nearly one hundred additional titles!

Another noteworthy fact presented to the reader of this bibliography is that the history of Creole literature has two distinctly marked periods. From the beginning of the century to about 1850,—at a time when research could be pursued under peculiarly favorable conditions, and when the various dialects, now becoming obsolete, flourished in all their vigor and picturesque charm,—quite a number of books and treatises upon Creole curiosities, were published. The dates given by MM. Gaidoz and Sebillo show that some of the best work of the kind in existence was done at that time,—contradicting the popular impression that during the period preceding slavery and immediately following it comparatively little interest was felt in such matters. The admirable collection of conundrums in the patois of Mauritius, known as *Cirandane-Caupec,* was published in 1846. The exquisitely clever translation of Lafontaine's fables into Martinique Creole, made by M. Marbot, of the French navy, and published anonymously under the title of *Les Bambous,* was published in the same year, and had a remarkable success in the West Indies. No other translation into Creole was ever characterized by equal artistic skill; and it is safe to say that none ever will be; for the dialect of which Marbot was so wonderful a master has begun to die out. But before Marbot had written Creole, as a dilettante, others had attempted work of a kind more valuable to folklorists in the same field. Victor Schoelcher, in 1841, had printed a collection of Creole proverbs; and Dr. E. Rufz in 1839 had written upon the Creole superstitions, dialect, and domestic medicine of Martinique.

Still earlier, in 1802, Ducœurjoly had published a vocabulary of the San Domingan Creole, which was followed in 1808 by Gregoire's *De la literature des negres.* After Marbot,—(with the exception of translations, made by Catholic priests, of catechisms and prayer-books)—there does not appear to have been anything really remarkable published before Thomas printed his Creole grammar in 1869. Nevertheless M. G. d'Alaur had contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1852 a collection of Haytian proverbs; and Alex. Bonneau had written for the *Revue Contemporaine,* in 1856, an essay on oral literature of the same locality. The date of C. T. Fortune's collection of Creole adages, similes and *bon-mots,* appears to be unknown,—and it might have appeared in the interval; but the first scientific movement in the direction of Creole studies from the time of Ducœurjoly, in 1802, to our own day, was Thomas' *Theory and Practice of Creole Grammar.* Previously publications in this line had been devised mostly for purposes of amusement;—Thomas, however, first attempted to establish, or more correctly, to explain, the grammatical construction of the Creole dialect. Thomas was a colored man himself, and thoroughly familiar with the Creole of Trinidad, his native place; Charles Kingsley speaks highly of him in *At Last.*

The second period of Creole study began with the dying of the Creole itself in the West Indies and Louisiana;—what Thomas had done for the Trinidad patois, Turiault, a better scholar, did still more thoroughly for that of Martinique in 1874; and the brothers Saint-Quentin for that of French Guyana in 1872; and Baissac for that of Mauritius in 1882. Baissac's work on the Mauritian Creole is perhaps the most delightful book of the kind ever written; and he

hopes to do a good deal in the way of folklore collecting. Turiault promises to give us the first important Creole dictionary; but it will probably include only the dialects of Martinique and Gaudaloupe. Simultaneously with these efforts a great number of Creole songs, satires, fables, proverbs, conundrums, music and folklore have been gathered not only in the West Indies, but in Mozambique, Madagascar, Bourbon, Mauritius, Ile de la Reunion, etc., and published by folklorists. Linguistic societies have been founded for the special purpose of collecting and preserving the evanescent curiosities, and eight or ten leading foreign reviews aid the work. It would be interesting here to cite recent publications; but the list would occupy more space than we can afford in this connection.

It is a pity that Louisiana does not fill a larger place in this bibliography, where Dr. Alfred Mercier's name is the only Creole name which seems to have obtained distinction in regard to our patois. . . . We would hazard a suggestion in regard to the Creole stories contributed (only in French to *Melusine* by Loys Bruyère, as specimens of Guyana Creole. One of these (*Compere Tigre et Compere Bouki*)[1]—we recollect distinctly, appeared in the original some years ago, and over the signature of "Pa Lindor" in the Opelousas *Courier*. Their patois was here considered Louisianian. Again, it is to be regretted that the origin of the Creole excerpts credited to the *Meschacebe,* has not been specified in the bibliography. The old files of the *Carillon,* in which so many clever Creole satires appeared, from the pen of William Henry and others, ought not to have been forgotten. It is singular that the most important part of what is being done for the preservation of our dying patois,

[1] This story was translated by Hearn for *The Item.* The editor.

is being done by a German—Dr. Hugo von Schuchardt, of Vienna, who is collecting all the material that he can obtain here through various correspondents. Schuchardt is the greatest living figure in this field of research; for he has applied scientific methods of the most advanced kind to his study of Creole, and prosecutes his undertaking upon a really colossal scale. Not only all the French Creole dialects —including those of the African colonies—have been included in it; but also the multiform Spanish and Portuguese Creoles of the Two Indies. Six of the latter have already been analyzed in the Professor's *Kreolische Studien.*

The bibliography of MM. Gaidoz and Sebillot also shows us that good work is being done in another direction—concerning the origin of Creole negro-music and improvisation. The music of the Congo and many other West-Coast African tribes is being collected by French effort from the original field; and there are already indications that the once celebrated art of our French-speaking negroes in improvising satire may be traced to a Griot origin. With the present immense development of Creole studies and of African folklore, everything in regard to our Louisiana-Creole etymology, and in regard to the superstitions, customs, and chants of the Louisiana slaves promises to become known before very long. In the meanwhile, our local folklorists might do much to aid the labors of their brethren abroad.

THE SCIENTIFIC VALUE OF CREOLE

That recent expansion of Creole studies to which we called attention in a previous issue, has not been due to any other cause than the ethnological and philological interest attaching to the dialect. The old plantation life of the colonies certainly possessed a singular romance; and the dialect which was invented by their slave populations, and became the domestic language of Creole children, owned a remarkable charm of expressiveness and melody; but the romance appealed only to the novelist, and the naïf beauty of the dialect could be appreciated only by those accustomed to speak it themselves, and to hear it spoken with its amusing accompaniment of mimic gesture. The whole picturesque history of the old Creole life would probably have had no worthy and durable record were not the dialect it had created found to possess an absolute unique value for science. To philologists the Creole patois offered the astonishing spectacle of a language transformed and reformed within the brief interval of a century. For the patois of the old French slave-colonies was something very different from what we call "negro-English,"—from the various jargons of the African trading-posts,—from the Dutch-Caffre dialect of the Cape,—from the Malay-Spanish of Java,—from the *langue franque* of Algiers and elsewhere, or from the *bichelamar* of New Caledonia. It differed from all these in possessing a perfectly defined grammatical system, and absolutely symmetrical construction;—it became much more distinctly separated from the mother-French than is Portuguese from

Spanish. Only very exceptional conditions could thus have brought about, within a few generations, a linguistic metamorphosis similar to what had elsewhere required a thousand years to produce. Nor was this all. Having thus created an admirable medium of expression, the slave next formed for himself a peculiar oral literature,—having characteristics as strongly marked as the popular literature of any savage people. The collection and preservation of these compositions are very important for ethnological purposes.

It would seem indeed that the French language possesses some peculiar flexibility and capacity of metamorphosis not inherent to other tongues. The negro had a great variety of masters and a great variety of tongues thrust upon him; yet neither Dutch, nor Spanish, nor Portuguese,—much less English,—seemed to have satisfied his linguistic wants. He manufactured various Creole-dialects from his various Latin masters, while he made only a botch of English and Dutch; but it is certainly curious that he should have thoroughly succeeded only with that one language of all others, which might be considered the medium for the subtlest artistic expression. How supple must be the tongue which could at once express the genius of a Hugo and yet be perfectly transmuted to form the peculiar speech of a population of slaves! So marked, indeed, was the predilection of the blacks for French, that we find the Creole patois became the language of islands and colonies *which never belonged to France.* Witness Trinidad,—which gave philology the first serious attempt at a Creole grammar, and in which Creole was spoken a few years ago by nearly 100,000 people; yet Trinidad was never politically French. But when the Spanish government induced some dispossessed French

planters to emigrate to Trinidad in 1783, the negro-population of the island abandoned Spanish and learned the French Creole, which prevails even to-day—nearly a hundred years since the island was ceded to Great Britain.

Again, a large portion of the inhabitants of Madagascar, on the west coast, speak Creole with still less apparent reason. The patois was imported there by natives who hired themselves out to work for the French sugar-planters of neighboring islands, and the linguistic seed which they sowed upon their return had such a vigorous growth as to strangle the original tongue. And in nearly all the West Indian islands, except those which have always remained under Spanish control, the Creole is the speech of the colored race, as it also is in French Guiana, Mauritius, Bourbon, the Seychelles, etc. It is spoken as well in St. Thomas, which is Danish, as in Guadaloupe. In the Chagos archipelago the establishment of four French cocoa-nut oil establishments, upon the island of Martin-Garcia, sufficed to make Creole the native language. The various forms of Creole spoken in the Indian Ocean differ from the Occidental patois in being adulterated a little with Malgache or Chinese; the West Indian having been affected also by the speech of the imported Coolies; but any Creole negro could make himself understood in any part of the world where Creole is spoken. The comparative variations are astonishingly slight. It may be seen that the history of the Creole patois suggests a remarkably interesting problem in regard to the French language itself. The negro has never been able to effect so wonderful a metamorphosis of any other tongue. And let it be remembered that the form of the patois is solidly fixed and sharply defined, varying

but little in colonies thousands of miles away from each other, and among the descendants of slaves who spoke many different dialects in Africa.

It might be supposed that slavery had little to do with the life of the Creole patois in regard to conversation; forasmuch as the gradual extinction of the dialect in Louisiana would seem due to Americanization, while the prevalence of Creole in certain English Colonies could be attributed to the immense majority of French colored people, or black descendants of French slaves—rendering any linguistic change through the action of a small ruling minority impossible. And nevertheless this would be a false conclusion. In Martinique, Trinidad, and elsewhere, even although the colored element remains vastly in the majority, the patois is rapidly changing, and either turning into French or dying out. Education is the only apparent cause. Creole, as the language evolved by a peculiar social system, proved inadequate to the new conditions;—it was a charming tongue for the nursery when white children were entrusted to negro slaves or servants, and it was a perfect medium of speech for the slaves themselves, who were after all little more than grown up children. With emancipation and the establishment of another order of things there came new educational necessities. Wherever prosperity prevailed and wise government existed, the public school made its appearance; and the colored or black elements of the community were taught to prepare for better things. The public school naturally killed, or is killing Creole in all the places that gave it birth, with the exception of some smaller islands which the educational movement of the nineteenth century has not yet reached.

There are other reasons, also, for believing this patois a

special evolution of the slave-system. The new Creole, or so-called Creole, spoken in the French African colonies of to-day seems to be a sort of jargon only, and, unlike the Louisiana patois, comparable to "negro-English." The negro of those colonies is not sufficiently isolated from native influences to enable him to evolve a complete idiom from the language of the colonists, as he was compelled to do in Louisiana and the West Indies. There can never be a true Senegal Creole, for these reasons; and even supposing the negro-tribes of the country much more Frenchified than at present, the Catholic mission-schools would probably check the evolution of the patois. It has been found serviceable for catechism-work and the teaching of simple prayers; and religious addresses have been made in it elsewhere; but otherwise as an educational medium it could not be serviceable.

A SKETCH OF THE CREOLE PATOIS

Any effort toward the preservation of Louisiana traditions, folklore, colonial manners and customs, linguistic curiosities, etc., in the form of durable literary work, deserves all the encouragement which the local press can afford to bestow upon it; and the endeavor of Professor Alcée Fortier to lay down a basis for something like a comprehensive grammar of the fast-dying Creole dialect, is certainly worthy of notice. It seems to us, however, a slight affectation to apply to this patois the term *Negro-French,* as Mr. Fortier has done, —probably for the mere purpose of saving hypersensitiveness; and we think so because the only reason why the patois has a great philological interest is just because it is *not* Negro-French. Negro-French exists, but it is something quite different; and so long as philology the world over applies to such dialects as that now under consideration the term "Creole," there is no necessity for any euphemisms. The original expression is admirably significative,—as implying not only a form of language, but also the special conditions which gave the language existence.

Mr. Fortier's paper, as reprinted from the *Transaction* of the Modern Language Association of America, concludes with the observation that he "treats of a field new, and almost totally unexplored." But Dr. Mercier's fine essay contributed to the *Comptes-Rendus de l'Athenée Louisianais* of July, 1880 (*Etude sur la Langue Creole en Louisiane*), which Mr. Foster seems not to have heard of, contradicts the assertion. Dr. Mercier made the pioneer-effort in this

direction; and those few eloquent and valuable pages which he contributed to a comparatively obscure Louisiana periodical, are now highly prized by great philologists abroad. Outside of Louisiana, in the Mauritius, the Antilles, and Guyana, other learned men like Dr. Mercier have tilled similar fields so thoroughly as to leave little there for future gleaners. Thomas published 134 pages on the Creole of Trinidad; Turiault, 238 pages on the Creole of Martinique; Baissac, 290 pages on the Creole of Mauritius; Saint-Quentin, 260 pages on the Creole of Guyana;—and such men have so well established by unaided labor, the proper system of philological study for this field, that any master of the Louisiana dialect would only need to familiarize himself with the framework of one of their grammars, in order to begin the construction of a trustworthy and searching treatise upon our own Creole. It is to be regretted that no Louisianian has paralleled the charming work of Turiault or of Baissac, —especially the former, because the Martinique patois so closely resembles ours. And while so many documents exist on Creole dialects closely akin to the Louisianian, one can scarcely consider the subject as "totally unexplored."

The chief merit of Mr. Fortier's paper is that it contains a definite attempt at establishing a grammatical system. Dr. Mercier's brilliant paper did not in this respect aim at precision; although it reviewed the morphology of Creole phrases, and studied out the evolution of singular Creole idioms, after a fashion as purely original as it was delightful. Mr. Fortier simply gives us a tolerably sharp outline of Creole grammar and pronunciation, that, we think, might well be expanded. The Professor has created only a framework, a skeleton,—the ultimate worth of which could only be determined after a complete filling in and filling out. It

appears, for all that, solid and durable; and one cannot help regretting the absence of those examples, illustrations, exercises, poems, parables, conundrums,—which add so greatly to the philological interest of all other Creole grammars. One very pleasing feature of the essay, however, is an apparently successful rendering of a part of the *Song of Roland* into Creole. Twenty-two lines of the sonorous Old French are placed side by side with rhymed Creole equivalents; and the modern dialect has no reason to blush for the comparison.

We find on page 6 [104], this observation:

"My friend, Dr Alfred Mercier, even says that there is a dative in negro [*Negro-French*] imported by the blacks from St. Domingo,—such as 'zié à moin,' my eyes, 'tchor à li,' his heart. *I believe, however, that this mode of speaking is very rare,* and that the possessive adjectives are much more used,—'mo zié,' 'so tchor.' "

In his *Notice Grammaticle et Philologique sur le Creole de Cayene,* M. De St. Quentin very properly observes:

"Aux Antilles, les adjactifs possessifs sont remplacés par les pronoms personnels placés après le substantif: *ce sont des véritable géntifs du pronom.*"

Of the use of similar forms in Louisiana Creole, Mr. Fortier does not doubt. But we have reason to fancy that the "dative" referred to by Dr. Mercier is anything but rare: the writer of this has heard repeatedly. Examples in current Creole songs are numerous:—

La reine à moin, ye mandé pou' moin;—
Bonsoir dono: li temps mo allé. . . .

. . . . . .

Quand mo passé magazin bonbons,
Tchor à moin sauté, *bouche à moin* coulé. . . .

Some of the Creole ballads or songs, from which samples are given, may have been importations from the West Indies; but they are well-known to patois-speaking negroes here.

Ah! maman, guetté blanc-là!—
Mo pas connin ça li di moin;
Mo pas comprend *langage à li*. . . .
. . . . . .
Batiment là!
Qui sous la-bois là,—
Li qu' a minnin
Doudou à moin allé.

Those songs in the Creole patois which are well known to be of West Indian origin are full of instances: there is a fine specimen given by Moreau de Saint-Mery;—and other verses which have been printed at various times in Louisiana papers will be found rich in such examples as *Cœur à moin, Liberte à moin, Zie à li,* etc.

As the author himself confesses, this essay is a very imperfect study; but what there is of it promises well for a fully developed and extended treatise upon the same subject, which we hope sooner or later to see. If the Professor would even fully illustrate the rules he has already laid down, by good examples,—whether colloquial expressions in daily use, or cullings from that oral literature of the negroes which is passing away unwritten,—he would produce something really noteworthy, which philologists on both sides of the ocean might feel serious interest in.

THE SCENES OF CABLE'S ROMANCES [1]

When I first viewed New Orleans from the deck of the great steam-boat that had carried me from gray north-western mists into the tepid and orange-scented air of the South, my impressions of the city, drowsing under the violet and gold of a November morning, were oddly connected with memories of *Jean-ah Poquelin.* That strange little tale and its exotic picturesqueness had considerably influenced my anticipations of the Southern metropolis, and prepared me to idealize everything peculiar and semi-tropical that I might see. Even before I had left the steam-boat my imagination had already flown beyond the wilderness of cotton-bales, the sierra-shaped roofs of the sugar-sheds, the massive fronts of refineries and storehouses, to wander in search of the old slave-trader's mansion, or at least of something resembling it—"built of heavy cypress, lifted upon pillars, grim, solid, and spiritless." I did not even abandon my search for the house after I had learned that Tchoupitoulas "Road" was now a great business street, fringed not by villas but by warehouses; that the river had receded from it considerably since the period of the story; and that where marsh lands used to swelter under the sun, pavements of block stone had been laid, enduring as Roman causeways, though they will tremble a little under the passing of cotton-floats. At one time, I tried to connect the narrative with a peculiar residence near the Bayou Road—a silent wooden mansion with vast verandas, surrounded

[1] In the magazine this article was illustrated with etchings by Pennell.

by shrubbery which had become fantastic by long neglect. Indeed, there were several old houses in the more ancient quarters of the city which might have served as models for the description of Jean-ah Poquelin's dwelling, but none of them is situated in his original neighborhood,—old plantation homes whose broad lands have long since been cut up and devoured by the growing streets. In reconstructing the New Orleans of 1810, Mr. Cable might have selected any one of these to draw from, and I may have found his model without knowing it. Not, however, until the last June *Century* appeared, with its curious article upon the *Great South Gate,* did I learn that in the early years of the nineteenth century such a house existed precisely in the location described by Mr. Cable. Readers of *The Great South Gate* must have been impressed by the description therein given of "Doctor" Gravier's home, upon the bank of the long vanished Poydras Canal,—a picture of desolation more than justified by the testimony of early municipal chronicles; and the true history of that eccentric "Doctor" Gravier no doubt inspired the creator of *Jean-ah Poquelin.* An ancient city map informs us that the deserted indigo fields, with their wriggling amphibious population, extended a few blocks north of the present Charity Hospital; and that the plantation-house itself must have stood near the juncture of Poydras and Freret streets,—a region now very closely built and very thickly peopled.

The sharp originality of Mr. Cable's description should have convinced the readers of *Old Creole Days* that the scenes of his stories are in no sense fanciful; and the strict perfection of his creole architecture is readily recognized by all who have resided in New Orleans. Each one of those charming pictures of places—veritable pastels—was painted

after some carefully selected model of French or Franco-Spanish origin,—typifying fashions of building which prevailed in colonial days. Greatly as the city has changed since the eras in which Mr. Cable's stories are laid, the old creole quarter still contains antiquities enough to enable the artist to restore almost all that has vanished. Through those narrow, multicolored, and dilapidated streets, one may still wander at random with the certainty of encountering eccentric façades and suggestive Latin appellations at every turn; and the author of *Madame Delphine* must have made many a pilgrimage into the quaint district, to study the wrinkled faces of the houses, or perhaps to read the queer names upon the signs,—as Balzac loved to do in old-fashioned Paris. Exceptionally rich in curiosities is the *Rue Royale,* and it best represents, no doubt, the general physiognomy of the colonial city. It appears to be Mr. Cable's favorite street, as there are few of his stories which do not contain references to it; even the scenery of incidents laid elsewhere has occasionally been borrowed from that "region of architectural decrepitude," which is yet peopled by an "ancient and foreign-seeming domestic life." For Louisiana dreamers, Mr. Cable has peopled it also with many delightful phantoms; and the ghosts of Madame Délicieuse, of Delphine Carraze, of 'Sieur George, will surely continue to haunt it until of all the dear old buildings there shall not be left a stone upon a stone.

From the corner of Canal street at Royal,—ever perfumed by the baskets of the flowersellers,—to the junction of Royal with Bienville, one observes with regret numerous evidences of modernization. American life is invading the thoroughfare,—uprearing concert-halls, with insufferably pompous names, multiplying flashy saloons and cheap restau-

rants, cigar stores and oyster-rooms. Gambling indeed survives, but only through metamorphosis;—it is certainly not of that aristocratic kind wherein Colonel De Charleu, owner of "Belles Demoiselles Plantation," could have been wont to indulge. Already a line of electric lights mocks the rusty superannuation of those long-disused wrought iron lamp frames set into the walls of various creole buildings. But from the corner of Conti street,—where Jules St. Ange idled one summer morning "some seventy years ago,"—*Rue Royale* begins to display a picturesqueness almost unadulterated by innovation, and opens a perspective of roof lines astonishingly irregular, that jag and cut into the blue strip of intervening sky at every conceivable angle, with gables, eaves, dormers, triangular peaks of slate, projecting corners of balconies or verandas,—overtopping or jutting out from houses of every imaginable tint: canary, chocolate, slate-blue, speckled gray, ultramarine, cinnamon red, and even pale rose. All have sap-green batten shutters; most possess balconies balustraded with elegant arabesque work in wrought iron,—graceful tendrils and curling leaves of metal, framing some monogram of which the meaning is forgotten. Much lattice-work also will be observed about verandas, or veiling the ends of galleries, or suspended like green cage-work at the angle formed by a window-balcony with some lofty court-wall. And far down the street, the erratic superimposition of wire-hung signs, advertising the presence of many quiet, shadowy little shops that hide their faces from the sun behind slanting canvas awnings, makes a spidery confusion of lines and angles in the very center of the vista.

I think that only by a series of instantaneous photographs, tinted after the manner of Goupil, could the physiognomy of the street be accurately reproduced,—such is the con-

fusion of projecting show-windows, the kaleidoscopic medley of color, the jumble of infinitesimal stores. The characteristics of almost any American street may usually be taken in at one glance; but you might traverse this creole thoroughfare a hundred times without being able to coordinate the puzzling details of its perspective.

But when the curious pilgrim reaches the corner of Royal and St. Peter streets (*Rue Saint Pierre*), he finds himself confronted by an edifice whose oddity and massiveness compel special examination,—a four-story brick tenement house with its walls deep as those of a mediæval abbey, and with large square windows having singular balconies, the iron-work of which is wrought into scrolls and initials. Unlike any other building in the quarter, its form is that of an irregular pentagon, the smallest side of which looks down Royal and up St. Peter street at once and commands, through its windows, in a single view, three street angles. This is the house where 'Sieur George so long dwelt. It is said to have been the first four-story building erected in New Orleans; and it certainly affords a singular example of the fact that some very old buildings obstinately rebel against innovations of fashion, just as many old men do. Despite a desperate effort recently made to compel its acceptance of a new suit of paint and whitewash, the venerable structure persists in remaining almost precisely as Mr. Cable first described it. The cornices are still dropping plaster; the stucco has not ceased to peel off; the rotten staircases, "hugging the sides of the court," still seem "trying to climb up out of the rubbish"; the court itself is always "hung with many lines of wet clothes"; and the rooms are now, as ever, occupied by folks "who dwell there simply for lack of activity to find better and cheaper quarters

elsewhere." Cheaper it would surely be easy to find, inasmuch as 'Sieur George's single-windowed room rents unfurnished at ten dollars per month. There is something unique in the spectacle of this ponderous, dilapidated edifice, with its host of petty shops on the *rez-de-chaussée*,—something which recalls an engraving I once saw in some archæological folio, picturing a swarm of Italian fruit-booths seeking shelter under the crumbling arches of a Roman theater.

Upon the east side of *Rue Royale*, half a square farther up, the eye is refreshed by a delicious burst of bright green —a garden inclosed on three sides by spiked railings, above which bananas fling out the watered-satin of their splendid leaves, and bounded at its eastern extremity by the broad, blanched, sloping-shoulders silhouette of the cathedral. Here linger memories of Padre Antonio de Sedella (Père Antoine), first sent to Louisiana as a commissary of the Holy Inquisition, immediately shipped home again by sensible Governor Miro. But Padre Antonio returned to Louisiana, not as an inquisitor, but as a secular priest, to win the affection of the whole creole population, by whom he was venerated as a saint even before his death. Somewhere near this little garden, the padre used to live in a curious wooden hut; and the narrow, flagged alley on the southern side of the cathedral and its garden still bears the appellation, *Passage Saint Antoine*, in honor of the old priest's patron. The name is legibly inscribed above the show-windows of the Roman Catholic shop on the corner, where porcelain angels appear to be perpetually ascending and descending a Jacob's-ladder formed of long communion candles. The "Pères Jerômes" of our own day reside in the dismal brick houses bordering the alley farther toward Chartres street,—buildings which protrude above the heads

of passers-by, a line of jealous-looking balconies, screened with latticework, in which wicket lookouts have been contrived. On the northern side of garden and cathedral runs another flagged alley, which affects to be a continuation of Orleans street. Like its companion passage, it opens into Chartres street; but on its way it forks into a grotesque fissure in the St. Peter street block—into a marvelous mediæval-looking byway, craggy with balconies and peaked with dormers. As this picturesque opening is still called Exchange alley, we must suppose it to have once formed part of the much more familiar passage of that name, though now widely separated therefrom by architectural reforms effected in *Rue Saint Louis* and other streets intervening. The northern side-entrance of the cathedral commands it,—a tall, dark, ecclesiastically severe archway, in whose shadowed recess Madame Delphine might safely have intrusted her anxieties to "God's own banker"; and Catholic quadroon women on their daily morning way to market habitually enter it with their baskets, to murmur a prayer in patois before the shrine of *Notre Dame de Lourdes*. Jackson Square, with its rococo flower beds and clipped shrubbery, might be reached in a moment by either of the flagged alleys above described; but it retains none of its colonial features, and has rightly been deprived of the military titles it once bore: *Place d'Armes,* or *Plaza de Armas.*

There stands, at the corner of St. Anne and Royal streets, a one-story structure with Spanish tile roof, a building that has become absolutely shapeless with age, and may be torn away at any moment. It is now a mere hollow carcass—a shattered brick skeleton to which plaster and laths cling in patches only, like shrunken hide upon the bones of some creature left to die and to mummify under the sun. An

obsolete directory, printed in 1845, assures us that the construction was considered immemorially old even then; but a remarkable engraving of it, which accompanies the above remark, shows it to have at that time possessed distinct Spanish features and two neat entrances with semicircular stone steps. In 1835 it was the *Café des Réfugiés,* frequented by fugitives from the Antilles, West Indian strangers, filibusters, *révolutionnaires,*—all that singular class of Latin-Americans so strongly portrayed in Mr. Cable's *Café des Exilés.*

At the next block, if you turn down Dumaine street from Royal, you will notice, about half-way toward Chartres a very peculiar house, half brick, half timber. It creates the impression that its builder commenced it with the intention of erecting a three-story brick, but changed his mind before the first story had been completed, and finished the edifice with second-hand lumber,—supporting the gallery with wooden posts that resembled monstrous balusters. This is the house bequeathed by "Mr. John," of the Good Children's Social Club, to the beautiful quadroon Zalli and her more beautiful reputed daughter, 'Tite Poulette. As Mr. Cable tells us, and as one glance can verify, it has now become "a den of Italians, who sell fuel by day, and by night are up to no telling what extent of deviltry." On the same side of Dumaine, but on the western side of Royal street, is another remarkable building, more imposing, larger,—"whose big, round-arched windows in the second story were walled up, to have smaller windows let into them again with odd little latticed peep-holes in their batten shutters." It was to this house that Zalli and 'Tite Poulette removed their worldly goods, after the failure of the bank; and it was from the most westerly of those curious windows

in the second story that Kristian Koppig saw the row of cigar-boxes empty their load of earth and flowers upon the head of the manager of the Salle Condé. Right opposite you may see the good Dutchman's one-story creole cottage. The resemblance of 'Tite Poulette's second dwelling-place to the old Spanish barracks in architectural peculiarity has been prettily commented upon by Mr. Cable; and, in fact, those barracks, which could shelter six thousand troops in O'Reilly's time, and must, therefore, have covered a considerable area, were situated not very far from this spot. But the only fragments of the barrack buildings that are still positively recognizable are the arched structures at Nos. 270 and 272 Royal street occupied now, alas! by a prosaic seltzer factory. The spacious cavalry stables now shelter vulgar mules, and factory wagons protrude their shafts from the mouths of low, broad archways under which once glimmered the brazen artillery of the King of Spain.

A square west of Royal, at the corner of Bourbon and St. Philip streets, formerly stood the famed smithy of the Brothers Lafitte; but it were now useless to seek for a vestige of that workshop, whose chimes of iron were rung by African muscle. Passing St. Philip street, therefore, the visitor who follows the east side of Royal might notice upon the opposite side an elegant and lofty red-brick mansion, with a deep archway piercing its *rez-de-chaussée* to the courtyard, which offers a glimpse of rich foliage whenever the *porte cochère* was left ajar. This is No. 253 Royal street, the residence of "Madame Délicieuse"; and worthy of that honor, it seems, with its superb tiara of green verandas. A minute two-story cottage squats down beside it—a miniature shop having tiny show-windows that

project like eyes. The cottage is a modern affair; but it covers the site of Dr. Mossy's office, which, you know, was a lemon-yellow creole construction, roofed with red tiles. What used to be "the Café de Poésie on the corner" is now a hat store. Further on, at the intersection of Royal and Hospital streets (*Rue d'Hôpital*, famous in creole ballads), one cannot fail to admire a dwelling solid and elegant as a Venetian palazzo. It has already been celebrated in one foreign novel; and did I not feel confident that Mr. Cable will tell us all about it one of these days, I should be tempted to delay the reader on this corner, although Madame Delphine's residence is already within sight.

No one can readily forget Mr. Cable's description of "the small, low, brick house of a story and a half, set out upon the sidewalk, as weather-beaten and mute as an aged beggar fallen asleep." It stands near Barracks street, on Royal; the number, I think, is 294. Still are its solid wooden shutters "shut with a grip that makes one's nails and knuckles feel lacerated"; and its coat of decaying plaster, patched with all varieties of neutral tints, still suggests the raggedness of mendicancy. Even the condition of the garden gate, through which Monsieur Vignevielle first caught a glimpse of Olive's maiden beauty, might be perceived to-day as readily as ever by "an eye that had been in the blacksmithing business." But since the accompanying sketch was drawn, the picturesqueness of the upper part of the cottage has been greatly diminished by architectural additions made with a view to render the building habitable. Over the way may still be seen that once pretentious three-story residence "from whose front door hard times have removed all vestiges of paint," a door shaped like old Eu-

ropean hall doors, and furnished with an iron knocker. It has not been repainted since Mr. Cable wrote his story, nor does it seem likely to be.

Only a few paces farther on yawns the dreamy magnificence of aristocratic Esplanade street, with its broad, central band of grass all shadow-flecked by double lines of trees. There Royal street terminates, Esplanade forming the southern boundary line of the old French quarter.

If the reader could now follow me westwardly along one of the narrow ways leading to the great *Rue des Ramparts,* he would soon find himself in that quadroon quarter, whose denizens still "drag their chairs down to the narrow gateways of their close-fenced gardens, and stare shrinkingly at you as you pass, like a nest of yellow kittens." He would be at once charmed and astonished by the irregularity of the perspective and the eccentricity of the houses: houses whose foreheads are fantastically encircled by wooden parapets, striped like the *foulards* of the negresses; houses, yellow-faced and sphinx-featured, like certain mulatto women; houses which present their profiles to the fence, so that as you approach they seem to turn away their faces with studied prudery, like young creole girls; houses that appear felinely watchful, in spite of closed windows and doors, gazing sleepily at the passer-by through the chinks of their green shutters, as through vertical pupils. Five minutes' work over *banquettes* of disjointed brick-work, through which knots of tough grass are fighting their upward way, brings one to Rampart street, where Mr. Cable found the model for his *Café des Exilés.* It was situated on the west side, No. 219. But hereafter, alas! the visitor to New Orleans must vainly look for the window of Pauline, "well up in the angle of the broad side-gable, shaded by its

rude awning of clapboards, as the eyes of an old dame are shaded by her wrinkled hand." Scarcely a week ago, from the time at which I write, the antiquated cottage that used to "squat right down upon the sidewalk, as do those Choctaw squaws who sell bay and sassafras and life-everlasting," was ruthlessly torn away, together with its oleanders, and palmettos, and pomegranates, to make room, no doubt, for some modern architectural platitude.

A minute's walk from the vacant site of the *Café des Exilés* will bring you to Congo Square, the last green remnant of those famous Congo plains, where the negro slaves once held their bamboulas. Until within a few years ago, the strange African dances were still danced and the African songs still sung by negroes and negresses who had been slaves. Every Sunday afternoon the bamboula dancers were summoned to a wood-yard on Dumaine Street by a sort of drum-roll, made by rattling the ends of two great bones upon the head of an empty cask; and I remember that the male dancers fastened bits of tinkling metal or tin rattles about their ankles, like those strings of copper gris-gris worn by the negroes of the Soudan. Those whom I saw taking part in those curious and convulsive performances—subsequently suppressed by the police—were either old or beyond middle age. The veritable Congo dance, with its extraordinary rhythmic chant, will soon have become as completely forgotten in Louisiana as the significance of those African words which formed the hieratic vocabulary of the Voudoos.

It was where Congo square now extends that Bras-Coupé was lassoed while taking part in such a dance; it was in the same neighborhood that Captain Jean Grandissime of the Attakapas lay hiding—secure in his white man's skin "as if cased in steel"—to foil the witchcraft of Clemence; and it

was there also that a crowd of rowdy American flat-boatmen, headed by "Posson Jone'," of Bethesdy Church, stormed the circus and slew the tiger and the buffalo. Now, "Cayetano's circus" was not a fiction of Mr. Cable's imagining: such a show actually visited New Orleans in 1816 or thereabouts, and remained a popular "fixture" for several seasons. The creole-speaking negroes of that day celebrated its arrival in one of their singular ditties.[1]

[1] Some years ago, when I was endeavoring to make a collection, of patois songs and other curiosities of the oral literature of the Louisiana colored folk, Mr. Cable kindly lent me his own collection, with permission to make selections for my own private use, and I copied therefrom this *chanson créole:*

C'est Michié Cayétane
Qui sorti la Havane
Avec so chouals et so macacs!
Li gagnin ein homme qui dansé dans sac;
Li gagnin qui dansé si yé la main;
Li gagnin zaut' à choual qui boi' di vin;
Li gagnin oussi ein zeine zolie mamzelle
Qui monté choual sans bride et sans selle;—
Pou di tou' ça mo pas capabe,—
Mais mo souvien ein qui valé sab'.
Yé n'en oussi tout sort bétail:
Yé pas montré pou' la négrail
Qui ya pou' douchans,—dos-brulés
Qui fé tapaze,—et pou' birlé
Ces gros mesdames et gros michiés
Qui ménein là tous p'tis yé
'Oir Michié Cayétane
Qui vivé la Havane
Avec so chouals et so macacs.†

† "'Tis Monsieur Gaëtano
Who comes out from Havana
With his horses and his monkeys!
He has a man who dances in a sack;
He has one who dances on his hands;

And whosoever cares to consult certain musty newspaper files which are treasured up among the city archives may find therein the quaint advertisements of Señor Gaëtano's circus and the story of its violent disruption.

But Congo Square has been wholly transformed within a twelvemonth. The high railings and gate-ways have been removed; the weeds that used to climb over the moldering benches have been plucked up; new graveled walks have been made; the grass, mown smooth, is now refreshing to look at; the trunks of the shade-trees are freshly white-washed; and, before long, a great fountain will murmur in the midst. Two blocks westward, the somber, sinister, Spanish façade of the Parish Prison towers above a huddling flock of dingy frame dwellings, and exhales far around it the heavy, sickly, musky scent that betrays the presence of innumerable bats. At sundown, they circle in immense flocks above it, and squeak like ghosts about its naked sentry towers. I have been told that this grim building will soon be numbered among those antiquities of New Orleans forming the scenery of Mr. Cable's romances.

He has another who drinks wine on horseback;
He has also a young pretty lady
Who rides a horse without bridle or saddle:
To tell you all about it I am not able,—
But I remember one who swallowed a sword.
There are all sorts of animals, too;—
They did not show to nigger-folk
What they showed to the trash,—the burnt-backs [*poor whites*]
Who make so much noise,—nor what they had to amuse
All those fine ladies and gentlemen,
Who take all their little children along with them
To see Monsieur Gaëtano
Who lives in Havana
With his horses and his monkeys!"

The scene of perhaps the most singular tale in *Old Creole Days—Belles Demoiselles Plantation*—remains to be visited; but if the reader recollects the observation made in the very first paragraph of the story, that "the old Creoles never forgive a public mention," he will doubtless pardon me for leaving the precise location of "Belles Demoiselles" a mystery, authentic though it is, and for keeping secret its real and ancient name. I can only tell him that to reach it, he must journey far from the creole faubourg and beyond the limits of New Orleans to a certain unfamiliar point on the river's bank, whence a ferryman, swarthy and silent as Charon, will row him to the farther side of the Mississippi, and aid him to land upon crumbling levee erected to prevent the very catastrophe anticipated in Mr. Cable's tale. Parallel with this levee curves a wagon-road whose farther side is bounded by a narrow and weed-masked ditch, where all kinds of marvelous wild things are growing, and where one may feel assured that serpents hide. Beyond this little ditch is a wooden fence, now overgrown and rendered superfluous by a grand natural barrier of trees and shrubs, all chained together by interlacements of wild vines and thorny creepers. This forms the boundary of the private grounds surrounding the "Belles Demoiselles" residence; and the breeze comes to you heavily-sweet with blossom-scents, and shrill with vibrant music of cicadas and of birds.

Fancy the wreck of a vast garden created by princely expenditure,—a garden once filled with all varieties of exotic trees, with all species of fantastic shrubs, with the rarest floral products of both hemispheres, but left utterly uncared for during a generation, so that the groves have been made weird with hanging moss, and the costly vines have degenerated into parasites, and richly cultured plants returned to

their primitive wild forms. The alley-walks are soft and sable with dead leaves; and all is so profoundly beshadowed by huge trees that a strange twilight prevails there even under a noonday sun. The loftly hedge is becrimsoned with savage roses, in whose degenerate petals still linger traces of former high cultivation. By a little gate set into that hedge, you can enter the opulent wilderness within, and pursue a winding path between mighty trunks that lean at a multitude of angles, like columns of a decaying cathedral about to fall. Crackling of twigs under foot, leaf whispers, calls of birds and cries of tree-frogs are the only sounds; the soft gloom deepens as you advance under the swaying moss and snaky festoons of creepers: there is a dimness and calm, as of a place consecrated to prayer. But for their tropical and elfish drapery, one might dream those oaks were of Dodona. And even with the passing of the fancy, lo! at a sudden turn of the narrow way, in a grand glow of light, *even the Temple appears,* with splendid peripteral of fluted columns rising boldly from the soil. Four pillared façades,—east, west, north, and south,—four superb porches, with tiers of galleries suspended in their recesses; and two sides of the antique vision ivory-tinted by the sun. Impossible to verbally describe the effect of this matchless relic of Louisiana's feudal splendors, that seems trying to hide itself from the new era amid its neglected gardens and groves. It creates such astonishment as some learned traveler might feel, were he suddenly to come upon the unknown ruins of a Greek temple in the very heart of an equatorial forest; it is so grand, so strangely at variance with its surroundings! True, the four ranks of columns are not of chiseled marble, and the stucco has broken away from them in places, and the severe laws of architecture have not been strictly obeyed; but these

things are forgotten in admiration of the building's majesty. I suspect it to be the noblest old plantation in Louisiana; I am sure there is none more quaintly beautiful. When I last beheld the grand old mansion, the evening sun was resting upon it in a Turneresque column of yellow glory, and the oaks reaching out their vast arms through ragged sleeves of moss, and beyond, upon either side, the crepuscular dimness of the woods, with rare golden luminosities spattering down through the serpent knot-work of lianas, and the heavy mourning of mosses, and the great drooping and clinging of multitudinous disheveled things. And all this subsists only because the old creole estate has never changed hands, because no spculating utilitarian could buy up the plantation to remove or remodel its proud homestead and condemn its odorous groves to the sawmill. The river is the sole enemy to be dreaded, but a terrible one: it is ever gnawing the levee to get at fat cane-fields; it is devouring the roadway; it is burrowing nearer and nearer to the groves and the gardens; and while gazing at its ravages, I could not encourage myself to doubt that, although his romantic anticipation may not be realized for years to come, Mr. Cable has rightly predicted the ghastly destiny of "Belles Demoiselles Plantation."

THE LAST OF THE NEW ORLEANS FENCING-MASTERS

I

Perhaps there is no class of citizens of New Orleans—the Marseilles of the western world—about whom so little is generally known as our Spanish element. I do not refer to those numerous West Indian and foreign residents who speak Spanish—Cubans, Manilla-men, Mexicans, Venezuelans, natives of Honduras, etc.—or even to our original Spanish Creoles, descendants of those colonists who have left us few traces of the ancient Spanish domination besides a few solid specimens of Latin architecture and a few sonorous names by which certain streets and districts are still known. The old Spanish Creole families exist, indeed, but they have become indistinguishable from the French Creoles, whose language, manners and customs they have adopted. The true Spanish element of modern New Orleans is represented by a community of European immigrants, who preserve among them the various customs and dialects of the mother country, and form an association of about three hundred families. They are more numerous than the Greeks, mostly heavy cotton-buyers and wholesale merchants, who have their own church; more numerous than the Portuguese, who have a large benevolent association; but much fewer than the Italians and Sicilians, who control the whole fruit and fish trade, and own fleets of sailing craft and lines of steamers. Yet, for various reasons, the Spaniards are less publicly visible than the other Latins; they live in the less

frequented parts of the city, they pursue special callings, and form special industrial organizations; they have their own trades-unions, their own benevolent associations, their own priests, physicians, and lawyers, and before 1853 they formed an excellent militia corps, the *Cazadores*. This fine body voluntarily disbanded because of the refusal of the governor to permit them to suppress a great anti-Spanish riot, incited by Cuban refugees. The governor wisely preferred to trust the work of suppression to the cooler-blooded and disinterested American militia, justly fearing the consequences of giving rein to the rage of the Spanish soldiery, mostly Asturians, Catalonians, and Biscayans. Since the disbandment of its military organization the Spanish community, though numerically as strong as ever, has almost disappeared from public view.

Whether Catalonians, Biscayans, Gallegos, Asturians, or men from the Balearic Islands, nearly all these Spaniards are inter-associated as brothers of one order, and Catalan is the prevalent dialect. At their meetings, indeed, Castilian is supposed to be the official tongue; but should any discussion of an exciting nature arise, the speakers involuntarily abandon the precise speech of the *Academia* for the rougher and readier argumentative weapon of dialect.

A great number of these men are in business on their own account; those who are not independent are, for the most part, fresh immigrants or elder sons beginning life; and the trade generally followed is tobacco manufacturing. Many Spaniards own factories. So soon as a young man lays by a certain sum, he marries—usually either a Creole of the poorer class or a European woman, Irish, English, or German—and thus it happens that almost every one of our Spaniards above thirty is the head of a large family.

The New Orleans Spaniard has all the self-reliance, the shrewdness, the economy, and the sobriety of the Italian; he has less patience, perhaps, and is more dangerous to provoke; but strangely enough, crimes of violence are almost unheard of among the Spaniards, while they are fearfully common among our Sicilians, who practice vendetta. Moreover, the Spaniard is rarely found among the criminal classes; if he happens, by some extraordinary chance, to get into trouble, it is because he has used his knife or other weapon, not as a skulking assassin but as an open enemy. Colonel J. A. Fremaux, for many years in command of the second police district, and for many years also captain of the prison, tells me that in all his experience he did not remember a single case of crime among the Spanish immigrants, with the exception of a few assaults made under extreme provocation. In one instance, which appeared at first to form an anomaly, the arrested party proved to be not a Spaniard but a gypsy. Here, as well as elsewhere, the Spaniard is reserved, grave, pacific; but if aroused beyond endurance he becomes a very terrible antagonist. As a rule, he fraternizes with the Creole, but has more or less antipathy for the Cubans and Mexicans, who do not share his patriotism.

There are few Spanish houses in the antiquated portions of the city where a visitor will not observe a certain portrait or photograph—the likeness of a vigorous, keen-eyed man, with a slightly curved nose, long firm lips, facial muscles singularly developed, and a fair beard having that peculiar curl in it which is said to indicate a powerful constitution. The face is a very positive one, though not harsh, and the more you observe it the more its expression pleases. If you should happen to visit a Spanish home in which the photograph is not visible, it is more than probable that

it is treasured away in the *armoire* or somewhere else; it has become one of the Spanish *penates*. But a few years ago it was an even more familiar object in Havana, perhaps also in far Madrid; and the Havanese soldiery, the *voluntarios,* the loyalists, the Spanish ladies, were eagerly purchasing copies at the rate of two *pesos* per copy. Thousands upon thousands were placed in Cuban parlors. Still, the original of that picture, photograph, or engraving (for the likeness of the man has been reproduced in many ways) is not a prince, a diplomat, or a soldier, but a private citizen of New Orleans, a member of our Spanish community. His face is now seldom seen on Canal Street, but he is still a very active and vigorous man, despite his three-score and ten years. He is a hero, and a titled hero who won his fame by sole virtue of those qualities named in enamel upon the golden cross he is privileged to wear: *Virtus et Honore—"Virtus,"* of course, with the good old Roman signification of the word, which is valor.

II

Señor Don José Llulla, or Pepe Llulla, as he is more affectionately styled by his admirers, is a person whose name has become legendary even in his life-time. While comparatively few are intimate with him, for he is a reserved man, there is scarcely a citizen who does not know him by name, and hardly a New Orleans urchin who could not tell you that "Pepe Llulla is a great duelist who has a cemetery of his own." Although strictly true, this information is apt to create a false impression of some connection between Pepe's duels and Pepe's necropolis; the fact being that none of his enemies repose in the Louisa Street Cemetery, which he owns, and that he has never killed enough men

to fill a solitary vault. There is, in short, no relationship between the present and the past occupations of the cemetery proprietor; but before speaking of the former, I may attempt to give a brief outline of the career of this really extraordinary character who won his way to fortune and to fame by rare energy and intrepidity.

Pepe was born near Port Mahon, capital of Minorca, one of those Balearic Islands whose inhabitants were celebrated in antiquity for their skill in the use of missile-weapons, and have passed under so many dominations—Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Moorish, Spanish, French, and English. His own uncommon dexterity in the use of arms, however, does not appear due to any physical inheritance from ancient Balearic forefathers, as he traces back his family to a Moorish origin. This assertion, in view of Pepe's chestnut hair and bluish-gray eyes, would seem untenable unless we reflect that those desert horsemen who first invaded Spain in the cause of Islam were mostly Berbers, kindred of the strange nomads who still preserve their fair skins and blue eyes under the sun of the Sahara—the "Veiled People," who are known afar off by their walk, "long and measured, like the stride of the ostrich." I cannot say that Pepe is really a Berber; but he possesses physical characteristics which harmonize well with the descriptions in Henri Duveyrier's *Les Touareg du Nord;* and Southern Louisiana is full of surprises for the ethnographer. The photograph, which obtained so much celebrity, was taken more than fifteen years ago, and Pepe has but slightly changed since then. He is only a little grayer, and remains very erect, agile, and elastic in his movements; a man about the average height, rather vigorously than powerfully built. He attributes his excellent physical preservation to his life-long abstinence.

No liquor has ever passed his lips, and his nerves still retain the steadiness of youth.

Pepe's imagination was greatly impressed during early boyhood by the recitals of sailors who used to visit his father's home at Port Mahon; and his passion for the sea became so strong as he grew older that it required constant vigilance to keep him from joining some ship's crew by stealth. Finally, when an American captain—John Conklin of Baltimore, I believe—made known in Port Mahon that he wanted an intelligent Spanish lad on his vessel, Pepe's parents deemed it best to allow their son to ship as cabin-boy. He remained several years with the Captain, who became attached to him, and attempted to send him to a school to study navigation, in the hope of making a fine sailor of him. But the boy found himself unable to endure the constraints of study, ran away and shipped as a common seaman. He went with whalers to the Antarctic Zone, and with slavers to the West African coast, and, after voyaging in all parts of the world, entered the service of some merchant company whose vessels plied between New Orleans and Havana. At last he resolved to abandon the sea, and to settle in New Orleans in the employ of a Spaniard named Biosca, proprietor of a ballroom and *café*. Being a very sinewy, determined youth, Pepe was intrusted with the hazardous duty of maintaining order; and, after a few unpleasant little experiences, the disorderly element of the time recognized they had found a master, and the peace of Biosca's establishment ceased to be disturbed.

Pepe soon began to visit the popular fencing-schools of New Orleans. He was already a consummate master in the use of the knife (what thorough Spaniard is not?) but he soon astonished the best *tireurs* by his skill with the foils.

At that time fencing was a fashionable amusement. It was the pride of a Creole gentleman to be known as a fine swordsman. Most of the Creole youths educated in Paris had learned the art under great masters; but even these desired to maintain their skill by frequent visits to the *salles d'armes* at home. Indeed, fencing was something more than a mere amusement; it was almost a necessity. In New Orleans, as in Paris, the passions of society were regulated if not restrained by the duel; and the sword was considered the proper weapon with which gentlemen should settle certain disputes. But the custom of dueling prevailed in New Orleans to an extent unparalleled in France since the period of the Revolution. Creole society in Louisiana was an aristocratic and feudal organization based upon slavery. Planters and merchants lived and reigned like princes; the habit of command and the pride of power developed characters of singular inflexibility; passions, tropicalized under this strong sun of ours, assumed a violence unknown in calmer France, and the influence of combined wealth and leisure aided to ferment them. Three or four duels a day were common; this number was often exceeded; and young men seemed anxious to fight for the mere ferocious pleasure of fighting. A friend tells me this queer reminiscence of the old *régime:* "A party of young Creoles, slightly flushed with wine, are returning from an evening entertainment. The night is luminous and warm; the air perfumed with breath of magnolias; the sward is smooth, level, springy as an English turf. Suddenly one of the party stops, feels the sod with his foot, and, leaping nearly to his own height, vociferates, *'Quel lieu pour se battre!"* (What a place for a fight!) His enthusiasm proves contagious; a comrade proposes that the party shall take all possible advantage of the situation.

Sword-play begins, at first jestingly; then some fencer loses his temper, and the contest at once becomes terribly earnest, to end only with the death of several participants."

The demand for fencing-masters was amply supplied by foreigners and also by some local experts, *maîtres d'armes* whose names are now remembered only by a very few venerable citizens. The most celebrated were L'Alouette, an Alsatian; Montiasse, also an Alsatian and Napoleonic veteran; Cazères, of Bordeaux; Baudoin, of Paris; the two brothers Rosière, of Marseilles; Dauphin, a famous expert (killed at last in a shot-gun duel which he had recklessly provoked). Behind these fading figures of the past, three darker ghosts appear: Black Austin, a free negro, who taught the small-sword; Robert Séverin, a fine mulatto, afterward killed in Mexico, and Basile Croquère (I am not sure that I spell the name correctly), also a mulatto, and the most remarkable colored swordsman of Louisiana. Those of my readers who have not seen Vigeant's beautiful little book, *Un Maître d'Armes sous la Restauration,* may perhaps be surprised to learn that the founder of the modern French school of swordsmanship, and the greatest swordsman of his century, was a mulatto of San Domingo, that famous Jean Louis, who in one terrible succession of duels, occupying only forty minutes, killed or disabled thirteen master-fencers of that Italian army pressed into service by Napoleon for his Peninsular campaign.

III

It was under L'Aoulette that Pepe principally studied; and the fencing-master, finding after a time that his pupil excelled him, appointed him his *prevôt* or assistant. In a succession of subsequent encounters the young man proved

that, though he might have one or two rivals with the foils, he had no real superior among the *maîtres d'armes*. Then he began to study the use of other varieties of weapons; the saber, with which he became the most expert perhaps in the South; the broad-sword, with which he afterward worsted more than one accomplished English teacher. With the foil, which is only a training weapon and allows of a closer play, fine fencers have been able to make some good points with him; but with the rapier or small sword he was almost invulnerable. With firearms his skill was not less remarkable. Pepe's friends were accustomed to hold a dollar in their fingers or a pipe between their teeth for him to shoot at. Twenty years ago he would often balance an egg on the head of his little son, and invariably break the shell with a Colt-ball at the distance of thirty paces; with a rifle he seldom failed to hit any small object tossed in the air, such as a ball, a cork, or a coin.

L'Alouette and his pupil became very warm friends; their intimacy was only once chilled by an unfortunate accident. At a time when the bowie-knife was still a novel arm in New Orleans, L'Alouette insisted upon a public contest with Llulla, the weapons to be wooden bowies with hickory blades. Pepe had no equal, however, in the use of a knife of any sort; and L'Alouette, finding himself repeatedly touched and never able to make a point, lost his temper and made a violent assault on the young Spaniard, who, parrying the thrust, countered so heavily that the fencing-master was flung senseless to the floor with two ribs fractured. But the friendship of the two men was renewed before long, and continued until L'Alouette's death several years later. Llulla, in whose arms he died, succeeded him as a teacher, not only of fencing, but also of the use of fire-arms. He did not, indeed,

teach the knife, but he has often given surprising proofs of his skill with it. A gentleman who is quite expert with most weapons, told me that after having succeeded in persuading Pepe to have a sham contest with him only a few years ago, he received the point of Pepe's mock weapon directly in the hollow of his throat almost at the very first pass, and was repeatedly struck in the same place during five or six vain efforts to make a point. None of the serious contests in which Pepe has engaged lasted more than a few moments; he generally disabled his adversary at the very outset of the encounter.

Although remunerative in those days, the profession of fencing-master did not suit Llulla's energetic character. He kept his *salle d'armes,* but hired assistants, and only devoted so much of his own time to teaching as could be spared from more practical duties. He had already laid down the foundation of his fortune, had brought out from Minorca his mother and brother, had married, and commenced to do business on his own account. Few men have attempted as many different things as he has with equal success. He built slaughter-houses and speculated in cattle; he bought up whole fleets of flatboats and sold the material for building purposes (working all day up to his waist in water, and never getting sick in consequence); he bought land on the other side of the river and built cottages upon it; he built a regular Spanish bull-ring and introduced bull-fights; he bought a saw-mill and made it pay, and finally purchased the Louisa street cemeteries, after accumulating a capital of probably several hundred thousand dollars. During the war he remained faithful to the Union, declaring that he could not violate his oath of allegiance to the *United* States. After the war he bought the island of Grande Terre,

in the Gulf (excepting, of course, the government reservation on which Fort Livingston and the Barataria Light house are situated) a wild, wind-swept place, to which cattle from neighboring islands sometimes swim in spite of the sharks. In summer it is a fine pleasure resort for sea-bathers, and Pepe could never wholly separate himself from the sea.

During all those years Pepe kept his fencing-school, but rather as a recreation than as a money-making establishment. He is now the last of the old fencing-masters, and although he has practically retired from public life will not refuse to instruct (*gratis*) pupils introduced to him by personal friends. For nearly half a century he was the confidant and trainer of New Orleans duellists, and figured as second in more than a hundred encounters. The duello is now almost obsolete in the South; and Creole New Orleans is yielding in this respect to the influences of Americanization. It is fully three years since Pepe's services were last called into requisition.

While his formidable reputation as an expert often secured him against difficulties and dangers to which another in his position would have been exposed, it did not save him from the necessity of having some twenty or more affairs of his own. In half a score of these affairs his antagonists weakened at the last moment, either apologizing on the field or failing to appear at all, and that only after having attempted to take every advantage attached to their privilege of the choice of weapons. One individual proposed to fight with poniards in a dark room; another with knives inside a sugar hogshead; another wanted a duel with Colt revolvers, each of the principals to hold one end of the same pocket-handkerchief; another proposed that lots should be drawn for two pistols—one empty, the other loaded; and a Cuban,

believing no such weapons procurable in New Orleans, proposed to fight with *machétes;* but, to the horror of the man, Pete forthwith produced two *machétes,* and proposed to settle the difficulty then and there, a proposal which resulted in the Cuban's sudden disappearance. Only once was Pepe partly thwarted by a proposition of this sort, when some Havanese filibuster proposed that both principals and witnesses should "fight with poisoned pills," lots to be drawn for the pills. Pepe was willing, but the seconds declared they would not take the pills or permit them to be taken. Several of Llulla's duels were undertaken in behalf of friends, while he was actually acting in the *rôle* of second only, and when one of the principals could not fulfill the duties of the moment. On a certain occasion the second of the opposite side, who was a German fencing-master, declared his principal in no condition to fight, and volunteered to take his place. "We accept," replied Llulla instantly, "but in that case you shall deal, not with my principal but with me!" Ten seconds later the German lay on the ground with a severely gashed arm and both lungs transpierced. It was seldom, however, that Pepe cared to wound an antagonist so severely; and although he has had duels or difficulties with men of most European nationalities, only two men died at his hands, after having placed him under the necessity of killing or being killed. In none of his duels, even at the time when the duel regulated society, was he actuated by other motives than friendship or pride; and the only gift he would ever accept from the man whose part he assumed, was a weapon of some sort. But his admirers have treated him so well in this respect that he now possesses a perfect arsenal, including all kinds, not only of swords but of rifles, pistols, revolvers, poinards, cutlasses, etc., which forms

quite a curiosity in itself. Since the war Pepe has had no personal difficulties, except those assumed in the cause of Spanish patriotism; but these affairs first made him really famous, and form the most interesting incidents of his singular career.

IV

After having long been the headquarters of the Cuban filibusters, New Orleans was violently convulsed, in 1853, by the fate of the Lopez expedition, and serious outbreaks occurred, for the results of which the Spanish government subsequently demanded and obtained satisfaction from the United States. It was Pepe Llulla who at that time saved the Spanish Consul's life, by getting him out of the city safely to the plantation of a compatriot. Pepe's own life was then menaced; and though none ventured to attack him in broad daylight, his determination and courage alone saved him from several night-attempts at assassination. After the Lopez riots the anti-Spanish fury died down to be revived again in 1869 by another Cuban tragedy. But in 1869 the United States garrison was strong, and there was no serious rioting. The rage of the Cuban revolutionaries vented itself only in placards, in sanguinary speeches, in cries of *Death to Spain!* and in a few very petty outrages upon defenseless Spaniards. Pepe Llulla challenged one of the authors of the outrages, who, failing to accept, was placarded publicly as a coward.

Then he resolved to take up the cause of Spain in his own person, and covered the city with posters in English, in French, and in Spanish, challenging all Cuban revolutionaries, either in the West Indies or the United States. This challenge was at first accepted by a number, but seemingly

by men who did not know the character of Llulla, for these Cuban champions failed to come to time, a few declaring they respected Pepe too much to fight him; yet at the same time a number of efforts were made to assassinate him—some by men who seemed to cross the Gulf for no other purpose. Fortunately for himself Pepe has always proved an uncommonly hard man to kill; moreover, he had become so accustomed to this sort of danger that it was almost impossible to catch him off his guard. Even gangs bold enough to enter his house or place of business had been terribly handled; and a party of seven drunken soldiers who once attempted to wreck his establishment left five of their number *hors de combat,* felled by an iron bar. Again, a Mexican, who had hidden behind a door to attack Llulla with a knife, had his weapon wrested from him and was severely beaten for his pains. The Cuban emissaries and others fared no better in 1869. Two men, who concealed themselves in the cemetery at dusk, were unexpectedly confronted with Pepe's pistols, and ordered to run for their lives, which they proceeded to do most expeditiously, leaping over tombs and climbing over walls in their panic. Another party of ruffians met the Spaniard at his own door in the middle of the night, and were ingloriously routed. Once more, hearing that a crowd of rowdies were collecting in the neighborhood after dark with the intention of proceeding to his house, Llulla went out and attacked them single-handed, scattering them in all directions.

At last the Cubans found a champion to oppose to the redoubtable Pepe, an Austrian ex-officer who had entered the Cuban revolutionary service, a soldier of fortune, but a decidedly brave and resolute man. He was a good swords-

man, but considering the formidable reputation of his antagonist, chose the pistol as a weapon more likely to equalize the disparity between the two men. The conditions were thirty paces, to advance and fire at will. When the word of command was given, the Spaniard remained motionless as a statue, his face turned away from his antagonist; while the Austrian, reserving his fire, advanced upon him with measured strides. When within a short distance of Llulla he raised his arm to fire, and at that instant the Spaniard, wheeling suddenly, shot him through both lungs. The Austrian was picked up, still breathing, and lingered some months before he died. His fate probably deterred others from following his example, as the Cubans found no second champion.

The spectacle of a solitary man thus defying the whole Cuban revolution, bidding all enemies of Spain to fight or hold their peace, evoked ardent enthusiasm both among the loyalists of Cuba and the Spaniards of New Orleans. Pepe soon found himself surrounded by strong sympathizers, ready to champion the same cause; and telegrams began to pour in from Spaniards in Cuba and elsewhere, letters of congratulation also, and salutations from grandees. There is something particularly graceful and sympathetic in Spanish praise; and in reading those now faded missives, hung up in pretty frames upon the walls of Pepe's dwelling, I could not help feeling myself some of the generous enthusiasm that breathes in them: *"Felicitamos cordialmente y afectuosamente al pundonoroso y valiente Señor Llulla; ofriciendole, si necessario fuere, nuestras vidas" (Voluntarios de Artilleria). . . . "Los Voluntarios de Cardenas admiran y abrazan al valiente Señor Llulla" (El Commandante*

La Casa). . . . "Felicitamos al Señor Llulla por su noble, generosa, y patriotica conducta, ofriciendole nuestra coöperacion en todos tiempos y lugares."

Such telegrams came fluttering in daily like Havanese butterflies, and solicitations for Pepe's photograph were made and acceded to, and pictures of him were sold by thousands in the streets of the great West Indian City. Meanwhile the Cubans held their peace, as bidden. And then came from Madrid a letter of affectionate praise, sealed with the royal seal, and signed with the regent's name, Don Francisco Serrano y Dominguez, el Regente del Reino, and with this letter the Golden Cross of the Order of Charles III (*Carlos Tercero*), and a document conferring knighthood, *libre de gastos*, upon the valiant son who had fought so well for Spain in far-away Louisiana.

But I have yet to mention the most exquisite honor of all. Trust the Spanish heart to devise a worthy reward for what it loves and admires! From Havana came one day a dainty portrait of Pepe Llulla worked seemingly in silk, and surrounded by what appeared to be a wreath of laurels in the same black silk, and underneath, in black letters upon a gold ground, the following honorific inscription: "A Don Jose Llulla, Decidido Sostenedor de la Honra Nacional entre los Traidores de New Orleans." But that woven black silk was the silk of woman's hair, the lustrous hair of Spanish ladies who had cut off their tresses to wreathe his portrait with! It hangs in the old man's parlor near the portrait of his dead son, the handsome boy who graduated at West Point with honors, and when I beheld it and understood it, the delicious grace of that gift touched me like the discovery of some new and unsuspected beauty in human nature.

THE LAST OF THE VOUDOOS

In the death of Jean Montanet, at the age of nearly a hundred years, New Orleans lost, at the end of August, the most extraordinary African character that ever gained celebrity within her limits. Jean Montanet, or Jean La Ficelle, or Jean Latanié, or Jean Racine, or Jean Grisgris, or Jean Macaque, or Jean Bayou, or "Voudoo John," or "Bayou John," or "Doctor John" might well have been termed "The Last of the Voudoos"; not that the strange association with which he was affiliated has ceased to exist with his death, but that he was the last really important figure of a long line of wizards or witches whose African titles were recognized, and who exercised an influence over the colored population. Swarthy occultists will doubtless continue to elect their "queens" and high-priests through years to come, but the influence of the public school is gradually dissipating all faith in witchcraft, and no black hierophant now remains capable of manifesting such mystic knowledge or of inspiring such respect as Voudoo John exhibited and compelled. There will never be another "Rose," another "Marie," much less another Jean Bayou.

It may reasonably be doubted whether any other negro of African birth who lived in the South had a more extraordinary career than that of Jean Montanet. He was a native of Senegal, and claimed to have been a prince's son, in proof of which he was wont to call attention to a number of parallel scars on his cheek, extending in curves from the edge of either temple to the corner of the lips. This fact seems to me partly confirmatory of his statement, as Berenger-Feraud

dwells at some length on the fact that the Bambaras, who are probably the finest negro race in Senegal, all wear such disfigurations. The scars are made by gashing the cheeks during infancy, and are considered a sign of race. Three parallel scars mark the freemen of the tribe; four distinguish their captives or slaves. Now Jean's face had, I am told, three scars, which would prove him a free-born Bambara, or at least a member of some free tribe allied to the Bambaras, and living upon their territory. At all events, Jean possessed physical characteristics answering to those by which the French ethnologists in Senegal distinguish the Bambaras. He was of middle height, very strongly built, with broad shoulders, well-developed muscles, an inky black skin, retreating forehead, small bright eyes, a very flat nose, and a woolly beard, gray only during the last few years of his long life. He had a resonant voice and a very authoritative manner.

At an early age he was kidnapped by Spanish slavers, who sold him at some Spanish port, whence he was ultimately shipped to Cuba. His West-Indian master taught him to be an excellent cook, ultimately became attached to him, and made him a present of his freedom. Jean soon afterward engaged on some Spanish vessel as ship's cook, and in the exercise of this calling voyaged considerably in both hemispheres. Finally tiring of the sea, he left his ship at New Orleans, and began life on shore as a cotton-roller. His physical strength gave him considerable advantage above his fellow-blacks; and his employers also discovered that he wielded some peculiar occult influence over the negroes, which made him valuable as an overseer or gang leader. Jean, in short, possessed the mysterious obi power, the existence of which has been recognized in most slave-holding com-

munities, and with which many a West-Indian planter has been compelled by force of circumstances to effect a compromise. Accordingly Jean was permitted many liberties which other blacks, although free, would never have presumed to take. Soon it became rumored that he was a seer of no small powers, and that he could tell the future by the marks upon bales of cotton. I have never been able to learn the details of this queer method of telling fortunes; but Jean became so successful in the exercise of it that thousands of colored people flocked to him for predictions and counsel, and even white people, moved by curiosity or by doubt, paid him to prophesy for them. Finally he became wealthy enough to abandon the levee and purchase a large tract of property on the Bayou Road, where he built a house. His land extended from Prieur Street on the Bayou Road as far as Roman, covering the greater portion of an extensive square, now well built up. In those days it was a marshy green plain, with a few scattered habitations.

At his new home Jean continued the practice of fortune-telling, but combined it with the profession of creole medicine, and of arts still more mysterious. By-and-by his reputation became so great that he was able to demand and obtain immense fees. People of both races and both sexes thronged to see him—many coming even from far-away creole towns in the parishes, and well-dressed women, closely veiled, often knocked at his door. Parties paid from ten to twenty dollars for advice, for herb medicines, for recipes to make the hair grow, for cataplasms supposed to possess mysterious virtues, but really made with scraps of shoe-leather triturated into paste, for advice what ticket to buy in the Havana Lottery, for aid to recover stolen goods, for love powers, for counsel in family troubles, for charms by

which to obtain revenge upon an enemy. Once Jean received a fee of fifty dollars for a potion. "It was water," he said to a creole confidant, "with some common herbs boiled in it. I hurt nobody; but if folks want to give me fifty dollars, I take the fifty dollars every time!" His office furniture consisted of a table, a chair, a picture of the Virgin Mary, an elephant's tusk, some shells which he said were African shells and enabled him to read the future, and a pack of cards in each of which a small hole had been burned. About his person he always carried two small bones wrapped around with a black string, which bones he really appeared to revere as fetiches. Wax candles were burned during his performances; and as he bought a whole box of them every few days during "flush times," one can imagine how large the number of his clients must have been. They poured money into his hands so generously that he became worth at least $50,000!

Then, indeed, did this possible son of a Bambara prince begin to live more grandly than any black potentate of Senegal. He had his carriage and pair, worthy of a planter, and his blooded saddle-horse, which he rode well, attired in a gaudy Spanish costume, and seated upon an elaborately decorated Mexican saddle. At home, where he ate and drank only the best—scorning claret worth less than a dollar the *litre*—he continued to find his simple furniture good enough for him; but he had at least fifteen wives—a harem worthy of Boubakar-Segou. White folks might have called them by a less honorific name, but Jean declared them his legitimate spouses according to African ritual. One of the curious features in modern slavery was the ownership of blacks by freedmen of their own color, and these negro slave-holders were usually savage and merciless mas-

ters. Jean was not; but it was by right of slave purchase that he obtained most of his wives, who bore him children in great multitude. Finally he managed to woo and win a white woman of the lowest class, who might have been, after a fashion, the Sultana-Validé of this Seraglio. On grand occasions Jean used to distribute largess among the colored population of his neighborhood in the shape of food —bowls of *gombo* or dishes of *jimbalaya*. He did it for popularity's sake in those days, perhaps; but in after-years, during the great epidemics, he did it for charity, even when so much reduced in circumstances that he was himself obliged to cook the food to be given away.

But Jean's greatness did not fail to entail certain cares. He did not know what to do with his money. He had no faith in banks, and had seen too much of the darker side of life to have much faith in human nature. For many years he kept his money under-ground, burying or taking it up at night only, occasionally concealing large sums so well that he could never find them again himself; and now, after many years, people still believe there are treasures entombed somewhere in the neighborhood of Prieur Street and Bayou Road. All business negotiations of a serious character caused him much worry, and as he found many willing to take advantage of his ignorance, he probably felt small remorse for certain questionable actions of his own. He was notoriously bad pay, and part of his property was seized at last to cover a debt. Then, in an evil hour, he asked a man without scruples to teach him how to write, believing that financial misfortunes were mostly due to ignorance of the alphabet. After he had learned to write his name, he was innocent enough one day to place his signature by request at the bottom of a blank sheet of paper, and, lo! his real

estate passed from his possession in some horribly mysterious way. Still he had some money left, and made heroic efforts to retrieve his fortunes. He bought other property, and he invested desperately in lottery tickets. The lottery craze finally came upon him, and had far more to do with his ultimate ruin than his losses in the grocery, the shoemaker's shop, and other establishments into which he had put several thousand dollars as the silent partner of people who cheated him. He might certainly have continued to make a good living, since people still sent for him to cure them with his herbs, or went to see him to have their fortunes told; but all his earnings were wasted in tempting fortune. After a score of seizures and a long succession of evictions, he was at last obliged to seek hospitality from some of his numerous children; and of all he had once owned nothing remained to him but his African shells, his elephant's tusk, and the sewing-machine table that had served him to tell fortunes and to burn wax candles upon. Even these, I think, were attached a day or two before his death, which occurred at the house of his daughter by the white wife, an intelligent mulatto with many children of her own.

Jean's ideas of religion were primitive in the extreme. The conversion of the chief tribes of Senegal to Islam occurred in recent years, and it is probable that at the time he was captured by slavers his people were still in a condition little above gross fetichism. If during his years of servitude in a Catholic colony he had imbibed some notions of Romish Christianity, it is certain at least that the Christian ideas were always subordinated to the African—just as the image of the Virgin Mary was used by him merely as an auxiliary fetich in his witchcraft, and was considered as possessing much less power than the "elephant's toof." He was in

many respects a humbug; but he may have sincerely believed in the efficacy of certain superstitious rites of his own. He stated that he had a Master whom he was bound to obey; that he could read the will of this Master in the twinkling of the stars; and often of clear nights the neighbors used to watch him standing alone at some street corner staring at the welkin, pulling his woolly beard, and talking in an unknown language to some imaginary being. Whenever Jean indulged in this freak, people knew that he needed money badly, and would probably try to borrow a dollar or two from some one in the vicinity next day.

Testimony to his remarkable skill in the use of herbs could be gathered from nearly every one now living who became well acquainted with him. During the epidemic of 1878, which uprooted the old belief in the total immunity of negroes and colored people from yellow fever, two of Jean's children were "taken down." "I have no money," he said, "but I can cure my children," which he proceeded to do with the aid of some weeds plucked from the edge of the Prieur Street gutters. One of the herbs, I am told, was what our creoles call the "parasol." "The children were playing on the *banquette* next day," said my informant.

Montanet, even in the most unlucky part of his career, retained the superstitious reverence of colored people in all parts of the city. When he made his appearance even on the American side of Canal Street to doctor some sick person, there was always much subdued excitement among the colored folks, who whispered and stared a great deal, but were careful not to raise their voices when they said, "Dar's Hoodoo John!" That an unlettered African slave should have been able to achieve what Jean Bayou achieved in a civilized city, and to earn the wealth and the reputation that

he enjoyed during many years of his life, might be cited as a singular evidence of modern popular credulity, but it is also proof that Jean was not an ordinary man in point of natural intelligence.

NEW ORLEANS SUPERSTITIONS

I

The question "What is Voudooism?" could scarcely be answered to-day by any resident of New Orleans unfamiliar with the life of the African west coast, or the superstitions of Hayti, either through study or personal observation. The old generation of planters in whose day Voudooism had a recognized existence—so dangerous as a motive power for black insurrection that severe measures were adopted against it—has passd away; and the only person I ever met who had, as a child in his colored nurse's care, the rare experience of witnessing a Voudoo ceremonial, died some three years ago, at the advanced age of seventy-six. As a religion —an imported faith—Voudooism in Louisiana is really dead; the rites of its serpent worship are forgotten; the meaning of its strange and frenzied chants, whereof some fragments linger as refrains in negro song, is not now known even to those who remember the words; and the story of its former existence is only revealed to the folklorists by the multitudinous débris of African superstition which it has left behind it. These only I propose to consider now; for what is to-day called Voudooism in New Orleans means, not an African cultus, but a curious class of negro practices, some possibly derived from it, and others which bear resemblance to the magic of the Middle Ages. What could be more mediæval, for instance, than molding a waxen heart, and sticking pins in it, or melting it slowly before a fire, while charms are being repeated with the hope that as the

waxen heart melts or breaks, the life of some enemy will depart? What, again, could remind us more of thirteenth-century superstition than the burning of a certain number of tapers to compel some absent person's return, with the idea that before the last taper is consumed a myserious mesmerism will force the wanderer to cross rivers and mountains if necessary on his or her way back?

The fear of what are styled "Voudoo charms" is much more widely spread in Louisiana than any one who had conversed only with educated residents might suppose; and the most familiar superstition of this class is the belief in what I might call *pillow magic,* which is the supposed art of causing wasting sicknesses or even death by putting certain objects into the pillow of the bed in which the hated person sleeps. Feather pillows are supposed to be particularly well adapted to this kind of witchcraft. It is believed that by secret spells a "Voudoo" can cause some monstrous kind of bird or nondescript animal to shape itself into being out of the pillow feathers—like the *tupilek* of the Esquimau *iliseenek* (witchcraft.) It grows very slowly, and by night only; but when completely formed, the person who has been using the pillow dies. Another practice of pillow witchcraft consists in tearing a living bird asunder—usually a cock—and putting portions of the wings into the pillow. A third form of the black-art is confined to putting certain charms or fetiches—consisting of bones, hair, feathers, rags, strings, or some fantastic combination of these and other trifling objects —into any sort of a pillow used by the party whom it is desired to injure. The pure Africanism of this practice needs no comment. Any exact idea concerning the use of each particular kind of charm I have not been able to discover; and I doubt whether those who practise such fetichism know the

original African beliefs connected with it. Some say that putting grains of corn into a child's pillow "prevents it from growing any more"; others declare that a bit of cloth in a grown person's pillow will cause wasting sickness; but different parties questioned by me gave each a different signification to the use of similar charms. Putting an open pair of scissors under the pillow before going to bed is supposed to insure a pleasant sleep in spite of fetiches; but the surest way to provide against being "hoodooed," as American residents call it, is to open one's pillow from time to time. If any charms are found, they must be first sprinkled with salt, then burned. A Spanish resident told me that her eldest daughter had been unable to sleep for weeks, owing to a fetich that had been put into her pillow by a spiteful colored domestic. After the object had been duly exorcised and burned, all the young lady's restlessness departed. A friend of mine living in one of the country parishes once found a tow string in his pillow, into the fibers of which a great number of feather stems had either been introduced or had introduced themselves. He wished to retain it as a curiosity, but no sooner did he exhibit it to some acquaintance than it was denounced as a Voudoo "trick," and my friend was actually compelled to burn it in the presence of witnesses. Everybody knows or ought to know that feathers in pillows have a natural tendency to cling and form clots or lumps of more or less curious form, but the discovery of these in some New Orleans households is enough to create a panic. They are viewed as incipient Voudoo *tupileks*. The sign of the cross is made over them by Catholics, and they are promptly committed to the flames.

Pillow magic alone, however, is far from being the only recognized form of maleficent negro witchcraft. Placing

charms before the entrance of a house or room, or throwing them over a wall into a yard, is believed to be a deadly practice. When a charm is laid before a room door or hall door, oil is often poured on the floor or pavement in front of the threshold. It is supposed that whoever *crosses an oil line* falls into the power of the Voudoos. To break the oil charm, sand or salt should be strewn upon it. Only a few days before writing this article a very intelligent Spaniard told me that shortly after having discharged a dishonest colored servant he found before his bedroom door one evening a pool of oil with a charm lying in the middle of it, and a candle burning near it. The charm contained some bones, feathers, hairs, and rags—all wrapped together with a string —and a dime. No superstitious person would have dared to use that dime; but my friend, not being superstitious, forthwith put it into his pocket.

The presence of that coin I can only attempt to explain by calling attention to another very interesting superstition connected with New Orleans fetichism. The negroes believe that in order to make an evil charm operate it is necessary *to sacrifice something*. Wine and cake are left occasionally in dark rooms, or candies are scattered over the sidewalk, by those who want to make their fetich hurt somebody. If food or sweetmeats are thus thrown away, they must be abandoned without a parting glance; the witch or wizard must not look back while engaged in the sacrifice.

Scattering dirt before a door, or making certain figures on the wall of a house with chalk, or crumbling dry leaves with the fingers and scattering the fragments before a residence, are also forms of a maleficent conjuring which sometimes cause serious annoyance. Happily the conjurers are almost as afraid of the counter-charms as the most superstitious

persons are of the conjuring. An incident which occurred recently in one of the streets of the old quarter known as "Spanish Town" afforded me ocular proof of the fact. Through malice or thoughtlessness, or possibly in obedience to secret orders, a young negro girl had been tearing up some leaves and scattering them on the sidewalk in front of a cottage occupied by a French family. Just as she had dropped the last leaf the irate French woman rushed out with a broom and a handful of salt, and began to sweep away the leaves, after having flung salt both upon them and upon the little negress. The latter actually screamed with fright, and cried out, "Oh, pas jeté plis disel après moin, madame! pas bisoin jeté disel après moin; mo pas pé vini icite encore" (Oh, madam, don't throw any more salt after me; you needn't throw any more salt after me; I won't come here any more.)

Another strange belief connected with these practices was well illustrated by a gift made to my friend Professor William Henry by a negro servant for whom he had done some trifling favor. The gift consisted of a "frizzly hen" —one of those funny little fowls whose feathers all seem to curl. "Mars'r Henry, you keep dat frizzly hen, an' ef eny niggers frow eny *conjure* in your yard, *dat frizzly hen will eat de conjure.*" Some say, however, that one is not safe unless he keeps two frizzly hens.

The naughty little negress at whom the salt was thrown seemed to fear the salt more than the broom pointed at her. But she was not yet fully educated, I suspect, in regard to superstitions. The negro's terror of a broom is of very ancient date—it may have an African origin. It was commented upon by Moreau de Saint-Méry in his work on San Domingo, published in 1796. "What especially irritates the negro," he wrote, "is to have a broom passed over any part

of his body. He asks at once whether the person imagined that he was dead, and remains convinced that the act shortens his life." Very similar ideas concerning the broom linger in New Orleans. To point either end of a broom at a person is deemed bad luck; and many an ignorant man would instantly knock down or violently abuse the party who should point a broom at him. Moreover, the broom is supposed to have mysterious power as a means of getting rid of people. "If you are pestered by visitors whom you would wish never to see again, sprinkle salt on the floor after they go, and sweep it out by the same door through which they have gone, and they will never come back." To use a broom in the evening is bad luck: *balayer le soir, on balaye sa fortune* (to sweep in the evening is to sweep your good luck away), remains a well-quoted proverb.

I do not know of a more mysterious disease than muscular atrophy in certain forms, yet it is by no means uncommon either in New Orleans or in the other leading cities of the United States. But in New Orleans, among the colored people, and among many of the uneducated of other races, the victim of muscular atrophy is believed to be the victim of Voudooism. A notion is prevalent that negro witches possess knowledge of a secret poison which may terminate life instantly or cause a slow "withering away," according as the dose is administered. A Frenchman under treatment for paralysis informed me that his misfortune was certainly the work of Voudoos, and that his wife and child had died through the secret agency of negro wizards. Mental aberration is also said to be caused by the administration of poisons whereof some few negroes are alleged to possess the secret. In short, some very superstitious persons of both races live in perpetual dread of imaginary Voudoos, and

fancy that the least ailment from which they suffer is the work of sorcery. It is very doubtful whether any knowledge of those animal or vegetable poisons which leave no trace of their presence in the blood, and which may have been known to some slaves of African birth, still lingers in Louisiana, wide-spread as is the belief to the contrary. During the last decade there have been a few convictions of blacks for the crime of poisoning, but there was nothing at all mysterious or peculiar about these cases, and the toxic agent was invariably the most vulgar of all—arsenic, or some arsenious preparation in the shape of rat poison.

II

The story of the frizzly hen brings me to the subject of superstitions regarding animals. Something of the African, or at least of the San Domingan, worship of the cock seems to have been transplanted hither by the blacks, and to linger in New Orleans under various metamorphoses. A negro charm to retain the affections of a lover consists in tying up the legs of the bird to the head, and plunging the creature alive into a vessel of gin or other spirits. Tearing the live bird asunder is another cruel charm, by which some negroes believe that a sweetheart may become magically fettered to the man who performs the quartering. Here, as in other parts of the world, the crowing hen is killed, the hooting of the owl presages death or bad luck, and the crowing of the cock by day presages the arrival of company. The wren (*roitelet*) must not be killed: *c'est zozeau bon Dié* (it is the good God's bird)—a belief, I think, of European origin.

It is dangerous to throw hair-combings away instead of burning them, because birds may weave them into their nests, and while the nest remains the person to whom the hair

belonged will have a continual headache. It is bad luck to move a cat from one house to another; seven years' bad luck to kill a cat; and the girl who steps, accidentally or otherwise, on a cat's tail need not expect to be married the same year. The apparition of a white butterfly means good news. The neighing of a horse before one's door is bad luck. When a fly bothers one very persistently, one may expect to meet an acquaintance who has been absent many years.

There are many superstitions about marriage, which seem to have a European origin, but are not less interesting on that account. "Twice a bridesmaid, never a bride," is a proverb which needs no comment. The bride must not keep the pins which fastened her wedding dress. The husband must never take off his wedding ring: to take it off will insure him bad luck of some kind. If a girl who is engaged accidentally lets a knife fall, it is a sign that her lover is coming. Fair or foul weather upon her marriage day augurs a happy or unhappy married life.

The superstitions connected with death may be all imported, but I have never been able to find a foreign origin for some of them. It is bad luck to whistle or hum the air that a band plays at a funeral. If a funeral stops before your house, it means that the dead wants company. It is bad luck to cross a funeral procession, or to count the number of carriages in it; if you do count them, you may expect to die after the expiration of as many weeks as there were carriages at the funeral. If at the cemetery there be any unusual delay in burying the dead, caused by any unlooked-for circumstances, such as the tomb proving too small to admit the coffin, it is a sign that the deceased is selecting a companion from among those present, and one of the mourners must soon die. It is bad luck to carry a spade through a

house. A bed should never be placed with its foot pointing toward the street door, for corpses leave the house feet foremost. It is bad luck to travel with a priest; this idea seems to me of Spanish importation; and I am inclined to attribute a similar origin to the strange tropical superstition about the banana, which I obtained, nevertheless, from an Italian. You must not *cut* a banana, but simply break it with the fingers, because in cutting it you *cut the cross*. It does not require a very powerful imagination to discern in a severed section of the fruit the ghostly suggestion of a crucifixion.

Some other creole superstitions are equally characterized by naïve beauty. Never put out with your finger the little red spark that tries to linger on the wick of a blown-out candle: just so long as it burns, some soul in purgatory enjoys rest from torment. Shooting-stars are souls escaping from purgatory: if you can make a good wish three times before the star disappears, the wish will be granted. When there is sunshine and rain together, a colored nurse will tell the children, "*Gadé! djabe apé batte so femme.*" (Look! the devil's beating his wife!)

I will conclude this little paper with selections from a list of superstitions which I find widely spread, not citing them as of indubitable creole origin, but simply calling attention to their prevalence in New Orleans, and leaving the comparative study of them to folklorists.

Turning the foot suddenly in walking means bad or good luck. If the right foot turns, it is bad luck; if the left, good. This superstition seems African, according to a statement made by Moreau de Saint-Méry. Some reverse the conditions, making the turning of the left foot bad luck. It is also bad luck to walk about the house with one shoe on and one shoe off, or, as a creole acquaintance explained it to me,

"c'est appeler sa mère ou son père dans le tombeau" (It is calling one's mother or one's father into the grave). An itching in the right palm means coming gain; in the left, coming loss.

Never leave a house by a different door from that by which you entered it; it is "carrying away the good luck of the place." Never live in a house you build before it has been rented for at least a year. When an aged person repairs his or her house, he or she is soon to die. Never pass a child through a window; it stops his growth. Stepping over a child does the same; therefore, whoever takes such a step inadvertently must step back again to break the evil spell. Never tilt a rocking-chair when it is empty. Never tell a bad dream before breakfast, unless you want it "to come true"; and never pare the nails on Monday morning before taking a cup of coffee. A funny superstition about windows is given me in this note by a friend: *"Il ne faut pas faire passer un enfant par la fenêtre, car avant un an il y en aura un autre"* (A child must not be passed through a window, for if so passed you will have another child before the lapse of a year.) This proverb, of course, interests only those who desire small families, and as a general rule creoles are proud of large families, and show extraordinary affection toward their children.

If two marriages are celebrated simultaneously, one of the husbands will die. Marry at the time of the moon's waning and your good luck will wane also. If two persons think and express the same thought at the same time, one of them will die before the year passes. To chop up food in a pot with a knife means a dispute in the house. If you have a ringing in your ears, some person is speaking badly of you; call out the names of all whom you suspect, and

when the ringing stops at the utterance of a certain name, you know who the party is. If two young girls are combing the hair of a third at the same time, it may be taken for granted that the youngest of the three will soon die. If you want to make it stop raining, plant a cross in the middle of the yard and sprinkle it with salt. The red-fish has the print of St. Peter's fingers on its tail. If water won't boil in the kettle, there may be a toad or a toad's egg in it. Never kill a spider in the afternoon or evening, but always kill the spider unlucky enough to show himself early in the morning, for the old French proverb says:

"Araignée du matin—chagrin;
Araignée du midi—plaisir;
Araignée du soir—espoir"

(A spider seen in the morning is a sign of grief; a spider seen an noon, of joy; a spider seen in the evening, of hope).

Even from this very brief sketch of New Orleans superstitions the reader may perceive that the subject is peculiar enough to merit the attention of experienced folklorists. It might be divided by a competent classifier under three heads: I. Negro superstitions confined to the black and colored population; II. Negro superstitions which have proved contagious, and have spread among the uneducated classes of whites; III. Superstitions of Latin origin imported from France, Spain, and Italy. I have not touched much upon superstitions inherited from English, Irish, or Scotch sources, inasmuch as they have nothing especially local in their character here. It must be remembered that the refined classes have no share in these beliefs, and that, with a few really rational exceptions, the practices of creole medicine are ignored by educated persons. The study of creole

superstitions has only an ethnological value, and that of creole medicine only a botanical one, in so far as it is related to empiricism.

All this represents an under side of New Orleans life; and if anything of it manages to push up to the surface, the curious growth makes itself visible only by some really pretty blossoms of feminine superstition in regard to weddings or betrothal rings, or by some dainty sprigs of child-lore, cultivated by those colored nurses who tell us that the little chickens throw up their heads while they drink to thank the good God for giving them water.

A STUDY OF HALF-BREED RACES IN THE WEST INDIES

The history of the half-breed races of the West Indies,—especially of the French West Indies,—although one of the most poignant and interesting in the great general history of American colonization, has never been separately written—and is to be divined, rather than studied, from the works of colonial writers. It is, in brief, the story of a strange struggle to become white. The greatest error of slavery was that which resulted in the creation of the mixed races—the illegitimate union between the white master and the African woman, whose offspring remained slaves by law. One might imagine that under any normal condition the offspring of union between a savage and a civilized race—even supposing both to be at war—would prove an element of reconciliation. But nothing more strongly reveals the abnormal character of slavery as a social institution in the West Indies, under the Code Noir, than the fact that everywhere the half-breed race sprang up as an all-powerful element of discord, and finally appeared in the rôle of an enemy of whites and blacks alike—forcing the parent races apart forever. Hated or dreaded in return on both sides, it devised means to utilize the morally feebler kindred so as to outwit and finally dominate the morally stronger. By its superior intelligence and cunning, it was able to illuminate the simple minds of the blacks as to the injustice of their condition, and separate them morally from their owners by destroying that credulous idea of duty and that artificial sentiment of filial affection which the old patriarchal system had culti-

vated with some success. Later on, by its own power of mutinous obstinacy and occasional surprising displays of aggressiveness, it could compel the master class to compromise with it. The proud white life in its veins—fierce with resentment, sullen, distrustful, and daring—betrayed a persistence of purpose that nothing could break down. Then followed a long, slow, wicked game of political chess play. Treachery and resolve, duplicity and courage, were forces often brought into play by the weaker side. Perhaps the charges of cruelty, perfidy, and ingratitude made against the men of color may have been well based; but the race was only what the morals of its fathers and the pressure of circumstances had made it; and its aggressive vice represented only the consequence of crime avenging the crime in Nature's way—the way that is never clearly foreseen by the criminal. Never were the men of color frankly despised by the whites —they were feared; the very epithet, "infâme mulatre" is a cry of hate. Long before the great insurrection of Santo Domingo, far-seeing writers had predicted the ruin of the colony by the vengeance of its half-breeds. Old West Indian histories and narratives of travel teem with prophecies against them, and warnings of their future advent to power as a calamity. For it was early perceived by clear minds that the men of color would become the leaders or advisers of the blacks so soon as it could serve their ends,—certainly not because the African loved the man of color, whom he already jibed or satirized in a host of cruel proverbs,[1] but

[1] Ex.: "Mulattoes are dogs: once they have a woollen suit of clothes, they deny their mothers were negresses" (Martinique). . . . "Milatt ka batt, cabritt ka mò,"—when the mulattoes fight, the goats get killed,—seems only ludicrous until we know that in a Martinique mouth the word cabritt also means a young woman. In Trinidad they say: "Give a mulatto an old horse, he will tell you his mother was not a negress. Similar

because he understood his mental superiority and secret hate of the white, and so could trust him for vengeance. But the black never seemed inclined to trust him further: he might combine with him for a common aim; that aim secured, the bond was quickly broken. After the Haytian uprising, the negro hastened to rid himself of his dangerous ally by exterminating the race. The African mind was keen enough to perceive that through the colored element two evils might return upon him—either a second caste-domination, or restoration of foreign power by treachery. The hommes-de-couleur had never hesitated to sacrifice the African for their own interest; to become socially white appeared to them an end justifying any means, and the negroes knew it! Perhaps the condition of Hayti might have become far superior to what it now is, but for the frightful massacres made by Dessalines; yet the instinct that inspired those massacres was not at fault as the instinct of a race which had no reason to love civilization—knowing only that sort of civilization which had once sentenced to death every human being above six years of age in the island!—and desired only to resume its original habits and African mode of life.

What saved Martinique from a parallel period of horror, massacre, and race extermination was the capture of the island by the English on the 27th March, 1794. They held and governed it well for eight years, restoring slavery, but also restoring order and inculcating humanity, and leaving after them a few words adopted into the patois, and a gentle, grateful legendary memory in the popular mind of mild, firm justice, much gold, and superb scarlet uni-

proverbs exist in the patois of Guadeloupe, Louisiana, Hayti, Cayenne, and Mauritius.

forms. Guadeloupe was similarly disciplined in spite of a more successful resistance, and no doubt similarly saved. There was an attempt to save Santo Domingo, but the English forces were inadequate.

It was in these French islands that, as a freedman, prior to his acquisition of full political rights, the man of color appeared at his worst under that grinding social pressure which always made his way more difficult the higher he could climb. Some of his strange attitudes may have been due to the necessity of duping the growing suspicion of the still omnipotent aristocracy. We read of his displaying extraordinary zeal in the cause of oppression, much mercilessness as a slave-owner, unquestioned valor as a soldier fighting against liberty and the revolution, reckless energy as a volunteer in the quelling of revolt or the capture of runaway negroes: he even figures in some brutal episode of endeavor to silence the advocacy of emancipation by measures of blood! Yet all the while, in spite of outward appearances, the slave and the half-breed freedman secretly understand each other. At last, under Louis Philippe, full political rights are accorded to all freedmen. Almost at once the attitude of the class begins to change. The man of color extends hands to the slave, begins to flatter him—even presumes to scowl upon the master. Soon he becomes unmistakably aggressive; but he has consolidated his power to an extent that makes him dangerous to meddle with. Finally he gives open support to the advocates of emancipation, and schemes with all his power, both abroad and at home, to hasten the day of liberty and universal suffrage—the hour of his triumph and revenge. And he succeeds! He declares himself champion and savior of his black kindred, and turns to that kindred with

the command: "You shall act and vote as I bid you: sharpen your cutlasses." Then facing the white creole, he declares: "You shall now give me every privilege of absolute social equality, or I will crush you. I offer you my aid." The offer is worth considering, for the white is at last checkmated: without that proffered aid he knows himself powerless to control the black. The aristocrats of Guadeloupe wisely compromise; those of Martinque refuse. As a consequence, after desperate but vain struggles, they find themselves politically paralyzed and socially crushed. No white vote has any value in any election; no white can rise to office; and the once all-powerful class of planters are beginning to learn that, through the working of a cunningly devised scheme of taxation, their enemies can slowly and surely exhaust their financial resources, can ultimately even oust them from all their birthrights.

II

The influence of the colored race in bringing about emancipation has been vehemently denied, and might, perhaps, be plausibly contested by a certain presentation of facts. Yet I venture the theory that to the people of color the abolition of the right of property in human flesh was primarily due, not because they worked for such abolition voluntarily as individuals striving for a visible aim, but because they worked for it unknowingly and sacrificially, through race-instinct only. In the first place, they formed as a body the great living testimony to slavery's worst sin; and that testimony, it seems to me, more than any other, brought in the courts of human conscience, and then in the courts of governments, the conviction and condemnation of the sin itself. Their very existence tended above

all else to kindle the world's shame of slavery as a vice; while the force, beauty, and intelligence of the race conquered the sympathy of humanity. There are many evidences in the pages of anti-slavery literature to show that the writer was thinking of the man of color while pleading for the negro, whose nature he never clearly understood.

In the next place, the history of the race in its own habitat affords singular confirmation of the theory advanced. Everywhere the grace and charm of its women won the love of the masters and, through love, wealth and freedom from actual servitude. Everywhere, by its women, it not only multiplied with surprising rapidity, even while the death-rate among the blacks constantly exceeded the birth-rate, and secured liberty without race equality, but ultimately recognition as a separate caste which had to be counted with in all political affairs. Then, through its men, by alternate menace and diplomacy, it wrested every remaining right, even the right to become white politically, though not socially according to creole notions. This local denial of race-equality, forcing the men of color into political antagonism, involved the combination of blacks and freedmen in the triumphant battle against slavery.

Finally, the old argument of the advocates of slavery—that the negro, even in his own country, was born into slavery; that in those countries which furnished blacks to the colonies bondage had been a natural condition of great masses of population from time immemorial—deserves fresh consideration in this regard. For it has also been often averred that the negroes would have always remained manageable but for the influence of the men of color. Was it not, then, wholly through these that the African slaves learned the injustice of their bondage and found the moral

power to rebel? Certainly, from whatever direction studied, the story of West-Indian slavery yields evidence that the twofold part—unconscious as well as deliberate—taken by the colored race in aid of the great movement of emancipation has never yet been fully recognized.

III

The declaration of liberty in Martinique was received scarcely in time to avert a general massacre of whites. Already the chief city was in the hands of the mountain negroes, who had burned some thirty whites alive, almost under the eyes of the French soldiery (compelled to remain inactive by the orders of an infamous governor, himself a mere puppet in the hands of the men of color.) Blood was already flowing elsewhere, and fires bickering high from the ruins of devastated plantations. Calm was restored; but universal suffrage followed the donation of freedom, and the situation of the small white population became more and more difficult with each passing season. Hundreds of creoles abandoned the country forever; for those who remained there was no hope but in cheerful acceptance of the new conditions; all who could not bend to them were broken by them or forced to emigrate. The second empire brought some alleviation; but with the fall of Napoleon III. the war of caste hate reopened, and the whites a second time found themselves crushed; crushed so hopelessly as to voluntarily abandon all part in politics. As a rule, the white creole of the city, the creole of the new generation, has no thought above commercialism and no object in life beyond the will to live. He lives according to the fashion of his fathers, inheriting their faults but not their fiery energy and pride; he usually complains of the domination of the colored race,

but nevertheless has colored children. Public opinion permits a certain form of concubinage. It is not regarded as a social offense to enter into such a relation with the colored race, provided one does not take that relation too seriously. Perhaps many frailties are overlooked which would be overlooked nowhere outside of the colonies. There is only one line no white creole can cross without leaving his race behind him—the marriage line. Foreigners, however, marry without scruple into the ranks of the *sangs-mêlés,* and, so far as I could learn, seldom find any reason to regret it.

Meanwhile, to those who refuse to adapt themselves to the new conditions, the race of color repays scorn for scorn, accusation by diatribe, and vituperation by an argument of equal value but greater efficacy—brute force! Woe to the white who strikes a mulatto! His life, in the streets of Saint-Pierre at least, is instantly at the mercy of a mob. For pride of caste, the men of color devised an exquisite humiliation. They boldly called into question that boasted race-integrity which had been at once the source of haughtiness and the irrefragable obstacle to conciliation. In the Paris journals they found place for declaration that there were no real whites in Martinique, except foreigners,—that all families reputed white had been, at some time or other, crossed with African blood. Many further vexations had to be borne; for several years each public holiday was made the occasion of hostile demonstrations against the whites of the city; and their refusal to decorate or illuminate their houses in honor of the republic was taken ample advantage of. It is not so now, but there were formerly holidays during which certain whites were regularly persecuted. On the Fête de la Republique, while a colored mayor addressed

an enthusiastic people, and the national flag ran up above the mairie to the crash of the Marseillaise by a military band, and the doors of the great building were opened to admit all citizens to look at the portrait of Schœlcher within—Schœlcher the French abolitionist, Papa Schœlcher who has become a sort of fetich-god with the black Martiniquais,—on that day the white creoles were almost held prisoners in their houses. The ceremony continues, but the whites are no longer annoyed in honor of the destruction of the Bastile.

In Guadeloupe, when the whites cheerfully accepted the republic (they had no such memories of 1848 to make them hate it, as the Martiniquais certainly have), the men of color and the whites can stand together in the cause of law and order. Curiously enough, it is not so in Martinique. Not many years ago Saint-Pierre was menaced with a repetition of the terror of 1848; and there was some effort toward a rapprochement of castes in view of the impending peril. The city was already almost at the mercy of a mob; and at any instant the mountain negroes might make a descent. But in the most trying moment the whites found themselves practically deserted. The mob had clamored that the point at issue was a race question; and the men of color withdrew as a body, leaving the white volunteers and a few gend'armes to face the uprising alone.

Yet in spite of the memories of the past and the resentments of the present, the colored race would honestly welcome any definite movement toward conciliation on the part of the creole white; for the struggle to become white is not yet over. Still it is difficult to surmise how such a movement could now be attempted; for the original caste question has become complicated with the political question,

with the educational question, with the church question, with a dozen other problems, to a degree that would require many pages merely to outline. Nevertheless, the white creoles will eventually be forced either into some sort of rapprochement or out of the colony. No change of government, no change of masters for the island, no possible change in colonial policy, can now ever effect the re-establishment of any social distinctions solely based on blood origin: the day of such distinctions has passed for all the West-Indian colonies. Furthermore there are at least five men of color to one white; and in less than a generation, supposing present conditions to remain otherwise unchanged, the higher class of colored men will be better educated, better cultivated, better fitted in every way to take their chances in life than their white competitors. There is no hope for the white caste. Already its conservatism seems really to have no more significance than that of race instinct struggling against absorption. So long as it can continue to form a compact social body, it will oppose reconciliation as endangering race integrity; yet it is not likely to be able to maintain such organization very long. And here we are brought face to face with one particularly powerful influence against social fusion, the influence of woman.

The white creole woman, forced into cruel rivalry with the woman of color, after a manner repulsive to her every sentiment and instinct, must naturally exert her influence to the utmost against any measure which could tend, however indirectly, to conditions further endangering race purity. In woman the instinct of race conservatism is infinitely subtle and more far-seeing than any pride or prejudice of man. The colored woman gladly seeks union with the white, for the sake of the result to her progeny,

and the white woman recoils from the least approach toward social relationship of any sort with the mixed race as tending to future possibilities of race degradation. The more the white element is threatened with absorption or disintegration by its environment, the stronger her manifestations of aversion and the positivism of her opposition. Yet she must feel her race doomed to pass away. She cannot hope for its reinstatement as an aristocracy, nor can she imagine it now capable of holding its own in the colonies; but she holds justly, according to her instincts, that its absorption is something infinitely more to be dreaded than its annihilation.

WEST INDIAN SOCIETY OF MANY COLORINGS

Whoever has read much concerning the West Indian colonies has doubtless acquired some idea of the wonderful diversity of colors presented by its races of mixed blood—colors which under the sun of the tropics assume a vividness unknown in the southern part of the United States among our own half-breed citizens. He has also learned, no doubt, of the attempt to classify these race colors under nine principal divisions—ranging up from black or nearly black through bronze reds and coppery browns and fruit yellows to the dead ivory white of the *sang-mêlé*. He has also surmised perhaps that the shades must vary almost as indefinably as varies the proportion of white to black blood in each ascending combination. But he must go to the colonies himself to learn that each individual of mixed race has his own particular color—discernible to creole eyes only, not to the inexperienced eyes of a stranger. He is made aware of the fact, is convinced of it beyond question—though his own retinal sensitiveness be too feeble to record such infinitesimal differences of tint. And after a residence of some years in the colony which I visited he would become equally convinced of the fact that the shadings and the intershadings of the social question are scarcely less multiple and complex than the differences of skin-tint; and that every individual of mixed race has also his particular social color or difference of imagined local value—also indistinguishable by a stranger but understood by creoles. In brief he learns

that the social question is complicated to a degree impossible to be conceived much less explained in detail.

It might seem for example quite a clear and simple statement that the white element, outside of politics at least, still occupies the acknowledged summit of the social scale under the old slave title of békés, signifying both master and white. But there are four or five distinct classes of whites to be accounted for without reference to others more or less indistinct. There are the old creoles, who form a tolerably compact class, nearly all if not all of whom are fathers of colored children and strongly opposed to race conciliation. There are the young creole whites having a separate organization and some tendency to assume a softer attitude. There are the foreign whites who affect to sympathize with the old whites, and the foreign whites who overtly sympathize with the race of color and are not afraid or ashamed to marry into it. There are the independent whites who succeed in pleasing everybody so far as it is possible to please by offending nobody. There are also the men of color suffered to pass for white by white suffrage although their origin is known. There are lastly those white men of color who compel respect by their character, wealth and education, and who do not care what the old whites think or do not think. These men can be white in Paris; they do not care about being white in Martinique; they know their own value and can teach whenever necessary the art of scorn to provincial scorners. All of the above are classed by the people as békés; and all whites except those foreign whites allied by marriage or by political sympathy with the race of color, can be said to form a caste, definitely outlined at its summit, and grading down into indefiniteness through its base.

The French governor, the government employees sent out from the mother country, the military and naval forces and the magnificent Gendarmerie Coloniale (forming at once a mounted police and a veteran soldiery) simply represent government machinery and have no real part as whites in the motley life of the island. But it is worthy of remark that so far as local influence can move the levers of that machinery, it is the hand of the man of color which is the motive force. Indeed under the republic the men of color have been able to compel a change in the governorship. As individuals moreover the government employees, devoid of colonial prejudices, generally give evidence of natural as well as political sympathy with the people, and always at least of indifference to white conservative notions. As a machinery the government has certainly done nothing however toward the pacification of party passions or the conciliation of races—rather the reverse, perhaps a good deal the reverse. The conseil général elected by universal suffrage really regulates all local affairs; and the French republic does not concern itself about the result. The white creoles have practically no representation either in the colonial government or at Paris since the senators and deputies are also elected by universal suffrage; and the result has not been altogether favorable to local prosperity. Certainly when Mr. Froude wrote his *English in the West Indies*—an admirably truthful and lucid review of the condition of the British islands—he could have known very little of French West-Indian policy under the republic or he would never have attempted to compare it with that regulating the neighboring English colonies. Imagine the condition of Demerara or Trinidad if the native blacks could vote the taxes through the universal suffrage system

while the white taxpayers could obtain no representation or exert any influence in the election!

The self-avowed colored element is if anything doubly as complex in its social structure as the white: there are the men of color who have assumed and still maintain the frankly aggressive position to white conservatism, to religious conservatism and to political conservatism; these are the real rulers of the colony. Then there are the men of color who although refused social fraternity by the whites, express sympathy with them. Then there are the men of color who remain strictly neutral in regard to the race question. (As to political divisions among the colored men themselves the general social question is not affected by them.) Finally there are the colored people representing the various industries and callings, still more divided by subdivisions of race sympathy or race hostility, and forming outside of the race question two curious castes chiefly exemplified through the customs of the women: those who dress in European fashion and those faithful to the old Martinique fashions,—the 'femme en foulard' and the 'femme en chapeau' especially. The general tendency, I much regret to say, is toward the abandonment of the beautiful old costumes. For the time being the 'femme en chapeau' imagines that to do certain kinds of work however well paid would disgrace her European dress. On the other hand among the 'femmes en foulard,' who cling to the old manners and dress, there is a class who will work only for békés and a class who will work for anybody able to pay them. But even among the poorest the question of origin and relation to white ancestry however remote is full of importance; and I know nothing in this artless childish life more touching than the brave, innocent pride with which a

colored girl will refer to that white father whose name she is not allowed to bear.

Another innocent source of pride particularly among the uneducated class is the ability to speak French. For at an early date the negro composed according to African ideas of verbal expression, a beautiful and picturesque patois totally unintelligible to French ears and forced this dialect upon his masters. It has become the language of the island and of its local commerce. There is not a white creole in the colony who does not speak it perfectly: he learned it doubtless as a baby from the gentle black nurse who gave him milk and whom he loves with all his heart in spite of his pride and his conservatism. It is still a rare thing to hear French spoken in the streets except between whites; and those women of color, brought up in white families, who learned the more complex tongue by ear alone have certainly some right to be proud of this acquisition. The public school however is going to make French the city speech in another generation. At all times the creole spoken in the city resembled French more than the creole spoken in the country; and even to-day the stranger who flatters himself that he has been able to learn creole in Saint-Pierre may be astonished to find that the language of the bitaco or country negro remains so mysterious for him as to need an interpreter. It is not really so different as he supposes however: the difference largely consists in the fact that the city creole pronounces the dialect like French and the bitaco does not. Only one born and brought up in the colony can speak the patois perfectly in all its varieties. Intelligent foreigners may learn to speak it well enough for all practical purposes but never well enough not to betray the fact that they are foreigners. It is largely a language of

allusions and suggestions, and only the most thorough familiarity with colonial life past and present can render intelligible a host of phrases in daily use which literally translated into French appear meaningless.

Just as public education will surely destroy the poetry and simplicity of popular speech, substituting the harder subtler and more nervous French for that child tongue now more often termed *nègue* than creole, so will politics surely destroy the poetry or simplicity of the old colonial life. For there was an intimate inner domestic life never stirred by caste prejudices and political antagonisms—a patriarchal life which despite various evils inherent to it was characterized by a tenderness and sympathy full of human poetry. Enveloping all the exotic relations of the old social system, like a beautiful vague mist, there once existed something, difficult to describe but very sweet to feel—an atmosphere of gentleness and trust akin to love. It has not even yet wholly vanished, but has shrunk down so as to be visible only under special conditions and in particular localities, as a dead world's remnant of air envelope might be discernible only in occultation. In at least four cases out of five the creole master regarded his household slaves as adopted children and felt a kind of paternal affection for them. It was never among these household slaves that the spirit of revolt or discontent made progress, but among the freedmen and the mass of black plantation-hands who knew the master chiefly through his overseer. At heart the creole slave-owner could never have felt unkindly to the race unless himself singularly depraved; his childhood with its happiness and his youth with its loves were passed among it; manhood usually found him a father of colored children. His abandonment of these at a certain time of life was

forced upon him by social custom; but the chief individual cruelty of slavery must have expended itself at an early period of colonial history. Later on the immediate personal suffering involved by these relationships became less than might be imagined; there was little consciousness of wickedness on one side and scarcely more than a faint sense of wrong upon the other. Moral sensibility had been deadened by time and custom: the acute primal disorders had begun to assume a milder chronic form. Necessarily the children were the chief sufferers: whether enslaved or freed, their white blood unfitted them to bear the conditions of caste life; and out of their suffering and struggle was that unnatural race hate born which still prevails and which will force the original masters of the colony to abandon their native land. Ishmael and Hagar driven from the paternal roof have returned to banish Abraham and Sarah to the wilderness.

But otherwise it would be an error to suppose that white masters were harsh and cruel. It was the fashion to be kind—a fashion having its origin perhaps in stirrings of conscience, and enforced to a considerable degree by common sentiment. No system of positive harshness could ever have produced that gentleness, respectful but loving docility, and studied desire to please which still distinguish the artless, and still characterize a large class of the old-fashioned colored population, but which are disappearing with the present generation.

Everything indeed worth remembering in the old life is passing away. The present social confusion in the cities points to the near approach of total disintegration—the breaking up of castes into classes; and the absurd multiplication of these by fission indicates that prejudices of race

can survive only as in certain South American republics—in the personal pride of families. The original force which maintained the totally artificial equilibrium of the old social organism having been removed, the immediate tendency to segregation reveals the operation of a natural law which no change in French colonial policy can check. But we have been hitherto considering especially the struggle of the colored race to become white; it remains now to speak of another great disintegrating force at work which threatens to annul all the bitterly earned gains of that struggle.

II

Outside of this fantastic city life, yet vaguely related to it through the darker castes and dominating it from all the mornes and peaks of the lofty interior, swarms the great black reserve, the mass of the old African element, always multiplying and strengthening; modified wondrously by climatic forces as to vigor and thew, but with thoughts and habits scarcely changed by the centuries. Not even the keen mulatto, with all his double racial experience, knows its heart to the core. Pacific, it seems only a great curious artless foolish people, a world of children overgrown. Yet within one brief day if touched by some sudden fanaticism it can exercise the terror and the destructive fury of a hurricane, miming the pitilessness and the deafness, the blindness and the cruelty, of a natural force. And tropical nature herself will be with it in whatsoever day political mismanagement or political indifference shall abandon the remnant of colonial civilization to its mercy. It seems to hold the future in its grasp. Even as a slave race it found everywhere power to exert not less than to receive modification, influencing the habits, the morals, the

imagination, the language of its master. Emancipated, it resists further change; it now has become itself the modifying instead of the modifiable race element of the western tropics. Yet magic is the only earnest belief which governs its life, and hunger the only impulse that still holds it in partial obedience to industrial direction. It is ever pressing harder and harder upon the resources of city existence, sending down its strong men and women to take their chances in that struggle for the survival of the fittest becoming yearly more desperate with increase of population. It can be used as a brute force by unscrupulous political schemers; but those who have already used it recklessly may learn when too late, as others before them in the previous century, that once too often evoked it may follow its own dark instincts after some terrible manner contrary to all prevision. Since the period of emancipation its attitude has become more and more ominously sullen; it has certainly no desire now to become white. It has learned its place and power in relation to the nature surrounding it; and it is satisfied to remain black and strong and free to speak its scorn of a yellow skin. In short it has returned to the condition of race consciousness; it is dreaming new dreams, and who may say in what manner those dreams may move it?

We believe to-day in human psychical unity. But surely it is doubtful whether we will ever become wise enough to know the soul of another race as we know our own—that soul which is the result of a totally different ancestral experience. We may discern much—the higher and finer part perhaps more readily than the lower and grosser—of emotional specialization in races visibly allied to us; yet always even in Celt and Latin and Scandinavian there re-

mains something which surprises and which we cannot understand. How much less can we understand those races oppositely conditioned from time immemorial and so differentiated from us in language, habit, color, anatomy that even their physical relationship to white humanity remains a matter of scientific discussion? Who knows the primeval feeling underlying the outward artlessness of the black?—Who knows the African soul?

. . . Sometimes as you follow a mountain road sloping upward between high peaks to reach the blue heart of the island you hear a strange sound—a weird alternation of pattering and booming, now sharp as a reverberation of distant volley firing, now an abysmal muttering. The first time you hear it you will certainly rein in your horse to listen. It is the beating of an African drum, the tapping of a ka or tamtam by fingers of iron. As you draw nearer, the sense of a marvellous rhythm bursts upon you—a rhythm unlike anything you ever heard or imagined before. It brings to you a singular shock—the sudden knowledge that you have entered into a world not your own and that a soul is speaking in that savage rhythm, uttering syllables of a tongue which you do not know but which stirs something ghostly within you like a thought forgotten for a million years. And at last when the full sound storms and bounds in beating eddies about you, you feel a wild excitement of which you are almost ashamed; all your animal life struggles and throbs in response to that exultant barbaric measure. . . . If you could fully know why, you might know also the mystery of a race.

. . . Pitiful and cruel even thus vaguely outlined must seem this story of a great wrong and its singular expiation, this story of human error and human suffering which is the

record of the struggle to become white. How much more pitiful could one know the details of its unwritten tragedies and comprehend how in those ruined paradises of the western world, under a sky tender as love itself, one gladly turns from man to nature! . . . Above all the sorrow and the loss, above the pettinesses and passions and absurdities of strife, above the past and present, above the coming and the vanishing of races, the eternal peaks towering in their wraps of cloud sublimely mock the instabilities of governments and the follies of civilization. Man perishes but nature remains; beautiful with a weird beauty unknown to northern eyes; nourishing her green life indifferently with substance of master and slave; and mingling in the sap of her palms and ceibas at last the dust of the heart that hated and the heart that loved.

A WINTER JOURNEY TO JAPAN

I

—"Want a sleigh, sir?"

My first impressions of Montreal begin with the audition of this question—pronounced in a strong Old-Country accent,—as I step from the railroad depot, not upon Canadian soil, but on Canadian ice. Ice, many inches thick, sheets the pavements; and lines of sleighs, instead of lines of hacks, wait before the station for passengers. No wheeled vehicles are visible,—except one hotel omnibus: only sleighs are passing. They have for me quite an unfamiliar picturesqueness. The driver's seat is fantastically high; and from behind it hangs down a great blanket or buffalo-robe, broad as the vehicle itself. It serves for a screen to keep the wind from blowing in one's face: above it only the driver's cap of fur and the back of his head are to be perceived by looking up. . . .

It is quite cold, but beautifully clear: a pale blue sky arches cloudlessly overhead;—and gray Montreal lies angled very sharply in the keen air. Over the frozen white miles of the St. Lawrence, sleighs are moving—so far away that it looks like a crawling of beetles; and beyond the further bank, where ice cakes make a high white ridge, a line of purplish hills rises into the horizon. The city is very solid and very gray—a limestone city largely: comfortable, conservative-looking. Nothing that strikes the eyes has a foreign aspect,—except a few old French houses recalling memories of New Orleans: the newer and larger

buildings awake remembrances of New York and Philadelphia in their less modern quarters.

I do not obtain any strong sensation of being actually in Canada until I pass by hazard through an emigrant car while looking for a "sleeper," the Yokohama, which is to carry me to far-away Vancouver. A vague vision of berths through a warm lamp-lighted atmosphere, scented with tobacco smoke, comes to me as I open the door, together with a tumult of strange French speech,—a French thickened with gutturals and peculiar nasal tones,—very different from the soft speech of creoles. A rough tongue—harshened perhaps by those climate influences which make all populations of this Northern world rugged and forceful.

. . . It is nearly eight thousand miles from here to Japan, by this shortest of all Western routes to the Orient; and with fair weather, I shall see Yokohama in about three weeks. Most of us can remember a time,—not so very long ago,—when such a journey would have been a journey of many weary months. Nevertheless what we now think rapid traveling, will certainly within a few years seem very slow. Faster steamers and swifter trains will make the circuit of the world in thirty days a possible feat within the present generation. Only the completion of the Russian trans-Asiatic road to Vladivostok is needed to create the possibility. Taking London, the world's commercial capital, for a starting-point, the following rates of time predicted will be found easily realizable:—

	Days.	Hours.
London to Liverpool, by rail.....	0	5
Liverpool to Quebec, by fast steamer.....	6	0

	Days.	Hours.
Quebec to Vancouver, by rail, at 30½ miles an hour	4	0
Vancouver to Vladivostok, by fast steamer, making 18 knots	10	18
Vladivostok to St. Petersburg, by rail, at 25 miles an hour	11	11
St. Petersburg to London	2	20
	35	6

A total of thirty-five days, six hours! But these calculations include slow stages of travel. Forty miles an hour on the two great transcontinental roads will reduce the time by more than five days; and such time will certainly be made in answer to commercial necessities. Already steamers swift as the great Atlantic vessels are being constructed for the great Pacific run.

Thus, by mechanical suppression of time, the planet is ever being made smaller for us.

Perhaps, when it shall have begun to seem too small, man will turn more readily to the study of that vaster world within himself,—whose deeps are yet unsounded and untraveled, whose only horizon is the infinite. . . .

So dreaming, I feel the train rushing through the darkness; the long journey has begun.

II

Morning. Heavily snowing out of a heavy gray sky. White drifts line the way. Beyond them, on either side, is a waste of low growths,—young black spruce and dwarf birch—straight as lances; the silvery bark of the birch, strongly relieved against the somber spruce, gives their leafless shapes the aspect of poles stuck in the snow.

So bordered the line rises and sinks, by long slow stages, through white valleys, and between white hills. From time to time settlements are passed: clusters of cottages and stores of unpainted pine, yellow against the snow; or perhaps a group of log cabins about a log church with a pine steeple. Sometimes a far range of wave-shaped mountains rises in murky purple masses between the lead-color of the sky and the desolation of the snow-wrapped plains, black-streaked with spruce growths. Near the track, these low trees appear to have been partly burned,—fired perhaps by lightning, or by embers from the engine.

. . . Half the names of stations we have already passed are French,—names of saints and angels, alternating with harsh and commonplace English appellations: *Sainte Rose, Sainte Thérèse, Saint Augustin, Sainte Scholastique, L'Ange Gardien;*—also names that recall southern Louisiana,—*Point au Chêne, Deux Rivières, La Chute, Sault aux Recollets,*—violently contrast with "Thurso," "Grenville," "Rockland," "Buckingham."

. . . And always as we rush west the black spruce-trees gather more thickly along the way; and always the snow heaps higher in the drifts,—until night again hides all from sight.

III

Second day. . . . A pale blue sky; the sun is on the snow. A very pallid sun—but how welcome!

The spruces muster now very densely on either side of the way, throwing unbroken shadow,—a beautiful bluish shadow, serrated along its edge,—half-way across the track. The snow at their feet has an indescribably soft woolly look. . . . We are nearing the most northern part of the road.

For a hundred miles the same solid front of spruce to left and right,—throwing the same bluish shadow on the snow. Sometimes, however, we see an opening in this dark front—like a snowy road crossing the track to curve out of sight. But it is not a road: it is a frozen river, on whose surface the snow has heaped itself up to the very sleepers of the bridge by which we pass over it.

Then a vast frozen lake,—Lake Superior,—all its islands and promontories set in snow-covered ice;—above these the brightening sky, which has become azure at last. The lake surface disappears and reappears many times,—now curtained from sight by new hosts of black spruce, now by drifts, or snow-covered embankments. But whenever the view remains open we can see far purplish elevations,—promontories beyond promontories, and islands beyond islands.

Several times we pass high cliffs on the northern side of the track, rising so steeply that no snow can cling to them;—and their faces are vermilion red,—flaming against the white of the landscape.

Then once more the desolation of dwarfed trees—spruce, birch, tamarack,—millions of leafless poles rising from the snow so thickly that looking back through them one sees nothing but a solid wall shutting out the horizon. Most are branchless and leafless;—fire has passed over them.

. . . French names are becoming rarer in the nomenclature of stations; but Indian names are multiplying—Pogamasing, Metagama, Biscotasing, Missanabie. . . .

All the while it is becoming colder. Ice crystals spread, like ghosts of great decorative leaf designs, over the window-panes. . . .

IV

Morning over an almost unchanged landscape: the same mixture of spruce and snow; the same white hillocks, white hollows, white drifts. Little variation till we reach Winnipeg,—to halt for a whole hour in the center of the continent.

At Winnipeg it is 25° below zero, with a strong wind blowing from the north. Stove-warmed street cars and sleighs wait for passengers who might wish to see this wonderful city of a few years' growth during the halt of our train. But the scorching frosts deters: we prefer to remain in the cozy "Yokohama." . . . Men come abroad wearing huge fur coats reaching below the knees, with enormous collars and cuffs. . . . My only other memory of Winnipeg is the sensation of having felt for a moment what life in the arctic regions must be.

. . . Then rapid travel again between the lines of black spruce. Toward evening the spruce begins to thin away;—before sunset we have left it all behind . . . Nothing now but snow; no shadows but the shadow of our train, and the shadow of the smoke of our engine rolling over the snow,—a beautiful lilaceous blue.

V

Then the Prairies.

The world is a bare white disk rounding to the unbroken sky-line: the vision of it gives such a sensation of space and light as one might feel on a ship's deck out of sight of land.

And the longer one gazes, the stronger grows the likeness

of the impression to that of being at sea, and of watching the horizon,—not through the window of a sleeping car, but through the port of a steamer's cabin. For all this universe of snow has been wrinkled by the wind;—and the edges of its furrowings, catching the sun, flash like foam-breaks;—and under all the milky wavelets are wide, long undulations like tide swells: the whole seeming to billow and flow by the delusion of our motion—but in a silent, spectral way. And our train sways like a vessel upon some smoothly heaving sea; and the rhythmical thunder of its rolling sounds strangely like the rumble of a steamer's propeller;—and the long white-sprinkled track across the waste,—but for the gleaming of the rails converging to a point,—might seem a wake.

. . . As the light slants and yellows with evening, the vision of a sea becomes realized in every detail! For now the spaces between the snow waves become filled with those beautiful blue shadows peculiar to this winter world, and the edges of the crests alone remain gold-white. It *is* the sea,—the sea as viewed on some summer day when tepid breezes barely ruffle the face of it in thin low lines,—and "the earth is still by reason of the south wind." And the snow ridges seem to roll; they appear and disappear as if rising and falling;—and the whole blue-and-white circle as we travel seems to rock as the sea-round appears to sway while one sails. . . . Nothing else to the sky.

Then twilight and darkness; and we rush on over the interminable plains against a roaring wind. The train hesitates and shivers betimes in the night as if afraid: the force of the wind, sounding like a discharge of steam, actually delays us several hours behind official time.

VI

Another morning;—the same snowy circle; the same sensation of being out of sight of land. At immense intervals a farm, a ranch, outlines its buildings and fences against sky and snow. You wonder about the lives of those who dwell there, always ringed in by the naked horizon,—seeing always the same round of land level to the edge of heaven. . . . But this will not endure; for all along this great highway to the Orient, the country is being rapidly settled; and these solitary farms in a few years more will have grown into villages and cities.

. . . At one station we see four little snow-covered flower beds close to the track, bordered with buffalo horns; and I count the horns. Fifty to a bed—two hundred in all: the relics of a herd of bison. There is not one buffalo now upon the Buffalo Plains: all have been murdered for their hides. Already a buffalo coat is worth $75;—in a few years more the price will probably rise to $400 or even $500. The only traces of the extinct race are their "wallows." Two or three years ago these prairies were sprinkled thickly for a thousand miles with bison skeletons;—millions of skulls were bleaching along the way. Then some speculator contracted for their purchase and removal for the manufacture of fertilizer; and during many weeks and months enormous train-loads of buffalo bones were sent daily eastward,—hundreds of thousands of tons. And now, where there used to graze herds so vast that they would take days to pass, only an Indian could find even one skull.

From such a relic, the Indians detach the horns, to polish and mount them rudely; and even these polished horns have

become rare enough to sell on the spot for two dollars a pair. Doubtless the man who paved the verges of his flower beds with buffalo horns must have done so with the belief that such articles would long continue cheap and plenty.

. . . Frequently we pass Indian tents in the vicinity of stations. At one place some Indian women,—tall, not ill-featured, and looking well in their brightly striped blankets,—board the train to try to sell a pair of horns. . . . There seems to me a strange pathos in this little incident,—the spectacle of the survivors of a vanishing race offering for sale as curiosities some relics of their own God-given wild cattle, which, for unknown thousands of years, yielded them food, warmth, and shelter. The wanton destruction of the buffalo was the extermination also of a human race. And I have been reading on the train, in some Canadian paper, of Indians frenzied by hunger and reduced to cannibalism,—eating their own children! . . .

. . . Then again for hours only sky and snow,—with here and there long dark streaks upon the snow,—lines bare-swept by the wind. Then Indian *tepees* at a great distance; then some prairie-chickens; and the bare places on the plain become more frequent and larger. It is evidently growing milder;—the temperature within the train has become higher by many degrees. The ice crystals have disappeared from the window-panes,—leaving all clear the view of sunset over the wind-ribbed snow.

Then a succession of long ascents tells us of the approach of higher ground. Great expanses of yellowish grass pass by; and as we mount into the sunset, the air always becomes warmer instead of colder; for we are entering that region

east of the Rockies where the Chinook Winds blow, and ice and snow never remain but for a little while, and cattle may be left out grazing all the year round. . . .

We pause at a station as the sunset glow fades out. And a monster locomotive, summoned to our help, comes behind us, and begins to urge us forward gently. But as the slope steepens, the giant begins to work like a tempest, and hurls us up to a height of three thousand feet;—the whole ponderous train appears to have no weight before the touch of that cyclone of steam and iron.

VII

—Morning. We are entering the mountain gates of the West,—"The Gap,"—between enormous peaked and turreted masses, spruce-clad for more than half their height. No soft undulations, no smooth curves in these huge forms: only a prodigious tossing of strata forced up at sharpest angles in straight splintering lines,—a shelving and sheeting of igneous rock, snow-powdered and grim. Peaks above peaks,—slate-gray below, white sprinkled above,—appear on either hand, and slowly pass, as with an awful slow gliding of their own;—and bases, receding, take a deep smoky blue. Our course is a valley, narrow but level as a prairie between the altitudes. And the solemn dark spruce, thickly marshaled along the way,—rank heightening Doresquely behind rank as they climb,—tower gigantic here, and begin at last to oppress by their funereal aspect, to create fancies of endless journeying through a measureless cemetery.

Unlike anything ever seen before is this first spectacle of the Rockies to me;—this vision of a world shell rifted and wrinkled by infinite forces unknown;—mile-thick jagged

fragments of it pitched up at all angles. One mountain we pass has three jagged summits, with vast clefts between. Other peaks before us rise miles above the track; yet we are running now at an elevation of more than four thousand feet.

. . . The line becomes steeper,—sweeping upward by immense windings; and as we rise, the mountains rise always with us while the hours pass, grouping closer and closer to our track, till the valleys narrow into cañons. And the majesty of the spectacle, always growing, strikes the observers dumb. None of my fellow-travelers, watching the scenery from the platform of the "Yokohama," exchange a word,—not even two young people evidently on their wedding journey, who at other times maintain uninterrupted conversation in undertones. . . . The legions of the spruce, always preserving the same savage independence of poise, perpendicular as masts, now climb six thousand feet above us,—climb perhaps even higher, until the hems of the perpetual snows mass over them and hide them from sight. Far above their loftiest outposts, peaks are lifting glaciers to the sun. But we are too close to these immensities to understand all their magnificence. At Stephen we reach the loftiest point of the route; we are nearly five thousand three hundred feet above the sea,—but we are still walled up to heaven.

Only thereafter, as we descend, does the most colossal scene of the mighty panorama begin to unfold itself. At first the descent is slow, cautious; then it rapidly quickens into hurricane speed,—the train rocking like a ship as we rush through the cañons and gorges and valleys,—circling the hills with a roar of iron and ringing of steel magnified and multiplied in the frosty air by wondrous echoings.

Then as one gazes back in amazement at the altitudes passed, which seem now to glide slowly to right and left alternately as they recede, the whole stupendous magnificence of them is seen at last. . . .

Above all, one pyramidal peak, ghost-white as the Throne of the Vision of John, ever lifts itself higher behind us as we flee away. Again and again the road turns in vast spirals as we circle the hills: we thunder through long chasms and pass continually from sun to shadow and from shadow to sun; and other mountains interpose their white heads, their spruce-robed flanks and shoulders, between us and that marvellous shape—ever heaping themselves in huger maze behind us. But still, over them all, shines the eternal white peace of that supremest peak,—growing ever taller to look down upon us,—to mock our feverish hurrying with the perpetual solemnity of its snowy rest. And watching it, there returns to me, with a sudden new strange pleasure, as of fancied revelation in slumber, the words of Job:—"*He maketh peace in His high places.*" . . .

Bride and bridegroom a moment turn their gaze from the heights to look into each other's eyes and smile. So one tiny human affection answers the silent challenge of that everlasting altitude: "Races have been and vanished in the shadow of me;—their dust is lifted by my winds: what is thy love?"

Many, many times, fair bride, through nights and days of years, there will float back to thee white memories of this mighty vision: thou wilt see again, slumbering and wakeful, through many a moment of joy and pain, the awful ghostly beauty of that peak shining above one exquisite fugitive instant of what shall have become thy Past.

VIII

Vanished forever at last, the peak; but we have scarcely the time to regret it, so sudden our rush into a vast sun-bathed valley, level as a floor,—showing a mountain vista of splendor unspeakable. Rugged and most grim the nearer mountains to our right; but upon the left is a spectacle that takes the breath away: a stupendous glory of ranges surpassing all expectant fancy,—a divine sierra of lilac peaks, all wave-shaped and snow-splashed. From every crest the white of glaciers and avalanche snow trickles down, as in thick curdled streams, which disappear all as suddenly as they begin, after descending about one-third of the height of the chain. All these shapes are mantled in spruce forests; but so far do those forests lie behind the colors of morning, that they seem only lilaceous shadow. Yet the great astonishment of the superb procession is the lined symmetry of it,—the absolute regularity of its forms and intervals,—the likeness of mass to mass as of one billow to another, each crested with the foam-splendor of eternal snows.

On the other side, along the verge of the way, the black spruce are always marshaling deeper and climbing higher,—always absolutely perpendicular, at whatever angle rooted to the rocks. Nothing in the flora of milder zones displays such stubborn independence of conditions—such inflexible dignity of port: there is a moral lesson in the sight of these trees.

But the prodigious spectacle narrows: the glorious procession of snow-splashed luminous lilac altitudes passes by; and we are in the gloom of cañons again, between terrific bulks

of granite and ruddy rock, splintered into turret lines. And the way rises once more by zigzags,—rises through the savage enormity of the Selkirk Range.

IX

. . . No beauty in this harshly vivid scenery,—but monstrosity and awfulness: tremendous gloom of chasms below us, spectral snows above,—white-peaked desolations that one must strain back one's head to look at. The spruce trees, growing still more gigantic, climb now to the clouds; and above the clouds the glaciers loom. Here and there long ragged streaks of white descend like swathes cut through the slopes of forest, or like white beds of torrents: these are the paths of the avalanches. Distances take fuliginous blue tints,—hardest and grimmest coloration. . . . But we see all this by glimpses only, between the darkness of mile-long snowsheds built in the way of the avalanches at prodigious cost by prodigious labor. The road overlooks colossal gorges;—fallen avalanches heap whitely at intervals below.

And it is here, in these cañons and above these chasms, that for the first time one obtains a full sense of the triumphant vastness of the human effort which spanned the Northern continent with this wonderful highway of steel,—a full comprehension of the enormity of the labor involved. Three million dollars spent for surveys alone seems a nothing before the sight of the difficulties overcome,—the gigantic forces of nature vanquished or foiled. Every avalanche course had to be studied; and means devised to turn them out of their ancient paths by "glance cribs" or "dividing cribs." The former simply divert a slide from the track; the latter shatter and disperse it to

left and right. Snow-sheds furthermore protect this part of the road so well that in the worst winters there has yet been no serious blockade. But snow-sheds and cribs alone would not always have sufficed: there are certain forms of avalanches against which certain precautions had to be taken—avalanches which rush down one slope with such fury that the impetus carries them up the opposite slope, whence they will rush back again—"tobogganing" across the line. From these the snow-sheds themselves had to be protected by immense timber framework slanting very gradually up to their summits,—so as to offer no abrupt surface, but only a gentle undulation, over which the avalanche might slip without grinding. But even the "cribs" and snowsheds and all the structures relating to them represent little of the work compared with the bridging, tunneling, and rock-cutting done along the verge of gorges and the faces of precipices,—the building over abysses,—the piercing through mountain spurs, a thousand feet above the course of rivers.

. . . It is colder here, as well as grimmer, than in the Rockies. From the darkness of snowsheds we steam into the darkness of night.

X

. . . The morning of our last day's journey by rail: the air has become mild again. We passed great ranges in the night, and are now steaming through the cañons of the Fraser River. Above us the wooded mountains still lift their snows to the sun;—below us the river runs like a black ribbon edged with white;—for it is iced along its edges.

Ribbon-wide it seems at this dizzy height; but it is fully

one hundred feet from bank to bank. So vast the scale of all things here that the eyes are continually deceived. It is impossible to judge distances or to estimate altitudes. The spruce trees,—all the way growing taller,—have become from 100 to 150 feet high; yet they seem no larger than in Manitoba,—for they are not now close to the railway track; —a bridge over the river seems a toy bridge; but it is certainly between 250 and 300 feet long. The violet darkness of early morning still shadows the deep gorges and narrow valleys; but the white points of the peaks are already rose-gold with the early day. On the opposite side of the cañon, as the light becomes larger, we can distinguish, like a thread line, the old trail winding along the face of the cliffs,—but broken here and there,—ground out of existence by avalanches. . . . Here in flood-time the rising of the river is terrific;—it has been known to rise one hundred and fifty feet. . . .

But slowly the cañons widen into valleys, and the river broadens; and the valleys themselves flatten and expand. The mountains recede; the spruce begins to thin away, and new ranges open largely to us—all green, except their summits, lightly marbled with snow. The air is no longer cold: it is the air of a spring day. We are approaching the great Pacific sea.

Warmer and warmer the air grows about us,—till overcoats become unendurable as we stand on the platform of the car to watch the scenery. But the mountain ranges,—whether lilac behind us, or green as they open away to right and left,—still keep snow upon their foreheads.

XI

Vancouver receives us in the light of a spring sun. A

new city it seems,—full of broad bare spaces, squared off by streets largely laid out, with sidewalks of new plank. Here and there a building worthy of Chicago or New York appears in an otherwise void square—on ground doubtless bought up and held by far-seeing speculators. For, as the terminus of one of the world's greatest highways, Vancouver is destined to be a mighty city. What we see of it, as we ascend the streets sloping up from the station, is the new part only—arisen within a brief while upon the ground cleared by a fire that destroyed older and poorer structures. Part of the older city, however, remains—narrow busy brick streets of shops and warehouses. The newer city is on loftier ground, whence, over the sparsely built slope, the whole view of the superb harbor appears, with the Coast Range beyond,—beautiful purplish masses, splashed with snow at their summits. The softly colored luminous splendor of that view will never be forgotten, even by one who has witnessed it the first time with the memory of the Rocky Mountain scenery still fresh upon him. The temperature is delicious—cool in the shade, agreeably warm in the sun: yet this is winter!

XII

. . . Then seventeen days on the Pacific of the North, —gray days without incident or color, each so like the other that the memories of one are the memories of all. . . . Memories of heavy green seas and ghostly suns,—of an icy head-wind making it too cold to remain on deck,—roaring of rigging and spars against the gale;—and always an immense rhythmical groaning and crackling of timbers, as the steamer, rocking like a cradle, forages her way through the enormous billowing at thirteen knots an hour. Memo-

ries of the shadowy marbling reflection of water and foam, running like smoke across the white varnished ceilings of cabins;—memories of efforts to read in the wan light of the ports, darkened at brief intervals by the plunging of colossal bodies of water against the iron hull, with a crash like a thunder-roll. Never a sail, a point of remote land, on all the breadth of this dreariest of oceans. Never a sign of animate existence in flood or sky,—except at incredible distances from any coast, a flitting speck of bird life,—a "Mother Carey's chicken," sporting, by one of nature's strongest miracles, in the midst of this desolation of wind and brine. Never a variation of horizon,—except in moments when some distant snow-shower, irradiated by a rare gleam of sunlight, seems an auroral fire visible by day. Always blowing a gale, with rain, mist, or snow, or sleet; always a colorless sky; and most unfrequently, for a very little while, the vision of a spectral sun.

Still, there are curious things to be seen on board.

Forward, between decks, are more than a hundred Chinese steerage passengers,—mostly reposing in their rude wooden bunks, since it is too cold and rough upon deck for them. Some chat, some sleep, many are smoking opium;—a few are gambling. At a low table covered with a bamboo mat, the game of *fan-tan* is being played by the light of three candles. A silent ring of watchers and wagerers presses closely about the table;—from surrounding bunks, others look down; and the yellow candle glare, coloring all these impassive faces, makes their placid race-smile seem as the smiling of gilded idols in some mysterious pagoda. . . .

Deep in the hold below, sixty square boxes are,—much resembling tea-chests,—covered with Chinese lettering.

Each contains the bones of a dead man—bones being sent back to melt into that Chinese soil from whence, by nature's vital chemistry, they were shapen. . . . And those whose labelled bones are rolling to and fro in the dark below, as the plunging steamer rocks and shudders, once also passed this ocean on just such a ship,—and smoked or dreamed their time away in just such berths,—and played the same strange play by such a yellow light in even just such an atmosphere, heavy with vaporized opium.

Very silent the playing is. . . . Scarcely a word is uttered despite of losses or gains. From the deck overhead, an odd chant echoes loudly down,—the chant of the Chinese crew. First one utters a snarling sharp cry, like a cat's cry of anger—*Yow-yee!* Then all the others shrill together *Yo-wo!*—as they pull at the ropes.

"Joss paper" has been strewn about—doubtless to propitiate the gods of that most eastern East to which we westwardly sail. Perhaps those ancient gods will hearken to the prayers of their patient worshipers, and make smooth the menacing face of this turbulent sea.

. . . Meanwhile, something has dropped out of the lives of some of us, as lives are reckoned by Occidental time, —a day. A day that will never come back again, unless we return by this same route,—over this same iron gray waste, in the midst of which our lost day will wait for us, —perhaps in vain.

XIII

. . . Lo! we are in the Kuro-Shiwo,—the vast Pacific current which warms the coast of Japan. Remembering the wondrous azure stream of the Atlantic tropics, I had hoped to look again here upon a rich luminous water: it is black

as its Japanese name;—the sea is a waste of ink! But the water is already twenty-one degrees warmer than that gray Pacific flood over which we have been voyaging so long, and smoother—for the ship has almost ceased to roll. And faint blue shapes are visible over the black rim of the waters,—mountains of beautifully sharp shapes: the first sight of Japan.

. . . All day there is scarcely a change as we steam south: only the black sea, and the long succession of peaked forms in the horizon, slowly deepening their shadowy color as we approach. The sky is clear; and a very cold and very strong wind blows from the land. Nearer the mountains float, until, against the sunset glow, through telescopes we can distinguish foliage of great trees. The sun sinks vermilion behind a mountain cone, bringing out sharply all the long dark blue loom of the land; and above the crimson are beautiful bronze-greens. A moment later, through the darkness, a brilliant white star shines out before us and vanishes, and reappears and vanishes again unceasingly: the revolving light of a pharos. We are approaching the best-lighted coast in the world.

XIV

. . . On deck at earliest dawn. It is cold and clear, with an immense wind still blowing. To starboard mountains rise blackly against the splendid rose flush of sunrise. To port, another long chain of hills is now visible,—superbly undulating, with saw points here and there—much nearer than the opposite land. Then with a delicious shock of surprise I see something for which I had been looking,—far exceeding all anticipation—but so ghostly, so dream white against the morning blue, that I did not observe it at

the first glance: an exquisite snowy cone towering above all other visible things—Fusiyama! Its base, the same tint as the distances, I cannot see—only the perfect crown, seeming to hang in the sky like a delicate film,—a phantom.

But with the rising glow of sunrise it defines: its spotless tip first pinkening like the point of some wondrous bud: then it becomes all gold-white; and streaks appear, sloping straight from the summit,—lines of rain torrents. It is all sun-wrapped—long before the keen blue ranges it overtops have yet emerged from the night. But even in the sun its beauty remains so spiritually pure,—so weirdly delicate,—that its lines alone assure the eye it is not made of white frost vapor,—some substance of cloud fleece. We keep watching it, entranced by its amazing loveliness, while the water, now smooth under sunrise, lightens slowly to a soft pale blue. Very swiftly we steam;—other mountains move backward; but that celestial cone remains always in the same place. . . .

Curious single square sails with strange designs upon them—black figurings and red—glide by in the offing; and the sunrise, flooding the horizon with light and color, discovers to us a snowy speckling of other sails, of the same unfamiliar square shape, so multitudinous as to be an astonishment.

As we advance through the brightening day, the land to port suddenly opens before us; and beyond a broad bay a beautiful little city appears,—houses fawn-tinted by distance under gray-blue roofs of tile, and foliage rising everywhere the whole relieved against the dark green of a ring of low hills—Yokohama. High over it, in the speckless sky, still shines the snowy cone of celestial Fusi. . . . We glide in through a host of deep-sea ships at anchor;—and

steamers pass bearing Japanese names, all ending in "Maru,"—so closely that we can discern the Japanese faces of officers in uniform.

. . . Unimaginably beautiful this first vision of the harbor, as we anchor a mile from shore: the softness of the light, the limpidity of distances, the delicacy of the blue tones in which everything is steeped,—create a charm totally new and indescribable. Nothing is intense, though all is clear;—nothing is forceful, though all is pleasing and strange: this is the vividness, this is the softness, of dreams! And the idea of dream is enhanced by the wonderful spectral loveliness of the white shape shining above the town, above the blue volcanic ranges beyond it: its base is still invisible by reason of equality of color value with the sky—so that it appears suspended above the horizon like a mirage. . . .

Then the view is suddenly interrupted by the most extraordinary thing which I ever saw in any harbor,—a whirling cloud of sea-gulls,—a living curtain of wings palpitating between us and the landscape, so closely that you could touch the creatures by simply stretching out your hand. They do not move away, but remain hovering beside us;—one is bewildered by the dazzling whir of wings and the chippering. They have come to look for something to eat. I break up bread for them and throw it overboard: they eat it,—each one in turn snatching his crumb from the surface of the water,—apparently without wetting a feather. These beautiful birds are strictly protected by law as harbor scavengers;—they show little fear of man, and visit every ship as it arrives.

Meantime many queer craft have begun to gather about us,—Japanese *sampans:* long flat shallow unpainted boats

having high prows, and propelled by two great oars working on pegs and handled like sculls. The scullers, standing erect to their work, might at first seem, to inexperienced eyes, young women with short-cut hair; for their faces are beardless; and their outer dress is a dark blue winter robe reaching to the feet, with immensely wide sleeves. But they are really men—and powerful men, though undersized to foreign eyes. There are whole families, moreover, on some of the sampans; and after a little observation the difference in the costume of the sexes seems almost as marked as elsewhere: Japanese cooking is going on over nicely balanced charcoal furnaces, and Japanese chopsticks are being deftly used. After breakfast these picturesque crews will clamber on board our steamer, to cover the saloon deck with curios of all sorts for the temptation of passengers.

A sampan takes me and my baggage to the *Hatoba*,—the landing-place. The two boatmen, father and son, stand to their oars, putting the whole force of their supple bodies into every stroke, and send the light craft through the water with the darting speed of a fish. Trained ships' crews have been badly beaten in racing with these Japanese scullers. While wielding their oars, father and son both utter a curious hissing noise between their teeth,—a sibilant accompaniment to their efforts,—alternated at intervals of about half a minute with queer sharp wild cries. A very little suffices to cross the harbor; and I stand on earth again, so habituated to the motion of the steamer that the soil itself seems to sway very gently for a moment or two. . . . I am in Japan.

THE END

DATE DUE

DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY
PS1915 .A35 1924 v.2
Hearn, Lafca/An American miscellany
3 3645 00069258 5

MAR 26 1928 17056

PS1915 .A43 1924
v.2
Hearn, Lafcadio, 1850-1904.
An American miscellany :
Articles and stories now
first collected

Dominican College Library
San Rafael, California